Damon Runyon's New Football Story

November 24, 1934

5¢ a copy
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NRA CODE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

More than 2,400,000 Ci

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Nov. 24, 1934

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Remember last winter

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze—you don't know how many gallons you will need. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone . . . and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps.

First cost is last cost—no trips back for more.

MODEL	10° above	Zero	20° below
	No. of Gallons		
Auburn			
6-80,'29; 6-85,'30; 6-52,'34	1	1½	2
8-100,'32; 8-101, 8-105,'33	1¼	1½	2¼
8-50,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
Austin			
1930,'31,'32,'33,'34	½	½	¾
Buick			
8-50,'31; 32-50,'32	¾	1	1½
34-40,'34	1	1¼	1½
60,'32; 50,'33; 50,'34	1	1¼	1¾
80, 90,'32; 60,'33; 60,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
80, 90,'33; 90,'34	1½	2	2½
Cadillac			
341-B,'29; 355-A,'31; 370-C,'33	1½	2	2¾
370-A,'31; 355-C,'33; 452-B,'32	1¾	2¼	3
355-D,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
370-D,'34	1¼	1½	2
Chevrolet			
'29; '30; Stand.'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
'31; '32	¾	1	1½
Master,'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
Chrysler			
75,'29; 70,'30	1¼	1½	2
66,'30; 66,'31	1	1¼	1½
6,'31; '32; '33; '34	1	1¼	1¾
Royal 8; Imp. 8,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
8; Imp. 8,'34	1½	2	2½
Continental			
40, 60,'33; 41,'34	¾	1	1¼
De Soto			
6,'31; '32; 8, '31, '33	1	1¼	1¾
6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Dodge			
6,'29; 6,'30; 8,'31	1	1¼	1¾
8,'32; 8,'33; 6,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
Essex-Terraplane			
'29,'30,'31,'32	1¼	1½	2¼
6,'33	¾	1	1½
8,'33	1	1¼	1¾
6,'34	1¼	1½	2
Ford			
A,'29,'30,'31; B,'32,'33	¾	1	1½
V-8,'32,'33,'34	1½	1¾	2½
Graham			
827, 837,'29; Cust. 8,'30	1¾	2¼	3
6, 8, Cust. 8,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Hudson			
8,'30; 8,'31,'32,'33	1	1½	2
8 '34	1½	2	2½
Hupmobile			
L8,'31; Cent. 8,'32; 417, 421,'34	1	1¼	1¾
M'29; 222,'32; 422,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
226,'32; 326,'33; 426,'34	1½	2	2½
La Salle			
345-B,'32; 345-C,'33	1¾	2¼	3
350,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
Lincoln			
8,'31,'32; 12-136, 145,'34	2	2½	3¼
Nash			
6,'29; 8,'32; 1070,'33; 1220,'34	1	1½	2
6,'30; 6-60,'31; 960,'32	¾	1	1½
8-80,'31; 980,'32; 1130,'33	1	1¼	1¾
1090, 1190,'33; 1290,'34	1½	1¾	2½
8,'32; 1080, 1180,'33; 1280,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
Oldsmobile			
F29-6,'29; F30-6,'30	1	1¼	1½
L-33-8,'33; L-34-8,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
F34-6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Packard			
633,'29; 726,'30; 826,'31	1¼	1¾	2¼
8v Sup. 8,'33; '34	1¼	1¾	2¼
745,'30; 845,'31; DeL '32	1¾	2¼	3
Pierce-Arrow			
125, 126,'29; A, B, C,'30	1¾	2¼	3
41, 42, 43,'31; 54,'32	1¾	2¼	3
840-A,'34	1¾	2¼	3
836,'33	1½	2	2¾
Plymouth			
U,'29; '30; PF, PG,'34	1	1¼	1½
PA,'31; PB,'32	1	1¼	1¾
PC, PD,'33	1	1¼	1½
PE,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pontiac			
'29,'30,'31; 6,'32	1	1¼	1½
V-8,'32	1½	2	2¾
8,'33,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Reo			
Mate '29; 15, B-2,'30	1	1¼	1½
F.C. 6,'31; F.C. 6-21, 6-25,'32	1¼	1½	2¼
8-21, 8-25,'32; S-6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Roy. N-2,'33; Roy. 8,'34	1½	2	2¾
Studebaker			
Com. 6, 8,'30	1	1¼	1½
Dict. 8,'32; 6,'33	1	1¼	1½
6,'30; 6,'31	1	1¼	1½
Com. 8,'31, 32,'33; Dict. 6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pres. 8,'33; Com. 8, Pres. 8,'34	1¼	1½	2
Pres. 8,'29,'30,'31,'32	1¼	1¾	2½
Willys			
77,'33	¾	¾	1
99,'33	¾	1	1½

IF YOUR CAR IS NOT ON THIS CHART, *see your dealer. Space here does not permit the listing of all cars but he has a chart showing the cost of Eveready Prestone all-winter protection against freezing and rust for all makes and models of cars, down to 60° below zero.*

See pages 38 and 46

Play safe this year with

EVEREADY PRESTONE

THE GUARANTEED ANTI-FREEZE

One shot of Eveready Prestone . . . *put in now* . . . will keep your car safe. For every drop of Eveready Prestone is protection from both freeze-up and rust. At $2.95 a gallon Eveready Prestone is ALL ANTI-FREEZE . . . no water . . . no dilution of any kind. Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with any anti-freeze containing alcohol or glycerine.

Make the *Nose Test:* From the standpoint of evaporation there are only two kinds of anti-freeze—the kind that boils away ("treated" or not "treated") and the kind that does not boil away. There is no middle ground.

An easy way to make sure that you get an all-Winter one-shot product is by the lack of odor. Eveready Prestone is absolutely odorless and *does not boil away* even when the engine is running at high speed.

A Specific Guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, used according to directions, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole Winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water. National Carbon Company, Inc.

General Offices, New York, N. Y.
Unit of
Union Carbide and
UCC
Carbon Corporation

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THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
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Per gallon

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VITALIS and "THE 60-SECOND WORKOUT"

keep your Hair healthy and handsome

THE FAMOUS 60-SECOND WORKOUT

● **50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE . . . Rub Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. It tingles with new life—gives new health and lustre to your hair!**

● **10 SECONDS TO BRUSH...Comb your hair. Brush it. It is perfectly groomed, rich-looking. No trace of that "patent-leather" slickness!**

Attractive Hair wins admiration—use the 60-SECOND WORKOUT!

YOU can't blame a girl for being attracted to a man with handsome, well-groomed hair. A good-looking head of hair deserves admiration—it's a definite plus to any man's appearance.

Day in and day out more men are discovering that the way to healthy, rich-looking hair—hair that is always handsomely in place—is Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout.

Vitalis with Massage wakes up your Scalp

Tight, dry scalp is a common cause of hair that looks dry, thin and sickly. And Vitalis and massage rouses your scalp — stimulates the circulation — releases the natural, nourishing oils that mean hair health. Loose dandruff disappears, your hair looks healthier and is healthier, and is much more responsive to your comb and brush. It stays neatly in place—with not the slightest trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask your barber about Vitalis. Or get Vitalis from your druggist. See how this 60-Second Vitalis Workout helps *your* hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis for your scalp and hair.

VITALIS Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

CLIPPER ships produced a new breed of men, at home on the quarterdeck quelling a mutiny, or in the drawing-room drinking tea. The early flyers, again, were a race apart, debonair explorers of the unknown. And now ocean flying is combining the virtues of both into a brand-new type.

You can meet these captains of flying boats on the Caribbean Division of Pan-American Airways, the training school for transatlantic and transpacific flight. It is likely that in a few months regular service will be established across the ocean. You'd better get used to it now; it's the first step in the high adventure of circling the globe with American airlines. W. B. Courtney, Collier's flying reporter, shows you how they expect to hit "Europe —on the Nose!"

JIMMY HOLLISTER was a soldier of fortune, but fortune deserted him. He was down to his last mint julep when Sonya entered his life. What chance is there for a discharged soldier of fortune with nothing in the world but a mint julep and a good idea? Jimmy found out in a night of treachery and adventure that will make you hold your breath till it hurts. We refer to "Clay Pigeon," a brilliant short story by Irvin Monroe.

PROFESSIONAL football began under a cloud. The public felt sure that no man who received money could play honest football and they strongly suspected that rival teams held secret scrimmages in order to find out how not to hurt each other. That suspicion is now evaporating in the dawning realization that the best football in the world is played by pro teams. Kyle Crichton takes you to see them perform "For Love and Money."

WHAT makes hotel food *look* so tempting? Take the glaze on French pastries; you could never in the world duplicate that in your own kitchen. You couldn't, eh? Want to know how it's done? Just brush melted apricot jelly on the tarts as they come out of the oven. You'll find dozens of other tricks in Ruth Chandler Moore's mystery-dispelling article "The Shine on Your Cake."

HARLAN WARE contributes a brilliant love story of a man who had the bad judgment to believe that "He Understood Women." Ernest Haycox takes you for a stirring visit to the Old West in "The Man with Smoke-Gray Eyes." Ray Tucker, Georges Surdez, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain, Freling Foster and others provide fact and fiction in pleasant proportions. And add just a dash of genius.

This Week

November 24, 1934

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

DAMON RUNYON
Undertaker Song. **The story of a very beautiful doll and several obnoxious characters at a football game between the Harvards and the Yales. Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Pure as the Driven Show. **The movies —in furious pursuit of purity. Page 10**

JACLAND MARMUR
Test of the Sea. **Romance in the engine-room. Page 12**

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
The Bridal Crown. **The story of a young man who decided not to marry. Page 14**

LOU LITTLE
The Team Moves West. **How to win a Rose Bowl game. Page 16**

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Two on Safari, Part V. **In which the conventions take a beating. Page 18**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **A brisk shower of facts. Page 20**

T. R. YBARRA
Germany Takes the Rap. **What disapproval means in terms of trade. Page 21**

MARIE BEYNON RAY
They Won't Go Home Till Morning. **The art of throwing parties. Page 22**

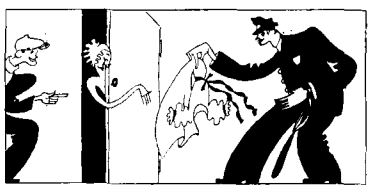
THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Shining Shadow, **by Richard Sherman. Page 23**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Shadow of Doubt, Part VII. **Darker and darker. Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Relief for Uncle Sam. **Page 54**

Any Week

TAKING a deep breath, Mrs. J. R. Burns of East Point, Georgia, demands a bit of information and sets forth an opinion or two. "Where," asks she, "did the charming lady in Peter B. Kyne's story, 'Call a Cop,' get that beautiful nightie she was wearing in the illustration when the cop rescued her from the kidnappers way up in those lonely woods? Do cops go around with extra nighties for emergencies of that sort, or did the artist merely have one to spare? Also about the criticism by Miss Amy Holabird in your column about the way we poor women of the U. S. A. have to work and how inferior we are to our European sisters. Dear me. I wash dishes and clothes for a family of five—and like it. I have three girls and hope they will not be ashamed to do the same. Excuse me for intruding."

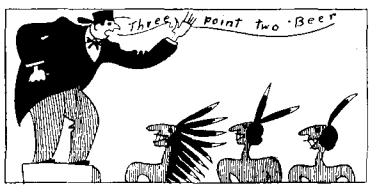


EVERY time Mr. George B. Loeser of Indianapolis, Indiana, opens his morning paper he discovers that while he slept "some new government agency for giving away money to somebody has been organized." Not, however, that Mr. Loeser is kicking. "I'm way beyond that," he says. "What I'm looking for now is the creation of the ITRA—the Income Tax Relief Administration—to which poor devils like me can apply next year for a federal loan with which to pay those federal income taxes they'll have to levy to pay for a new deal for everybody but me."

AND now we've offended Mr. Charles L. Thwing. As you know as well as we, Kyle Crichton's article, "The Ladies Are Speechless," was illustrated with manikins in a show window. That's what it was all about anyway. But three of the manikins were undressed. "I haven't any young folks in my family," says Mr. Thwing, "or I'll be darned if I wouldn't burn the whole copy before I would let them see it. Ain't you ashamed?" Mr. Thwing, we observe, lives in Modesto, California.

HAVING given the subject considerable thought, this department is unable to think of anything it knows less about than bridge. We have never played bridge. Maybe we haven't brains enough to play bridge. Anyway, we aren't going to try. Therefore, all these letters we're getting from you addicts about the possibilities and impossibilities of the hands offered by Shepard Barclay in his "Don't Miss a Trick" leave us cold. We simply turn the letters over to Mr. Barclay, telling him to finish what he started—if he can. Our attitude toward the whole thing is like that of the colored boy who, according to Mr. Dudley V. Haddock of Little Rock, Arkansas, when asked by the court what he had to say before being sentenced to be executed for murdering his wife, replied: "Judge, please suh, there just wasn't no understandin' that woman, nohow."

WELL, we can understand just so much and no more. And we have excellent company in His Honor, Mr. William S. Wrigley, Mayor of Mobridge, South Dakota. One of South Dakota's aspirants for Congress, writes Mayor Wrigley, addressed the Blackfeet Indians at Bullhead not long ago. "He promised them," says the mayor, "that he would do all he could to put them on an equal footing with the white man as far as 3.2 beer was concerned. He promised to introduce a bill permitting 3.2 to be sold on the reservation. And our governor, Tom Berry, was right there to back him up with a stirring speech about how they came to get free government beef. The Indians' interpretation of FERA is Fine Eatin' Right Away."



ALTHOUGH we never met the gentleman, we're rather disappointed that Mr. Hartley (Chick) Trout isn't going to be sheriff of Grady County, Oklahoma. The folks down there just refuse to vote for Mr. Trout in spite of the well-known fact, set forth clearly on blotters distributed by Mr. Trout himself, that he has "the nerve of General Custer, the cunning of Sherlock Holmes and, ability considered, my opponents are eliminated." Mr. Trout's blotters also informed the populace that he is "a spontaneous Democrat." That, it seems to us, was a mistake. Lots of people might be a bit skittish about a new variety of Democrat.

"AMONG the rest of the queer things that are happening out this way," reports Mr. Harry F. Sartain of Dubuque, Iowa, "is the way huge numbers of fast-flying birds are flying north every afternoon. They look like crows but aren't."

MAYBE they're Blue Eagles.

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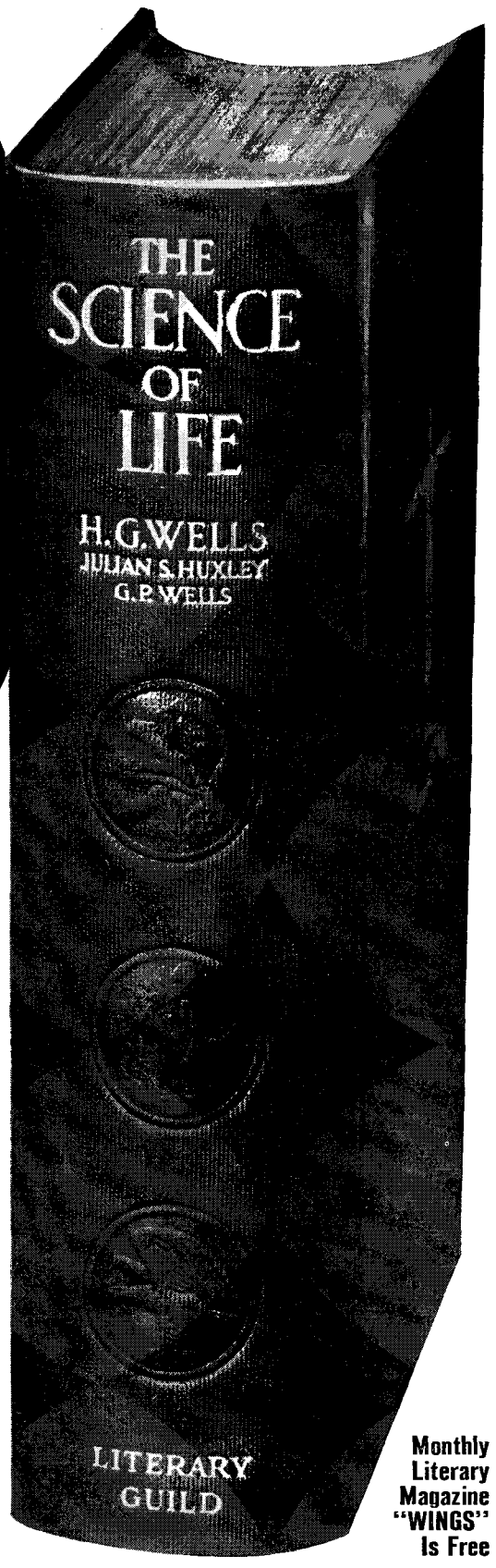

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Evidence of the Rocks
Man's Body
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Mendel's Law of Heredity
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The Plants of the Ancient World
The Reptilian Adventure
Dinosaurs
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One day in the life of a Visiting Nurse

Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

SHE is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt—an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. After her, John Hopkins—an infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.

The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help to turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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"In fact, he is most insistent, and he stands at my elbow while I call up Mr. Randolph at this very hotel, and he tells me the exact locations of our seats"

Undertaker Song

The story of Joey Perhaps, who was invited to wear the Harvard colors and refused. How he got a second chance, and accepted, you will see. A guy by the name of Ortega persuaded him. And this is funny because Mr. Ortega never went to college

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

NOW this story I am going to tell you is about the game of football, a very healthy pastime for the young, and a great character builder from all I hear, but to get around to this game of football I am compelled to bring in some most obnoxious characters, beginning with a guy by the name of Joey Perhaps, and all I can conscientiously say about Joey is you can have him.

It is a matter of maybe four years since I see this Joey Perhaps until I notice him on a train going to Boston, Mass., one Friday afternoon. He is sitting across from me in the dining-car, where I am enjoying a small portion of baked beans and brown bread, and he looks over to me once, but he does not rap to me.

There is no doubt but what Joey Perhaps is bad company, because the last I hear of him he is hollering copper on a guy by the name of Jack Ortega, and as a consequence of Joey Perhaps hollering copper, this Jack Ortega is taken to the city of Ossining, N. Y., and placed in an electric chair, and given a very, very, very severe shock in the seat of his pants.

It is something about plugging a most legitimate business guy in the city of Rochester, N. Y., when Joey Perhaps and Jack Ortega are engaged together in a little enterprise to shake the guy down, but the details of this transaction are dull, and sordid, and quite uninteresting, except that Joey Perhaps turns state's evidence and announces that Jack Ortega fires the shot which cools the legitimate guy off, for which service he is rewarded with only a small stretch.

I must say for Joey Perhaps that he looks good, and he is very well dressed, but then Joey is always particular about clothes, and he is quite a handy guy with the dolls in his day and. to tell the truth, many citizens along Broadway are by no means displeased when Joey is placed in the state institution, because they are generally pretty uneasy about their dolls when he is around.

Naturally, I am wondering why Joey Perhaps is on this train going to Boston, Mass., but for all I know maybe he is wondering the same thing about me, although personally I am making no secret about it. The idea is I am en route to Boston, Mass., to see a contest of skill and science that is to take place there this very Friday night between a party by the name of Lefty Ledoux and another party by the name of Mickey McCoy, who are very prominent middleweights.

Now ordinarily I will not go around the corner to see a contest of skill and science between Lefty Ledoux and Mickey McCoy, or anybody else, as far as that is concerned, unless they are using blackjacks and promise to hurt each other, but I am the guest on this trip of a party by the name of Meyer Marmalade, and I will go anywhere to see anything if I am a guest.

THIS Meyer Marmalade is really a most superior character, who is called Meyer Marmalade because nobody can ever think of his last name, which is something like Marmalodowski, and he is known far and wide for the way he likes to make bets on any sporting proposition, such as baseball, or horse races, or ice hockey, or contests of skill and science, and especially contests of skill and science.

So he wishes to be present at this contest in Boston, Mass., between Lefty Ledoux and Mickey McCoy to have a nice wager on McCoy, as he has reliable information that McCoy's manager, a

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party by the name of Koons, has both judges and the referee in the satchel.

If there is one thing Meyer Marmalade dearly loves, it is to have a bet on a contest of skill and science of this nature, and so he is going to Boston, Mass. But Meyer Marmalade is such a guy as loathes and despises traveling all alone, so when he offers to pay my expenses if I will go along to keep him company, naturally I am pleased to accept, as I have nothing on of importance at the moment and, in fact, I do not have anything on of importance for the past ten years.

I warn Meyer Marmalade in advance that if he is looking to take anything off of anybody in Boston, Mass., he may as well remain at home, because everybody knows that statistics show that the percentage of anything being taken off of the citizens of Boston, Mass., is less per capita than anywhere else in the United States, especially when it comes to contests of skill and science, but Meyer Marmalade says this is the first time they ever had two judges and a referee running against the statistics, and he is very confident.

Well, by and by I go from the dining-car back to my seat in another car, where Meyer Marmalade is sitting reading a detective magazine, and I speak of seeing Joey Perhaps to him. But Meyer Marmalade does not seem greatly interested, although he says to me like this:

"Joey Perhaps, eh?" he says. "A wrong gee. A dead wrong gee. He must just get out. I run into the late Jack Ortega's brother, young Ollie, in Mindy's restaurant last week," Meyer Marmalade says, "and when we happen to get to talking of wrong gees, naturally Joey Perhaps' name comes up, and Ollie remarks he understands Joey Perhaps is about due out, and that he will be pleased to see him some day. Personally," Meyer Marmalade says, "I do not care for any part of Joey Perhaps at any price."

NOW our car is loaded with guys and dolls who are going to Boston, Mass., to witness a large football game between the Harvards and the Yales at Cambridge, Mass., the next day, and the reason I know this is because they are talking of nothing else.

So this is where the football starts getting into this story.

One old guy that I figure must be a Harvard from the way he talks seems to have a party all his own, and he is getting so much attention from one and all in the party that I figure he must be a guy of some importance, because they laugh heartily at his remarks, and although I listen very carefully to everything he says he does not sound so very humorous to me.

He is a heavy-set guy with a bald head and a deep voice, and anybody can see that he is such a guy as is accustomed to plenty of authority. I am wondering out loud to Meyer Marmalade who the guy can be, and Meyer Marmalade states as follows:

"Why," he says, "he is nobody but Mr. Phillips Randolph, who makes the automobiles. He is the sixth richest guy in this country," Meyer says, "or maybe it is the seventh. Anyway, he is pretty well up with the front runners. I spot his monicker on his suitcase, and then I ask the porter, to make sure. It is a great honor for us to be traveling with Mr. Phillips Randolph," Meyer says, "because of him being such a public benefactor and having so much dough, especially having so much dough."

Well, naturally everybody knows who Mr. Phillips Randolph is, and I am surprised that I do not recognize his face myself from seeing it so often in the newspapers alongside the latest model automobile his factory turns out, and I am as much pleasured up as Meyer Marmalade over being in the same car with Mr. Phillips Randolph.

He seems to be a good-natured old guy, at that, and he is having a grand time, what with talking, and laughing, and taking a dram now and then out of a bottle, and when old Crip McGonnigle comes gimping through the car selling his football souvenirs, such as red and blue feathers, and little badges, and pennants, and one thing and another, as Crip is doing around the large football games since Hickory Slim is a two-year-old, Mr. Phillips Randolph stops him and buys all of Crip's red feathers, which have a little white H on them to show they are for the Harvards.

THEN Mr. Phillips Randolph distributes the feathers around among his party, and the guys and dolls stick them in their hats, or pin them on their coats, but he has quite a number of feathers left over, and about this time who comes through the car but Joey Perhaps, and Mr. Phillips Randolph steps out in the aisle and stops Joey and politely offers him a red feather, and speaks as follows:

"Will you honor us by wearing our colors?"

Well, of course Mr. Phillips Randolph is only full of good spirits, and means no harm whatever, and the guys and dolls in his party laugh heartily as if they consider his action very funny, but maybe because they laugh, and maybe because he is just naturally a hostile guy, Joey Perhaps knocks Mr. Phillips Randolph's hand down, and says like this:

"Get out of my way," Joey says. "Are you trying to make a sucker out of somebody?"

Personally, I always claim that Joey Perhaps has a right to reject the red feather, because for all I know he may prefer a blue feather, which means the Yales, but what I say is he does not need to be so impolite to an old guy such as Mr. Phillips Randolph, although of course Joey has no way of knowing at this time about Mr. Phillips Randolph having so much dough.

Anyway, Mr. Phillips Randolph stands staring at Joey as if he is greatly startled, and the chances are he is, at that, for the chances are nobody ever speaks to him in such a manner in all his life, and Joey Perhaps also stands there a minute staring back at Mr. Phillips Randolph, and finally Joey speaks as follows:

"Take a good peek," Joey Perhaps says. "Maybe you will remember me if you ever see me again."

"Yes," Mr. Phillips Randolph says, very quiet. "Maybe I will. They say I have a good memory for faces. I beg your pardon for stopping you, sir. It is all in fun, but I am sorry," he says.

Then Joey Perhaps goes on, and he does not seem to notice Meyer Marmalade and me sitting there in the car, and Mr. Phillips Randolph sits down, and his face is redder than somewhat, and all the joy is gone out of him, and out of his party, too. Personally, I am very sorry Joey Perhaps comes along, because I figure Mr. Phillips Randolph will give me one of his spare feathers, and I will consider it a wonderful keepsake.

But now there is not much more talking, and no laughing whatever in Mr. Phillips Randolph's party, and he just sits there as if he is thinking, and for all I know he may be thinking that there ought to be a law against a guy speaking so disrespectfully to a guy with all his dough as Joey Perhaps speaks to him.

WELL, the contest of skill and science between Lefty Ledoux and Mickey McCoy turns out to be something of a disappointment, and, in fact, it is a stinkeroo, because there is little skill and no science whatever in it, and by the fourth round the customers are scuffling their feet, and saying throw these bums out, and making other derogatory remarks, and furthermore it seems that this Koons does not have either one of the judges, or even as much as the referee, in the satchel, and Ledoux gets the duke by unanimous vote of the officials.

So Meyer Marmalade is out a couple

of C's, which is all he can wager at the ringside, because it seems that nobody in Boston, Mass., cares a cuss about who wins the contest, and Meyer is much disgusted with life, and so am I, and we go back to the Copley Plaza Hotel, where we are stopping, and sit down in the lobby to meditate on the injustice of everything.

Well, the lobby is a scene of gayety, as it seems there are a number of football dinners and dances going on in the hotel, and guys and dolls in evening clothes are all around and about, and the dolls are so young and beautiful that I get to thinking that this is not such a bad old world, after all, and even Meyer Marmalade begins taking notice.

All of a sudden, a very, very beautiful young doll who is about 40 per cent in and 60 per cent out of an evening gown walks right up to us sitting there, and holds out her hand to me, and speaks as follows:

"Do you remember me?"

Naturally, I do not remember her, but naturally I am not going to admit it, because it is never my policy to discourage any doll who wishes to strike up an acquaintance with me, which is what I figure this doll is trying to do; then I see that she is nobody but Doria Logan, one of the prettiest dolls that ever hits Broadway, and about the same time Meyer Marmalade also recognizes her.

Doria changes no little since last I see her, which is quite some time back, but there is no doubt the change is for the better, because she is once a very rattle-headed young doll, and now she seems older, and quieter, and even prettier than ever. Naturally, Meyer Marmalade and I are glad to see her looking so well, and we ask her how are tricks, and what is the good word, and all this and that, and finally Doria Logan states to us as follows:

"I am in great trouble," Doria says. "I am in terrible trouble, and you are the first ones I see that I can talk to about it."

Well, at this, Meyer Marmalade begins to tuck in somewhat, because he figures it is the old lug coming up, and Meyer Marmalade is not such a guy as will go for the lug from a doll unless he gets something more than a story. But I can see Doria Logan is in great earnest.

"Do you remember Joey Perhaps?" she says.

"A wrong gee," Meyer Marmalade says. "A dead wrong gee."

"I not only remember Joey Perhaps," I say, "but I see him on the train today."

"Yes," Doria says, "he is here in town. He hunts me up only a few hours ago. He is here to do me great harm. He is here to finish ruining my life."

"A wrong gee," Meyer Marmalade puts in again. "Always a 100 per cent wrong gee."

THEN Doria Logan gets us to go with her to a quiet corner of the lobby, and she tells us a strange story, as follows, and also to wit:

It seems that she is once tangled up with Joey Perhaps, which is something I never know before, and neither does Meyer Marmalade, and, in fact, the news shocks us quite some. It is back in the days when she is just about sixteen and is in the chorus of Earl Carroll's Vanities, and I remember well what a standout she is for looks, to be sure.

Naturally, at sixteen, Doria is quite a chump doll, and does not know which way is south, or what time it is, which is the way all dolls at sixteen are bound to be, and she has no idea what a wrong gee Joey Perhaps is, as he is good-looking, and young, and seems very romantic, and is always speaking of love and one thing and another.

Well, the upshot of it all is the upshot of thousands of other cases since chump dolls commence coming to Broadway, and the first thing she knows, Doria Logan finds herself mixed up with a very bad character, and does not know what to do about it.

By and by, Joey Perhaps commences mistreating her no little, and finally he tries to use her in some nefarious schemes of his, and of course everybody along Broadway knows that most of Joey's schemes are especially nefarious, because Joey is on the shake almost since infancy.

WELL, one day Doria says to herself that if this is love, she has all she can stand, and she hauls off and runs away from Joey Perhaps. She goes back to her people, who live in the city of Cambridge, Mass., which is the same place where the Harvards have their college, and she goes there because she does not know of any other place to go.

It seems that Doria's people are poor, and Doria goes to a business school and learns to be a stenographer, and she is working for a guy in the real estate dodge by the name of Poopnoodle, and doing all right for herself, and in the meantime she hears that Joey Perhaps gets sent away, so she figures her

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"Take a good peek." Joey Perhaps says. "Maybe you will remember me if you ever see me again"

troubles are all over as far as he is concerned.

Now Doria Logan goes along quietly through life, working for Mr. Poopnoodle, and never thinking of love, or anything of a similar nature, when she meets up with a young guy who is one of the Harvards, and who is maybe twenty-one years old, and is quite a football player, and where Doria meets up with this guy is in a drug store over a banana split.

Well, the young Harvard takes quite a fancy to Doria and, in fact, he is practically on fire about her, but by this time Doria is going on twenty, and is no longer a chump doll, and she has no wish to get tangled up in love again.

In fact, whenever she thinks of Joey Perhaps, Doria takes to hating guys in general, but somehow she cannot seem to get up a real good hate on the young Harvard, because, to hear her tell it, he is handsome, and noble, and has wonderful ideals.

NOW as time goes on, Doria finds she is growing pale, and is losing her appetite, and cannot sleep, and this worries her no little, as she is always a first-class feeder, and finally she comes to the conclusion that what ails her is that she is in love with the young Harvard, and can scarcely live without him, so she admits as much to him one night when the moon is shining on the Charles River, and everything is a dead cold set-up for love.

Well, naturally, after a little offhand

guzzling, which is quite permissible under the circumstances, the young guy wishes her to name the happy day, and Doria has half a notion to make it the following Monday, this being a Sunday night, but then she gets to thinking about her past with Joey Perhaps, and all, and she figures it will be bilking the young Harvard to marry him unless she has a small talk with him first about Joey, because she is well aware that many young guys may have some objection to wedding a doll with a skeleton in her closet, and especially a skeleton such as Joey Perhaps.

But she is so happy she does not wish to run the chance of spoiling everything by these narrations right away, so she keeps her trap closed about Joey, although she promises to marry the young Harvard when he gets out of college, which will be the following year, if he still insists, because Doria figures that by then she will be able to break the news to him about Joey very gradually, and gently, and especially gently.

Anyway, Doria says she is bound and determined to tell him before the wedding, even if he takes the wind on her as a consequence, and personally I claim this is very considerate of Doria, because many dolls never tell before the

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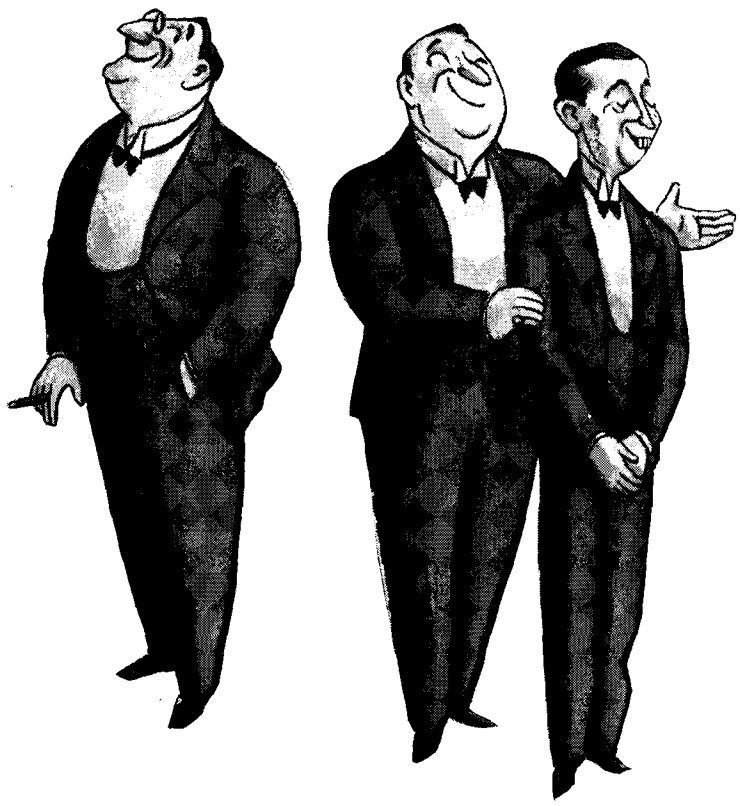

The producers read the code carefully, slapped Mr. Hays on the back and said that they would see

For a time, we may see sloppy adaptations of the durable classics and timid interpretations of ancient stand-bys

Pure as the Driven Show

The drive for purity in pictures has Hollywood producers running around in circles—and in the exact center of the circles is one Joe Breen, operator of a one-man laundry where boudoir scenes and pent-house passion and evil-smelling gags are sent for purging. "Stop 'dirtying up' plots in order to clean up at the box office," he shouts, "or else. . . ."

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

THE story opens in the office of Mr. Joseph I. Breen, the boss censor of all the films in Hollywood. Mr. Breen is about to dictate a letter to Miss Wagram, his secretary. Miss Wagram presents no affront to the eye. She's as neat as an apple, Miss Wagram, and so efficient that never yet has she had to catch up with Mr. Breen, for the simple reason that she is always a bit ahead of him.

Anyway, Mr. Breen announced his decision to dictate a letter in a solid, long-distance voice that indicated that for him the time had come to stop fooling. And Miss Wagram knew well in advance that the forthcoming letter was going to thunder a blasting NO upon a movie producer who had already been told that unless the temperature of this new picture of his was lowered about forty degrees Mr. Breen would not permit even himself to see it. Unless the producer at once reduced the blood pressure of this passion problem that he had recorded at a price of five hundred thousand dollars he might just as well cut up those seven thousand feet of celluloid into chewing-gum for Jimmy Durante or hair ribbons for Katharine Hepburn. Or he might save it and eat it if things came to the worst.

Miss Wagram took the letter without burning a finger. She is used to it by now. Even before Mr. Breen took on his present job his letters had a way of mangling their readers. It is said of Miss Wagram that after the latest earthquake in Los Angeles she was asked how it had felt to her. She answered that she hadn't noticed it, having been taking dictation from Mr. Breen at the time.

Mr. Breen had no sooner finished saying No by mail than he reached for his hat and left his office, announcing that he was going to see the producer and tell him in person all he had dictated. His letter contained exactly seventeen reasons why Mr. Breen was determined that the public would have to struggle along somehow without seeing this picture in its current form. They ranged all the way from (a) "In the garden scene, broker friend of the family should keep his hands to himself" to (q) "In the church immediately after the ceremony it is absolutely unnecessary for Miss Rogers to ask the bridegroom: 'What are you going to do now?'"

Art Takes a Beating

Mr. Breen, large, vigorous and Celtic, had grown warmer as he dictated. He had never asked to be made the one-man censorship board of the Association of Motion Picture Producers anyway; Mr. Will H. Hays, who used to write scenarios for the Republican National Committee, calling them Platforms and Statements of Policy, gave him the post, saying in effect at the time that Mr. Breen's idea of a good job was a brawl. Mr. Hays, as you doubtless know, is president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., the parent of the Association of Motion Picture Producers. More about Mr. Hays in proper order: we should now hurry along with Mr. Breen who, before the elevator had transported him to the street, had thought up four more reasons why the picture would be the better for a few cans of chloride of lime. For example, art was going to suffer no setback at all if the lady did not take a bath in the presence of her lawyer, a notary public, three reporters and two police sergeants. And the mere thought of art recalled to Mr. Breen what one of Miss Wagram's assistants said when asked what art was.

"Art?" cried she rapturously. "Oh, that? Art is something—something without pants on."

Anyway, Mr. Breen was growing madder at every stride because this was the sixth letter he had written to this producer about that same picture. Moreover, he (and who could blame him?) had been able to discern no humor in an ignoble crack that had crawled intentionally or otherwise into the producer's reply to his latest insistence that the picture would have to be "cleaned up." The crack was that the picture was now "as Breen as possible" and if it were made "any Breener it would probably be a dismal box-office flop."

He was even madder when he returned from the studio, but there was triumph in his anger. The incident—if you want to call a two-month argument an incident—was closed. At the studio they had run off the seven ribald reels for him and he had told them that as far as he was concerned the picture wasn't fit even for a hermetically sealed storage vault. Furthermore, said he, it might not be shown without his approval, which was merely a way of saying that it wasn't going to be shown.

"But," protested the producer, "I have spent $500,000 making that picture."

"I don't care if it cost you a million," said Mr. Breen. "I don't care if it cost you—"

No Harm in Trying

"To make the changes you suggest," interrupted the producer, who had heard Mr. Breen say before what he did not care about, "would cost me a hundred thousand more."

"I don't care if it costs you two hundred thousand more," said Mr. Breen. "It doesn't come out of my pocket. You and your stockholders will have to pay for it if you are going to exhibit it. Before you turned a camera crank on this mile or so of impurity I warned

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you. I told you the script you sent me wouldn't do. But you made it anyway. Now try and show it."

"Oh, all right," said the producer. "Now how about this?"

Whereat they turned out the lights again and ran off a completely new version of the epic, from which all Mr. Breen had originally objected to had been deleted.

They Can't Be Too Careful

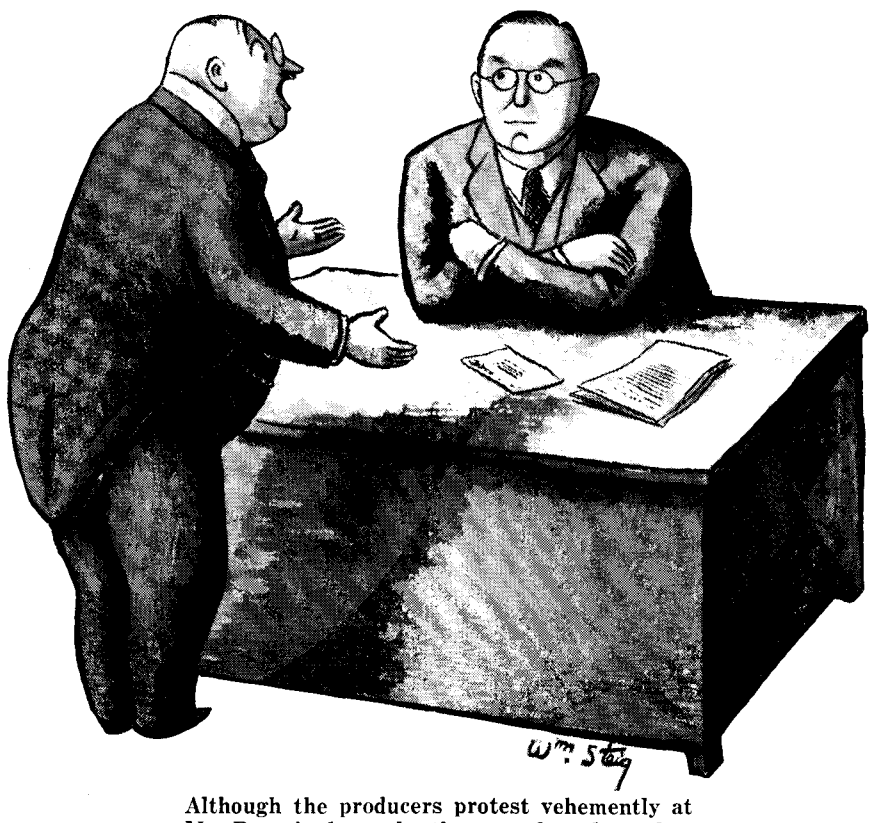
To make the story complete we should, of course, be able to tell you whether it was a great box-office triumph or just another reason for going up to Rochester, Minnesota, for a thorough overhauling. But as this is being written the picture has not yet been entrusted to the whims of the 55,000,000 to 90,000,000 Americans who, the movies claim, comprise their weekly audience.

Still you may understand Mr. Breen's triumphant anger when he returned to his office to spend several evening hours.

It is a very good thing that Mr. Breen is a man of vast physical endurance, built for heavy hauling—a very good thing for Mr. Breen anyway. It is fortunate, too, that his idea of congenial work is being middleman in a riot. His mail alone would send a ferry boat to the shops or ruin the nerves of a concrete mixer. Since he has assumed the job of cleaning up the movies, they have ceased to count his mail further than to rejoice when it amounts to no more than eighteen or twenty bags a day. No one but a postmaster-general could look at Mr. Breen's desk of a morning with anything but pain. Even Mr. Hays, who used to be postmaster-general at $12,000 a year before he captured his current job, which pays him $150,000, is hurt when he views Mr. Breen's morning mail. Mr. Hays is recorded as having said one morning that there was no such letter writing when he was postmaster-general, forgetting to add, of course, that things were kept so securely under cover during the Harding administration that there wasn't much for the public to write about.

Mr. Breen's mail contains everything from invitations to come outside and fight to samples of insecticide. In it are protests from bar associations, police headquarters, Boy Scouts, the teamsters' union, the Audubon Society, Friends of Soviet Russia, fresh air leagues, the International Union of Steamfitters and Plumbers, the Newspaper Guild, universal youth movements, the More and Better Babies Congress, the D. A. R., the United Nudists of Polk County, Arkansas, the Rainy Day Helpers, the Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen, the Ushers' Association of Woodbine, N. J., the American Institute of Christmas Card Writers and the John Y. Monkhouse Determinism and Will-Building Circle. These, of course, are but a few and not so well selected either—just taken at random as Mr. Breen plows through his mail after the manner of a person taking a lesson in swimming up Niagara Falls. But they are all pretty indignant because in some recent picture, right has not been done by some cop, doctor, plumber's helper, iceman (icemen have been sore for years), greeting-card author or lady mountain climber.

"In the garden scene, broker friend of the family should keep his hands to himself"



Although the producers protest vehemently at Mr. Breen's demands, they are forced to obey

Furthermore, there were official complaints from Mexico, Guatemala, Liberia, France, the Isle of Man, Iraq, Yugoslavia, British Columbia, Japan, Germany, the Irish Free State, Luxemburg and the city of Pontypridd, Wales, all of them demanding that Hollywood mind its own business. There were protests from the America for Americans Fraternity, too.

"To be reasonably safe in the movies nowadays," shouted Mr. Breen from beneath a fresh avalanche of irritation from the Friends of the Julian Calendar, the International Fellowship of Junior Craftsmen of Invention, Alabama, the National League of Professional Football Clubs, the Northwestern Podiatrists, Inc., and so on, "to be reasonably safe every character portrayed should be a white, unemployed, one hundred per cent American with nothing thrown in about his religion, politics or social position. Read that one."

A Much-Befogged Issue

It was six pages of closely written abuse of an industry that would dare produce a short on the subject of the pollination of poppies. Not only was the chemistry entirely too candid for the lady but "everybody knew that opium, the greatest curse known to mankind, was a product of the poppy," and thus to give publicity to so vicious a plant was nothing more than "the propaganda of drug-soaked minds bent upon making drug slaves of our children."

Letters like that are not the exceptions one might suspect. Neither is it to be expected that the two-billion-dollar industry that Mr. Breen is seeking to make sweeter is going to ignore the bees, birds and flowers in the future, although there are directors and supervisors in Hollywood who complain that the immediate future offers little else, provided the bees and birds are properly clad. But it so happens that just such holy-rollering as the above is tending to confuse an issue which, after all, is crystal clear, quite intelligent and not to be ignored. And the issue is, in the event that you too have lost it in the fog, that, to amuse, one does not necessarily have to be smutty. The producers know that and the churches that have brought about the present situation insist that they keep it in mind. If the producers insist upon a showdown (which they will not) then the churches — Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—declare themselves prepared to demonstrate that the audiences or lack thereof will speak the last word.

Therefore the million and one offshoots that make Mr. Breen's mail a dump-cart for all the scramble-headed bigotry, prudery and provincialism that a nation keeps on tap are exceedingly unpalatable to those churchmen who would have us cling to the main idea. For example, the Catholic News, which has consistently insisted that the Catholic Church, the first to take up the current demand for screen reform, has no desire to tell Hollywood how to make motion pictures, says: "The campaign for cleaner movies is endangered by notoriety seekers whose activities threaten to make it unworkable if not ridiculous. Already the cry has been raised that the crusade is designed to clamp censorship on everything and everybody."

They Know What They Want

But let us stay by Mr. Breen, follow him around the gaudy circus which he would rescue from its demoralization. One of the interesting features of such procedure is that while the producers curse him with great vehemence they themselves employ him. See here, they say in effect to this durable executive assistant to Mr. Hays and Director of the Production Code Administration, we are paying you a truly Hollywood salary to make us acceptable to the Motion Picture Committee of the Roman Catholic Bishops, to the League of Decency, to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to the National Council of Jewish Women and the International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ. Now go ahead and do it or let somebody else try. Remember, however, that art is art, comprehensible only to artists and not to be frustrated by the lay public, which obviously can't know anything about it. However, we are paying your superior, Mr. Will Hays, to implant and cultivate that idea in the minds of the public. Your job is to make us prefer to produce Thackeray and Washington Irving rather than James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway, The Last Days of Pompeii and The Wizard of Oz instead of The Vanities of 1934 and the Folies Bergère. Up and at us, Mr. Breen, and remember that if we don't make money neither do you.

On the other side of the beset Mr. Breen are the churches and lay organizations who indulge in no such windy blather. They merely say that unless there is less open plumbing in the movies, fewer professional ladies basking in pink and white love nests, less ginger in the penthouse skullduggery and more vanilla in the gags, they just aren't coming to the movies. And when you add them all together, it spells no box-office receipts. Well, anyway, not enough. You see, the movie business is like this: The big cities are counted on to pay production costs and the towns and villages produce the profits. You can figure it out for yourself.

Mr. Breen, in addition to all his other titles, is not only the buck-receiving censor of the movies but he becomes

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"Laura!" She raised her finger to her lips and smiled. He watched her, fascinated

Test of the Sea

The story of a turbulent transatlantic crossing which enabled a girl to stand by quietly, and see two men weighed in the balance

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE S. S. Talisman, homeward bound out of Havre, was dusting it up white and boiling in a nasty cross sea just clear of the Channel rips. The west wind came fresh and cold. But the Atlantic swell, rolling strongly up from stormy Biscay, set the Talisman swinging and diving as she scooped up cataracts of spindrift. The running foam, treacherously pure and bright, and that hard wintry swell from the southern quarter, rumored the true weather.

In his engine-room, Harry Bancroft stood quietly on the control platform. His first assistant, Joe Pradnor, who had hold of the throttle-rod beside him, eased the engine with skillful carelessness each time the Talisman flung her wheel clear of the water. He had a sly way of looking at his chief out of the corners of bright, twinkling eyes. But Harry Bancroft seemed patiently thinking of other things.

"I had a dame like that down in B. A. once, Chief," Pradnor volunteered obliquely as he straightened up to wipe the back of his neck with a pluck of cotton waste. "You know them South American women, Chief. . . . Ah! . . . Good trade, the River Plate. A honey, Chief. But she got notions, too. . . . The dame, I mean."

Harry Bancroft smiled mechanically. He was listening with stolid understanding to the rhythm of his engines.

THE first assistant opened her up again. The shock and shatter of the sea sounded dull and muffled down there in the depth of the ship; a brutal, merciless presence on the other side of very thin steel plates. Pradnor was still growling about his Argentine light of love. But Harry Bancroft was thinking of the starboard boiler that should have been retubed, but wouldn't be until the Talisman got home.

"Y'know," the first assistant drawled, "when a dame is crazy for a guy, there ain't no mistaking it. I can spot it just—like that!" He snapped his fingers soundlessly in the rush of engine noise. "You just leave 'em be and they come back every time. Every time, Chief. Like that baby of mine on the River Plate."

"What in blazes are you blathering about, Joe?"

Bancroft turned an amused glance at Pradnor. The first assistant grinned. The chief was regular; you could talk to him. But there were certain professional bounds you couldn't overstep without tacit consent. The chief's quick smile, the twinkle in his steady eyes, encouraged Joe. He ventured a sly and good-natured wink.

"THERE'S an awful lot I don't know nothing about," he conceded merrily. "But you leave me with engines or women—and I can find my way around."

"Takes a pretty smart man for that, Joe."

"Not if you know the rules, Chief. Not if you know the rules. That's why I says to myself two trips ago when that lady friend of yours said goodby to you on the dock at Bush Terminal: 'That dame,' I says, 'that dame is crazy after the chief. She'll be back, if he wants her back.' . . . And bless me, here she . . ."

Harry Bancroft's cheek went pale. His eyes had hardened. The look in them silenced the first assistant abruptly. The oiler was making his round in the distance. As the light over

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the log desk swung deeply, his white hand could be seen through a wilderness of rocking machinery, shooting in and back, in and back, as he skillfully felt a bearing.

"What do you mean?"

"Holy smoke, Chief, I didn't mean. . . . I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

"She's aboard."

"Aboard? Laura Kendale?"

"I don't know her name. But it's the one . . . By golly, Chief, I'm sorry." Joe's face was screwed up contritely. "The Talisman ain't much better'n an old tramp, even though we do haul tourists summer time. You know that. Why would a dame like that be crossing with us in the middle of winter? And with all the liners. Unless . . . Holy smoke, Chief, I . . ."

"You're sure?"

Pradnor could do nothing more than give a gulping nod. There was something grim in Harry's eyes. He turned quickly on his heel and strode across the floor plates. But at the foot of the iron ladder he stopped and came deliberately back to the blackboard beside the log desk. Didn't make any difference what happened, there was always the ship and her engines under his charge. He couldn't ever forget that. It was habit, instinct, something more.

Mechanically he picked up a stub of chalk and noted down instructions to the engineers. Dynamo; commutator and brushes wanted looking after. Starboard boiler—blast it anyhow—wanted watching. The great God of Steam had better look after that. A southwest gale snoring up. The Atlantic was a brutal beast in winter-time. Brutal beast . . . Laura Kendale . . . beauty and the beast . . . Quit it! No way for a man to think. Dully, he dropped the chalk and started slowly up the ladders.

Joe Pradnor stared blankly after him. Now what the devil did you make of that? Stuck his foot into a pool of hot oil that time! How could you figure? For a bare instant the first assistant had an excruciating doubt of his knowledge of engines and women. Then he tried to shrug carelessly; spat a stream of brown. Missed the crank pit! Showed you how things upset a man. The chief was a fine fellow. No better to sail under. You didn't want to bust up a guy like that. What the devil!

HARRY BANCROFT climbed slowly, his hand trailing along the warm, oily hand rail.

In his alleyway, he wiped his hands and pushed the wad of waste into the pocket of his patrol jacket. The Talisman was sheeting the spray across her well deck. He could see it at the end of the long passage, like a waterfall streaming before the mouth of a tunnel. He heard voices inside his room, faint and whispering in the spatter of boarding seas and the whimper of the wind. The door was hooked back; the curtain swung heavily. Nothing for it. It had to be faced. He pushed aside the frayed drape and stepped over the weatherboard.

"Harry!" Laura Kendale came to her feet at once. "We're crossing with you. Your steward said you'd be along directly and make us comfortable." She tossed her head in a slight, impetuous gesture. It seemed a little pitiful, that and the flutter of her small, white hand. "Harry, I want you to know Paul Bergeret. My . . . my fiancé. Paul, this is Harry Bancroft."

She said it with something of defiance in her husky voice. Her wide eyes sparkled. She was tall—almost as tall as the chief engineer himself—and maturely stately, with a nervous, panther-like grace of movement. A subtle, warm beauty radiated from her. Bancroft took his eyes away slowly. It was a difficult thing to do.

"How do you do, Mr. Bergeret?" he said quietly. "Laura and I are old friends, you know."

"Yes," the other agreed dryly. "I know."

Obviously, he disliked this visiting of engineers in their dens. You could almost see him grimace. A captain—yes. But an engineer! He was a pale-faced man with a bulging forehead and a sharp, thin nose above tight lips.

"I saw your ship posted for sailing, Harry," Laura was saying rapidly. "I persuaded Paul to cross with you."

"Mighty glad." Harry found himself smiling. Funny, the things you could do and say, even with your brain dizzy with shock. "Would you care for an apéritif?"

"Yes, thanks. Dubonet?"

BANCROFT reached for the bell button at the side of his desk.

"I detest Dubonet," Bergeret remarked, somewhat testily.

"Sherry, then? Or a cocktail?"

"No, thanks." He turned to the girl. "Do you mind, Laura, if I meet you later? You can . . ."

"Of course, dear."

He bowed slightly and thrust the curtain aside. Bancroft looked after him, his lips twitching imperceptibly. He reached again for the bell button. Laura touched his arm.

"No, Harry, please. I know he dislikes Dubonet. That's why I asked. I want just to see you and talk to you. Do you mind, very much?"

"No, Laura, of course not."

She turned away from him and stood staring through the thick glass of the closed port at the vast and empty sea, green and tumbling with white. Bancroft said nothing, watching her head and the brilliance of her hair bound tightly like a dark helmet. His eyes were puckered a little, and his large hands hung at his sides. The steam gauge on the bulkhead seemed staring at her too. Beside it the revolution telltale thumped regularly up and down, counting each turn of the ship's wheel. For it was the chief engineer's room. He could not be allowed to forget for an instant, not even in his sleep, that pulsing, throbbing machine of precision and power under his charge. *Thump, thump; thump, thump.* Like the heartbeat of a steel monster endowed with life. Above its undying rhythm was the loud wash and crash of the sea, the rising blubber of the gale. Laura turned her head suddenly.

"Angry?" she asked seriously. "I shouldn't have come on board your ship?"

"No, Laura. I thought we'd settled that."

"I couldn't help it, Harry," she said.

One turn. Another. It seemed miles and miles away from him, dim, through a space shot with leaping flame-points. Get it done. That was the thing

Harry winced and sat down on the settee opposite her. "Well?" he said.

"We're to be married in New York. I had to see you again."

"What for?" Harry couldn't help the bitterness of his voice.

"To get things straight with myself."

"Ah."

"Harry, please." She leaned toward him, eager for understanding, the strength of a restless, impetuous spirit shining in her eyes. "I want to be honest with myself. Nothing else matters, Harry. And I'm afraid I've botched things. The last time, when we quarreled, it hurt. You must love your engines and this . . . the sea . . . very much. You wouldn't think of giving it up even for—"

"A ship isn't a thing you toss overside, Laura, simply because a girl's family thinks a pluck of cotton waste isn't dignified."

SHE looked sharply at him, arrested by the hard, dry quality of his voice.

"That's why I had to come aboard your ship," she admitted simply. "I wanted to find out about it. About you and your machines and engines. You're never in doubt. You know what you're doing. You've a hold on things, Harry. And they must be very real. The Kendales haven't taught me to recognize the genuine things. I've got to know before Paul and I . . . before it's too late."

He said nothing. There wasn't anything to say. He loved her too much and understood that she had to find her own way out of her wilderness.

She was silent, toying with the bag in her lap. It was an extremely expensive purse. A design in gold thread wound intricately in and about its heavy substance. Gold dragon jaws with pearl eyes for a clasp. She smiled wistfully at it and held it up.

"First down payment, Harry," she whispered. "Betrothal gift." She dropped it into her lap and leaned forward intently. "It's really why I'm here. Something Paul said when he gave it to me in Paris. He said it would be a talisman to happiness, Harry. And then, the name of your ship. . . . I couldn't resist. A queer business, Harry."

"Yes," he agreed. "But there isn't any talisman to happiness, Laura. Except it be courage. That may be it."

She looked hard at him. "You mean the courage to choose and be done. You told me that once. I remember."

"Yes. The courage to choose and have done."

THERE was a moment of silence in the chief engineer's room, except for the familiar noise of the sea, and the thumping of the little machine on the bulkhead. She looked at him with bright, bewildered eyes and started speaking softly and rapidly. It was what she had come for. A sort of honest confession to the man she had loved in her girlhood. And now, in the subtle net made of the gossamer of opinion and tradition, she wanted him to understand. And she wanted to be honest and sure of herself.

"I have always been told and taught, Harry," she said, "that the Kendale women do not marry men. They marry incomes. That is what we call being practical. We are a decaying family, Harry. There's no good dodging it. Something simply had to be done. So my aunt married a famous restaurant. Didn't you know? And Aunt Betty is going to have a baby, Harry. Babies are the salvation of the Kendales. After there's an heir she can think of divorce or separation from her . . . restaurant. With an adequate income, of course, arranged legally. And then

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The Bridal Crown

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

In rapid succession, four girls he had never seen before, never even heard of, spoke to John Mathew Jones. Then the fight started. And they call New England "placid"!

THE hot flowing brightness of the early afternoon New England sun, filtering through the elms, cast intricate shadows across John Mathew Jones' faded khaki shirt, which was plastered so tightly to his lean back that the crisscross scars made by the lashing at Ko Kango lamasery showed through; he looked up gratefully at the sound of ice in a glass. Yee Kam, disapproval on his wizened face, said, "*P'a yau lui h'ung* . . . [You work like a coolie.] It was something to have found the seeds, because some grew where the tribesmen were wild and there was fighting. But are you Farmer Wang, to sit in the dirt and plant? I suppose you intend remaining here until the seeds sprout, grow and bloom?"

John Mathew wrote, "Delph. Chin. Red," on a pointed piece of wood and shoved it into one of the seed boxes before saying in English, "Give me that drink." He let the cold fluid freeze its way down his throat before grinning up at the old Chinese and, fumbling for a cigarette, said, "What's the matter? Lonely here?"

"You," said Yee Kam, holding out a match, "are content to thrust seeds in dirt, but let me tell you that when *I* returned from a long journey, when I was young—"

"I know all about it. The singsong girls were waiting for you." John Mathew repeated this in Cantonese, adding, "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"There was one," the old man said, "with eyes like jewels, under brows curved as the wings of the swallow—" He paused. Then: "You hide in a village of no importance and, although you are rich, there are no women in the house. What is it that you want?"

JOHN MATHEW picked up another foil-wrapped packet of seed. He said: "A red delphinium. Another drink at five o'clock. Plenty of hot water. A drink at five-thirty. Plenty of number-one chow at six."

"Can do," agreed Yee Kam, as automatically as he had when John Mathew had asked if he could account for one leopard-skin-robed guard at the lamasery when they'd escaped. In his own language he said: "You need a wife. Merely because your father was not fortunate in his various selections . . ."

Quoting, John Mathew said, "It is simpler for a wealthy man to become emperor than to obtain a good wife." He thought briefly of his father's final marriage, of the nauseous suit to break the will, of his own flight, after, to China. "No women will bother us here, Yee Kam."

The Chinese scratched his chin, stared at John Mathew's brown face with its steady, puzzled eyes, but held his tongue. Twice during the seven days they had been in Northville Yee Kam had been questioned concerning his master; each time a woman had asked, each time the woman had been young, and each time she had learned exactly nothing. Yee Kam supposed that the next time he walked to the village to select supplies he would be asked again.

The old house was on a side road. The soil was a happy combination of loam and sharp sand, such as John Mathew wanted, later, for his seedlings. Coming from a land of cold winters, they would be hardy and would need to be planted out. He was, he told himself, content in this quiet place. Of course he was. All he wanted was to create a true red delphinium. Not some cross between cardinale and nudicaul, but a real scarlet spike of splendor . . . and if it took ten years of breeding, instead of two or three, so much the better. It might take twenty, after which he'd return to the Orient and when he came back again he wouldn't care about girls at all. Not that he did now.

"LADY walk up path this way," announced Yee Kam. "Come fast. She sees you. It will not do to run." Placidly, "I go make drink with limes?"

"I'll get rid of her," said John Mathew. "Fast. You show up with a drink and I'll send you back to China."

He was standing when the woman called, "Mr. Jones?" and he observed at once that she was very pretty. Twenty-four or twenty-five, her hair was like gold in the sun. Her dress was yellow and shining. There was a golden gleam to a ring on her finger; topaz, probably. As she walked toward him, where he stood among the seed boxes, the silk of her dress flattened against her and John Mathew could see how shapely she was. Even her eyes had a golden hue. Lovely was the word for her.

"Am I your very first customer?" she asked. She seemed almost eager for assurance about it. "I'm Mrs. Prescott. I should have waited until your nursery was really established, but I need someone to select shrubs for me. When can you come and see my place and what I ought to buy?"

"You see . . . I'm not . . ."

Luella Prescott said, "This evening?" She stopped, as if listening, and then continued, "A woman can't plan a garden . . . alone. We'll say this evening. That's a promise."

She smiled at John Mathew, a smile which was even more than promise; perfume hung in the air after she had left. Yee Kam, who had been John Mathew's father's Number-One boy in the days when the Asiatic-American and Inter-Island banks were only a dream, took it upon himself to remark, "Singsong girl. She could be obtained very cheaply, young one."

"I suppose you think I'm going to her house and lay out a garden for her?" John Mathew growled, although he had the grace to flush. "You think—"

"At *first* you will discuss flowers, but before long you will forget that you are a hermit. She . . . *hola!* . . . another one is coming!" He began to laugh as he started for the house; turning, he called. "You are the tempting morsel they wish to gobble."

John Mathew was grinning wryly when the second girl walked crisply up the unweeded path. He said courteously, "Yes, I'm Jones, but I'm just starting here. I wish I could be of assistance, but—"

Although this girl had none of the golden allure of Mrs. Prescott, her dress, severe and linen, revealed as soft curves as the other woman's silk. Her nose was straight, but under it were soft and smiling lips; she was tall, and, "I'm from the bank," she said. "Amy Trumbull. Mr. Jepson wondered if there might be anything we could do for you."

"Not a thing," said John Mathew. Did this mean that they knew him for who he was? He had started his account for J. M. Jones . . . there were thousands of Joneses . . . and he hoped this was merely a bit of small-town service.

"You bought this place, paying cash," Amy Trumbull said. "That's a mistake. Not enough remains in your account for expenses. Arrange a mortgage. Come over tonight and I'll discuss it with you."

"That's kind of you. I think I can . . . manage."

SHE frowned, then smiled, and John Mathew watched her eyes warm. "I like a self-reliant man," she said. "Where'd you study? Cornell? You'll make a go of it. I can give you . . . pointers. Come tonight: I'm free tonight."

John Mathew said, "I'm not much on talking . . . business."

"Then we'll just talk." Like that. Before she departed she said, "I want to go over your place, when it's in order. Has anyone else been out to see it?"

She was out of earshot when John Mathew muttered to himself, "Business! It looks like monkey business," and stooped for his spade. As he thrust it into the heap of prepared seed box soil he saw that another girl was coming from the opposite direction. She was not golden, nor did she have Amy Trumbull's promise of fire under ice, but her cheeks were bright and her dress with sprigged blue and yellow flowers looked cool and dainty and sweet; she was, she said diffidently, the village librarian. "I wwwondered if you needed sssomething on . . . on ffflori-culture," she said quickly. "I was cccoming this way, and—"

"Good of you," said John Mathew. "I've got a book, however."

"You could cccome and see what we have, Mr. Jones." The earnestness in her eyes made them pools of fathomless blue until John Mathew was almost lost in them. "We ccclose at nine. After that you . . . you wwwouldn't be dddisturbed."

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"What a careless committee they have here," frowned John Mathew. The music had stopped; it began again and he swung Anne away

John Mathew swam out of the appealing depths; he hurled a spadeful of earth into an unoffending seed box. "Is this open season on me?" he asked. "How many more are coming out to look me over?"

Disappointment paled her face. "Wasn't I the fffirst? I ran across the fffields all the way—"

"I suppose it's some fool bet?"

ALICE GENTRY lifted her head; standing, as she was, close beside John Mathew, it gave him a heady sense of strength as he looked down. "Don't be nnnasty," she dimpled. "You should be ffflattered."

"Hm-m. Aren't there enough men in Northville?"

"They're all married. Or in New York, like Anne Cameron's JJJerry, getting rich. You're nnnew, and no new men ever come here. Except bbbums. There've never been so many. They ppprowl; I saw one when I was run—walking here. Bbbut you have a Chinaman, and I sssuppose they wouldn't dddare rob you."

John Mathew, thinking quickly, said: "He's a terror. He may even throw a knife at you, but if he sees me kiss you, he won't."

"Oh. Are you going to kkkiss me now?"

"No. Only the next time you stutter."

She said, face lifting, "Did you kkkiss Luella?"

John Mathew didn't kiss her. The strangest part of it was that, alone, he was very angry. He felt a fool, not only because girls had talked him over, betting on what might be done with him, but because all three had proved alluring and he had been ready to rise to the bait. He wasn't sure what he ought to do. Give them a rush, and then laugh at them? Which meant that he might stumble over his own feet somewhere in the pleasant performance, probably with the girl in yellow silk. Or with the second of the girls, who, if she let herself go, would not stop at limits. Then there was the cuddly one, who rather made you want to be sweet to her. . . .

The nicest part of it was that to them he was a man . . . J. M. Jones, trying to start a nursery. The thought was heady. And all three of the girls were attractive, each in a different way.

The sun was slanting through the trees; John Mathew kept at work, and the notion came to him that his father had started like this . . . by playing. . . .

"The devil with 'em," said John Mathew.

He began to hope for Yee Kam's summons as he planted and labeled; instead, he heard the sound of a machine on the quiet road. It approached noisily, the engine banging away, and then suddenly stopped. He heard the car door shut and grimly waited for Number Four.

SEVERAL minutes passed, and then he heard, "Oh, darn it!"

John Mathew called, "Step on the starter. Give it a little gas. It'll go."

The girl at the engine turned, raising her head, "D'you know anything about cars?"

"No," John Mathew called back cheerfully. "Do you?"

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The Team Moves West

By Lou Little

New Year's game in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena may be a series of happy thrills to the spectator; to the coach of the invading team it's a series of serious headaches. Columbia's famous coach tells how he spanned the continent with his squad, keeping them in good spirits and city drinking water, to defeat Stanford in the annual classic

AT 6 P. M. the Columbia University Committee on Athletics had accepted the invitation of Alfred R. Masters, representing Stanford University, to send Columbia's football team West for the annual Tournament of Roses game in Pasadena's Rose Bowl New Year's Day. Stanford had been the Rose Tournament's Western choice, empowered to invite its Eastern rival.

Now, the next morning, the flurry was under way. Plans for railroad transportation and routing were being considered. Equipment was being checked over. Two or three assistant coaches who had scattered were being recalled. Football writers and sports columnists were on the telephone. Why, this was the football season all over again. And I had thought ten days before that it was over for another year.

Doc Barrett, Columbia's trainer of athletic teams for more years than he probably would care to admit, walked into the office.

"Two or three salesmen," he reported, "have been in already this morning trying to sell me enough bottled spring water to float a Staten Island ferry boat. What's your idea on water for this trip?"

"Haven't they been drinking New York City water all season?" I asked.

"Right out of the tap," responded Doc, "and pretty healthy on it, too, Professor Little, pretty healthy on it."

"Then I think we ought to keep right on feeding it to them," I said, "but you'd better call the doctor and get his advice."

And so it was that three hundred gallons of New York City water, bottled at the tap in the field house at Baker Field, was aboard the train when we left for Pasadena. In the dining-car and in hotels, it was served at every meal the squad ate except one or two luncheons and a dinner at which the players were guests—after the football game was over. We brought about thirty gallons of it home with us, rounding out a trip of almost 7,000 miles and constituting what must be a long-distance travel record for New York City water—right out of the tap.

I'm not sure, but I believe I am correct in the belief that we established one other record for a New York City athletic team. Columbia, you know, was the first New York squad ever chosen to play in the Rose Bowl. But that is no more distinctive than the fact that we were speeded upon our way by one mayor of New York City and welcomed home by another.

On the morning of our departure the office of His Honor, Mayor John P. O'Brien, had telephoned Columbia and asked if the university officials would have any objection to a municipal send-off. The reply had been, of course, no; that on the contrary it would be appreciated. So when we reached the Pennsylvania Station, the Police Glee Club and representatives of several departments of the city government were there, headed by Mayor O'Brien. Quite collegiate it all was, with the police singers booming out "California, Here We Come" as the train pulled out into the tunnel under the North River.

But before we returned, on the evening of January 7th, a new chief executive had taken the mayor's chair in the City Hall. It was His Honor, Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia who, with President Nicholas Murray Butler of the University, welcomed Captain Cliff Montgomery and his players back home in that wild celebration in the Columbia gymnasium.

"One week ago when I became mayor

WIDE WORLD

Cliff Montgomery, Columbia's quarterback and captain, carrying the ball in the 1934 Rose Bowl game with Stanford

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of New York City," remarked Mr. LaGuardia, "I made up my mind to eliminate all greeting ceremonies from my routine because they require too much time and there are other things to be done. And it is with great pleasure tonight that I break that rule to welcome Columbia's Rose Bowl winners. When we started, your Columbia football team and I were alike in a very important characteristic. We were both underdogs. No one gave us a chance. And tonight, as from one underdog to another, I congratulate you."

"Give Them What They're Used To"

Sent on our way with the good wishes of one mayor; welcomed home with the congratulations of another, this squad of New York athletes could not complain of lack of coöperation on the part of the home-town folks.

"Give them what they're accustomed to have in every possible way" became the slogan that dominated plans for the Rose Bowl expedition. As scrupulously as possible, we did that in the matters of drinking water and food. The item of water is most important to a football team making this trip or any trip, long or short. A change can be disastrous.

A dining-car inspector, Jim Barnes, was an important member of the party throughout the trip. With the trainers he supervised the preparation of every meal en route. That should be done without fail on such a journey as this. To the athlete in training, it is imperative that food be prepared as he has been accustomed to having it. It was the well-performed duty of Mr. Barnes, with the trainers, to see that this was assured.

In matters of daily routine, hours of practice, relaxation and sleep, we tried to interrupt the normal habits of the players as little as possible, even at the expense of speed on the westward journey. This was vacation time. Speed was no object from the academic point of view. We traveled nights and mornings, stopping early in the afternoon of each day en route for a workout at the regular hour, first in St. Louis, then Dallas, then El Paso. Finally, the squad settled down for a week in Tucson, Arizona, where the University of Arizona people generously made us welcome to the use of their beautiful athletic plant.

This was my first experience in charge of a football squad traveling more than a thousand miles for a game. Most of the players never had been more than an overnight journey from New York. There are, and doubtless will continue to be, contrasting theories as to the best methods of making such a trip. Some coaches favor moving as rapidly as possible and arriving at the scene as early as possible.

I remember as a player that the University of Pennsylvania team on which I played tackle against the University of Oregon in Pasadena on January 1, 1917, spent as little time as possible en route and arrived there eight days before the game. It was three or four days before the effects of the trip wore off. And we had missed four days of practice on the way. For Columbia, we chose the other plan—less speed but almost no interruption in our regular work. Of course, the ideal way, if it were practicable, would be to climb aboard a plane here in the East and arrive in California fifteen or twenty hours later.

That era, however, has not yet quite arrived and until it does I am convinced, as a result of this first trial, that "giving them what they are accustomed to have in every possible way" is the most important part of the trick of transporting a squad of healthy, curious and comparatively untraveled college boys across the land to play a game of football. I shall be interested to see what is the general plan adopted by the Eastern—if it is an Eastern—team chosen a few weeks hence to make this year's Rose Bowl trip.

Try to keep the boys from becoming tourists until the work is finished and the game has been played. That must be done. In a game of football, mental fitness is no less important than physical fitness and it may be that some of the teams going out to California to play in the past have forgotten they were there primarily to play the game.

Tourists Don't Play Football

Those ten-gallon hats and Navajo rugs and old Spanish relics of the Western country are, I know, fascinating trophies with which to adorn a dormitory or fraternity house room. They're especially interesting to a boy whose scenic background is the skyscraper and Central Park setting of Manhattan. But those things are for tourists, and tourists don't play football. At least, tourists don't play good football.

We wanted football players, not tourists, until the game was over. So there was very little curio collecting on the Columbia expedition until we headed East again with the game won. There was little, I mean, except by a few of the sports writers. And even they didn't collect much except an unnaturally healthy tan that made them curiosities in their offices and Broadway haunts on their return. A New York newspaper-man, I have noticed, seems to have trouble finding much that is new and interesting on his travels except a bright news lead for tomorrow morning's column.

I remembered my own experience on the same trip as a player back in 1917 when Penn played that Oregon team. I recalled the extreme hospitality of the Southern Californian, especially the Southern Californian who happened to be an "old grad" of Eastern academic

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KEYSTONE

A farewell and best of luck to the Columbia Lions as they headed westward from New York to tackle Stanford

WIDE WORLD

Columbia's Rose Bowl team in a practice drill at Tucson. Left to right: Brominski, Matal, Jackel, Dzamba, Wilder, Pinckney, Richavich and McDowell. Partly hidden by the linemen are three of the backfield, Barabas, Montgomery and Nevel

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Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WITH a remarkable assignment, given him in London by Grast, Furman & Menck, solicitors for old Lord Morland of Morland, Ballard Mallory, a young American, starts for Cape Town. He is commissioned to search for a boy—the Honorable Laurence Morland—who has disappeared. If he can prove, incontrovertibly, that the boy is dead, *he is to receive a bonus of five thousand pounds.* On the boat he meets a charming girl, "Jo" Cascoden, who calmly informs him that she intends to accompany him wherever he may go.

Mallory laughs at her. When, however, he reaches Cape Town and takes a train for Delagoa Bay, the girl appears, insists on going with him. And Mallory, wondering who she is, why she is in Africa, finally yields. He attaches just one condition: That, later, she will tell him why, preparing to dance with him on shipboard, she had suddenly shown, quite obviously, that she loathed him.

The condition accepted and Delagoa Bay reached, they take rooms at the same hotel. Several old friends (extremely curious as to the relationship between the dashing Ballard Mallory and the beautiful Miss Cascoden) present their respects—among them Kennicott, an Englishman who is in charge of the office of the cable company, and who, for reasons of his own, seems very much interested in the spelling of Jo Cascoden's name.

Preparing for the long safari, Mallory is extremely busy; the girl sees little of him. But she is not alone. Mallory has given her a maid, Mrs. Semster, a sweet-faced woman who is horrified when she learns what the girl is planning to do. . . .

While dining at the hotel, Jo is approached by Kennicott, who apologizes for the intrusion. Then— "Miss Cascoden, I have here a cablegram which arrived two weeks ago. It is addressed to Miss *Casfolen*, not Miss Cascoden. It may be for you. Would you mind glancing through it, so that we may be sure?"

He hands her the message. As he does so, Mallory comes in, halts abruptly. He sees her open the envelope. He sees her read the message. He sees her—strangely pale, obviously shocked—tear the message into bits. And, wondering what the scene means, he hears her say calmly: "Thanks, Mr. Kennicott. *The message was for me.*"

V

BALLARD MALLORY stood transfixed, assailed by a dozen questions. He knew the impropriety of taking interest in other people's private correspondence, yet considered he had wronged himself by not snatching the message out of Josephine's hands before she could destroy it. He ignored Kennicott, knowing the impossibility of prying open those lips, officially sealed, and stared at Josephine as though he and she were alone in the room. Still pale, she did not look up from making a careful heap of the torn bits of paper on her serving plate, but slowly her mouth took on a curve of disdain. Without warning she raised the plate and held it out to Mallory.

"Since you want it so much," she murmured. "You can put the bits in your pocket and paste them together when you have time."

He felt an impulse toward violence. Snatching out his lighter, he flipped it and set fire to the tiny heap. "Sailing time has changed," he muttered. "I'm leaving at midnight."

Before she quite comprehended his words he had turned and was on his way to the door. She made a movement as if to rise but promptly suppressed it, her whole nature in revolt at giving satisfaction to the consuming curiosity of everybody in the room, including Kennicott. Settling back, she raised steady eyes to his face.

"Mr. Mallory is an American," she explained.

Kennicott leaned forward, his face expressionless though his eyes were intent. "That's it," he began. "Can't you imagine how we Britishers feel—" His eager words ceased, stopped in mid flight by the sudden impact of her gaze. Her lips moved and for an instant he thought he was about to get the rebuke of his life, but in the end she said nothing. He changed his tone, became formal. "Can I be of any assistance, Miss Cascoden?"

"Oh, no," said Josephine lightly. "I think everything has been attended to."

"THAT'S not what I meant and you know it," said Kennicott. "Do you care to leave the address of your people?"

"No."

"In case further messages come, where do you wish them sent?"

"There won't be any."

"One more question: You seem to assume you're the only one who knows what was in that message. That's absurd, of course; half a dozen of the men at the cable office had to read it."

"Officially," commented Josephine.

"Quite. Would you consider it an impertinence if I offered you a personal loan?"

"Not necessarily," replied Josephine and added coolly, "how would I have to pay?"

Anger lit in his eyes and cheeks. "Certainly not with impudence," he said, rising. "I withdraw the offer."

"Too bad," said Josephine as she also rose and started toward the door, so slowly that she drew him with her. "Couldn't you at least have left it open?"

"I don't understand you," said Kennicott as they reached the hall. "I've never met another English girl anything like you."

"You speak as if I were a shock."

"You are," he replied emphatically.

"Then I'll give you time to recover. Good night, Mr. Kennicott, and thank you."

A moment ago he had started to turn his back on her, but now it was he who found himself dismissed. He stood in a daze, staring down the long hall at her disappearing figure. If she had so

She could tell exactly what they were thinking by the studiousness with which they avoided looking at her. Their solemn idolatry of the right thing was ludicrous and she would have enjoyed tossing a small bomb into their midst

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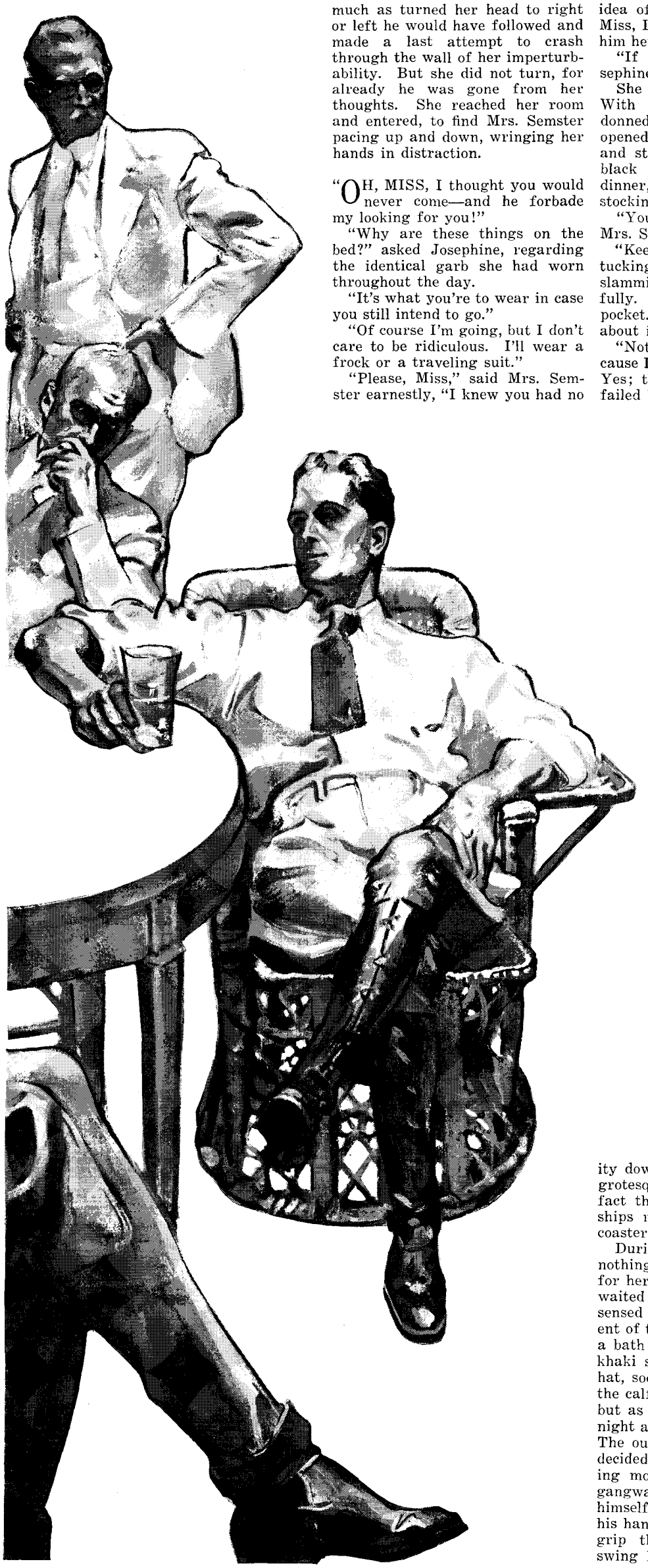

much as turned her head to right or left he would have followed and made a last attempt to crash through the wall of her imperturbability. But she did not turn, for already he was gone from her thoughts. She reached her room and entered, to find Mrs. Semster pacing up and down, wringing her hands in distraction.

"OH, MISS, I thought you would never come—and he forbade my looking for you!"

"Why are these things on the bed?" asked Josephine, regarding the identical garb she had worn throughout the day.

"It's what you're to wear in case you still intend to go."

"Of course I'm going, but I don't care to be ridiculous. I'll wear a frock or a traveling suit."

"Please, Miss," said Mrs. Semster earnestly, "I knew you had no idea of what's before you. Don't go, Miss, I beg you. Stay here. Wait for him here."

"If it's as bad as that," said Josephine, "I'll wear whatever you say."

She began disrobing thoughtfully. With Mrs. Semster's assistance she donned the articles on the bed, then opened the larger of her two trunks and studied it carefully. Folding the black chiffon frock she had worn at dinner, along with its slip and her stockings, she proceeded to pack them.

"You can't! You mustn't!" cried Mrs. Semster.

"Keep quiet!" ordered Josephine, tucking the slippers into two corners, slamming the lid and locking it successfully. She thrust the key deep into her pocket. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," sobbed Mrs. Semster, "because I can't. I like you and I like him. Yes; there's one thing I can do. I've failed him; I'll give him back his five-pound note."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Josephine. "Give it to me instead." She held out her hand.

The woman regarded her with unbelieving eyes. "You mean it, Miss?"

"Indeed I do."

Mrs. Semster's sallow cheeks took on a mottled color. She abstracted the note, tightly folded in a thin, long strip, from inside her belt and handed it over. "I'm sure you're welcome," she gulped.

At that moment there came a knock on the door. Ali entered, accompanied by two other Zanzibaris. They picked up the tin trunks and departed. Almost half an hour elapsed before Mallory put in an appearance, and during all that time Mrs. Semster continued to weep softly while Josephine, her legs outstretched, smoked one cigarette after another. He glanced from girl to woman, his brows gathered in a frown.

"THE wrong one is crying," he declared, then his eyes fixed on Josephine. "Come along, youngster; we're off."

She flushed, hesitated for an instant, then rose and followed him through the door and out to a waiting car. Ten minutes later, though her experience with steamers was limited, she knew enough to feel a qualm at beholding the vessel she supposed was about to transport her up the coast. In the glare of clustered working lights, the huge sheds and gigantic electric cranes stretching into invisibility down the mile-long quay took on a grotesque appearance. Aided by the fact that the tide was low and other ships much larger, they dwarfed the coaster into insignificance.

During the ride Ballard had said nothing; now, still wordless, he nodded for her to get out. She descended and waited while he paid the fare. She sensed a change in him quite independent of the change in his clothes. After a bath and a shave he had dressed in khaki shirt and riding breeches, terai hat, socks and boots laced halfway up the calf—nothing else. No underwear, but as a concession to the chill of the night air he had put on a tweed jacket. The outfit gave him a businesslike air decidedly at variance with his pondering mood, but going down the steep gangway from the wharf, he roused himself sufficiently to turn and offer her his hand. She refused it, preferring to grip the stretched wire cables and swing herself down. To her surprise he led the way straight across the deck to a gap in the farther rail, from which descended a Jacob's ladder. There he paused and drew to one side.

"You'd better take it backward; it's the proper way."

She stopped beside him and peered down at a boat which looked like the newborn offspring of the vessel on which they stood.

"Why?" she asked, drawing back. "What do you mean?"

"That's it," said Ballard, with a short laugh, "our boat. Get aboard or they'll sail without you. Here; I'll show you how." He caught the guide ropes, ran down backward and stood looking up at her from below. "You don't have to come if you don't want to."

At the taunt her hesitation vanished. Fixing her attention on imitating him exactly, she tried to run down the hanging ladder, missed the last three steps but tumbled safely into his arms. He set her on her feet and led her to a tiny oven-like cabin.

"This is yours," he explained, "but you don't have to stay in it. Better not."

ONE look and she gave up all thought of dozing in privacy throughout the voyage. She followed him out to the deck again and was immediately distracted by the hubbub of casting off. Hawsers came hurtling down from the larger steamer, to be promptly hauled in and coiled. Three tremendous hoots, out of all proportion to the size of the little craft, announced their departure and as soon as a clear stretch of water surrounded them the tiny boat seemed to take on size. It was a deep-waisted vessel, with a high poop amidships on which she and Ballard stood. Directly beneath them, occupying all the space between the poop and the rise of the prow, was a solid mass from which rose an overpowering effluvium.

"Funny thing about natives," commented Ballard. "On the way up to the Rand, somehow they don't seem to smell; but when they're headed for home—phew!"

Only then did Josephine realize that the mass was composed of heads close together, their faces upturned, of arms and legs so interlaced as to cover every square inch of the deck. When one Kaffir moved so much as an arm or a knee, a wave seemed to ripple across the entire layer of human flesh. Her nostrils dilated and then collapsed in a spasm of nausea; she hurried to the side of the ship. Ballard did not follow her, but presently Ali, appearing from nowhere, opened out a long hammock chair almost as flat as a bed. When she recovered, if only momentarily, Ballard came over, took her by the elbow, persuaded her to stretch out and adjusted the head cushion.

"Lie as flat as you can," he advised, "and look at the stars while they're still steady. You may not believe it, but you can get used to any smell."

She rocked her head from side to side and moaned. He gave an order in a low tone and Ali reappeared to arrange a second chair parallel with and facing the first. Ballard reclined in it, close beside her. Feeling his presence, her hand groped toward him. He took it and immediately was overwhelmed by a sense of her youth and childlike dependence.

"Poor kid," he murmured, "you'll have to grin and bear it. There's nothing I can give you—none of those fancy things you read about really helps."

Her fingers closed tightly over his as if all she asked was some tangible support as an anchor for her shaken courage. Her arm relaxed to lie full length, but her grip never lessened through all the hours till daylight. They had chugged the full length of the

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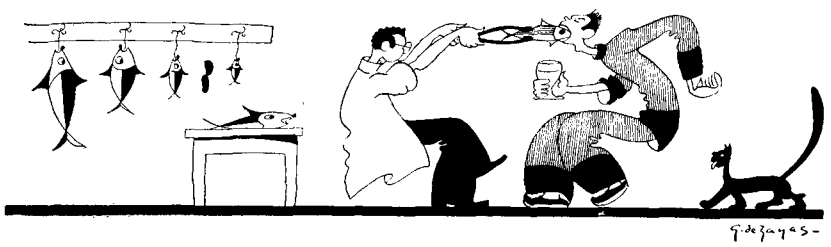

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A most peculiar accident occurs frequently in Asia. A native while in the act of drinking water will suddenly find that a small fish has become impacted in his throat. Usually they are not more than four inches in length. One case, however, recorded a fish of eight inches. Physicians have found them so difficult to remove that medical journals in both England and India have published articles on how to do it.

Trial by judge instead of by jury is gaining rapidly in popularity in this country today. Those states which permit defendants to waive jury trials find that more than three quarters of them prefer to do it because they believe a judge will give them a fairer trial than 12 inexperienced jurors who are likely to be unduly influenced by the prosecutor, the press and the prejudices which might arise from a defendant's religious, economic or social status.

The first American circuses were wiser than our early theaters in overcoming the old religious prejudice against them as a form of entertainment. They avoided the words "circus" and "show" by using such a name as "Great Moral and Educational Exhibition." Realizing, too, that a pious atmosphere would help to silence their enemies, they forced their troupes to attend church, made their barkers quote the Scriptures and painted their wagons with Biblical pictures.

Microbes undoubtedly present the greatest extremes in nature. They vary greatly in size, some being 5,000 times larger than others. They live in a temperature range of 779 degrees, some being able to live at 459 degrees F. below zero while others thrive at 320 degrees F. above it. And some apparently are deathless, as they have been found in a revivable condition in coal deposits one hundred million years old.

The only country in the world which allows individuals to collect a private toll from deep-sea fishermen is Denmark. For many centuries it has held steadfast to a law which gives the owner of shore land the right to "rent the sea" in front of his property for eel fishing. In some years this total rent has amounted to as much as $250,000.

In every age in every country, men have attached some kind of mysterious significance to sneezing. Early Christians crossed themselves. Medieval Europe went back to bed for hours if it sneezed while arising. Today sneezing is a sign of truthfulness in Turkestan, an indication of wisdom in some parts of Scotland and a bad omen throughout a large part of the world which still exclaims "God bless you" or its equivalent when one sneezes—for fear his soul will leave his body.—*By Ray Mollenhauer, Danville, Illinois.*

Normally women live longer than men. However, famous men live longer than famous women. An analysis of the longevity of 2,668 eminent men shows that their average age at death was 67.8 years while that of 670 eminent women was only 60.7 years.

A new thymus gland extract, tested on seven successive generations of white rats, has greatly accelerated their development. Each generation has an increased birth weight and a faster and fuller growth, opening their eyes and ears, erupting their teeth and beginning their hair growth in a fraction of the time required by the untreated rats. Some of them weigh three times as much as normal rats at the end of eight days.

Hinduism, which has 250,000,000 followers, or one eighth of the world's entire population, is the only living religion which worships goddesses as well as gods. In fact, they probably far outnumber the gods, as more than 80 per cent of the people in southern India worship local village deities, nearly all of which are feminine.—*By D. B. Mobedji, Bombay, India.*

Backwardness in school is caused more often by defective vision than by the inability to learn. A recent study shows that 63 per cent of all our school children are afflicted in varying degrees with hypermetropia, or farsightedness, which tends to make reading difficult. Moreover the same study revealed that only 34 out of every 1,000 American boys and girls have perfectly normal eyes.

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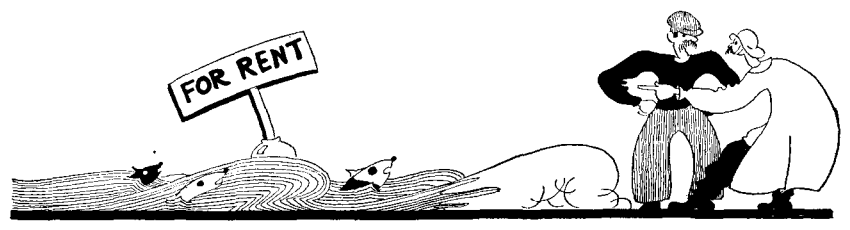

bay and he dreaded the moment when the little craft should bury her nose in the billows of the Indian Ocean, quiver from stem to stern, shake her head and roll. But with daylight and the open sea, swept by the sweet breath of the northerly trades, Josephine, to his amazement, quickly came to life. Her eyes cast upon her imprisoned hand a single bewildered look; the next instant she had released it. Free of him and her chair, she was striding boyishly the breadth of the tiny quarter deck and back.

SO SWIFT had been her recovery that for a moment he looked as foolish as he felt; then the lax muscles around his jaw firmed, the light in his eyes turned hard and the frown which was threatening to become habitual clouded his brow. He laid no claim to masterly powers of deduction, yet his brain had served him reasonably well heretofore; why should it fall down on him now? What would Andy Fox have made of Miss Cascoden? Wouldn't he have been astute enough to see from the first that anyone so sane couldn't possibly be a prey to an insane desire? The thought of the cable returned to pester him. How had anybody known she was to pass through Delagoa Bay since she had professed not to know it herself? So she had known! One more thing: wasn't it strange he should have lived thirty years in relative calm and then have two such problems as Menck and Josephine descend upon him inside a couple of weeks? What would Andy think of that? Suddenly he came erect as if he had been touched by an electric spark.

"Jo!" he called.

She paused in her walk and came toward him. "What is it?"

"I've been fairly decent to you, haven't I?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly, "but that was while I was ill, and I'm feeling fine now. You weren't decent to me yesterday; you were as nasty as nasty. You let me sit around for hours without telling me how long you'd be gone. When you had worn me out, you slipped into the shade to a cold drink and a quiet game of cards. You were a beast, and holding my hand for a couple of hours can't quite make up for it."

"I asked you not to go, didn't I?" said Ballard, bewildered at finding himself on the defensive.

"What of it? Did you think I was going to stay in that hotel alone all day?"

"You could have gone out, done what you pleased. Yesterday I put in sixteen hours of the hardest work I've ever done at a stretch, and for the last half of it you were an unmitigated nuisance. It wasn't with your help but in spite of you I beat the record for organizing an expedition such as this by about four days. How do you suppose I got Ali, Jocko, Achmed and Abdul?"

"I know Ali, but who are the others?"

"Jocko, the best safari cook south of Zanzibar; Abdul, my old gun-bearer; Ali, the one and only head boy, master of half a dozen dialects. I wheedled them out of my friends and made my friends like it."

"Stealing servants!" murmured Josephine.

"Yes; I'd have stolen them if I'd had to. Probably you think the hour at the card game was devoted to a friendly chat, but it netted me forty porters where porters are as scarce as hen's teeth. You're sore about the card game, are you? Well, in half an hour of stud I won what money can't buy—the use of two salted horses. You're only a kid, Jo; in those togs you look like an adorable boy. But what's inside them is an ungrateful brat."

Tears welled to her eyes at the savagery of his attack but promptly retreated. "I'm sorry," she said, abruptly mature. "You've succeeded in convincing me it was I who was inconsiderate from start to finish."

"That's better," said Ballard. "Sit down for a bit, won't you?"

"The chair is too low."

"Fix it for yourself," he suggested. "I'm not going to wait on you. All you have to do is pull the back up as many notches as you like."

She obeyed, sank into the resulting bucket-like seat and amused herself by clashing her knees together. "I love breeches; I can't imagine why I put up such a fight when Mrs. Semster made me put them on. That's her name, isn't it—Semster?"

"Yes."

"What's her address?"

"Delagoa Bay—or merely South Africa; everybody knows her. But forget Mrs. Semster; there's something that interests me at the moment a lot more. What's your connection with a firm of pirates known as Grast, Furman & Menck?"

She was not startled by the sudden question; for an instant he wondered whether she had heard it. Then she repeated slowly, "Grast, Furman & Menck—an unbelievable combination of disagreeable sounds. Naturally I have no connection with any or all of them."

"What about the cable?" he asked sharply. "Can you say the same about that?"

Her eyes came straight to his. "I gave you your chance at the cable."

"You knew I wouldn't take it."

"No, I didn't; I wondered. But I'll recite it to you since you regret your decency: 'Have ascertained—'" Again her eyes filled suddenly.

"Shut up!" he cried, inexplicably furious. "If it had nothing to do with Menck and his crew, what do I care what it said?" He snatched out a handkerchief and mopped at his brow. "Forgive me for shouting at you; it's the heat."

She examined him curiously. "I don't mind being shouted at; it's amusing, it makes me feel superior."

He stared at her, baffled. "All right, Jo, we'll let it go at that. I've seen you for weeks and know you less and less—where you come from, where you're going and why. But I'm through with worrying. Here's where I quit asking questions. From this minute I'm going to think of you as a boy and treat you like one. I'm going to have the time of my life. What about you?"

Her eyes wavered, then left his face to stare out to sea. "If I were a boy—" she began and stopped, apparently forgetful of him and of what she had been about to say.

AFTER a run of only two nights and a day, the voyage ended.

Three Britishers in spotless white came forward to greet Ballard. "Hello, Mallory; the chief wirelessed you were coming. Welcome back."

Ballard introduced Josephine so casually she felt like an appendage and was so received. Nobody was rude; there was merely an absence of emphasis which could be taken either for a form of courtesy or simply as recognition of Mallory's rights. Feeling amused, she trailed after the four men to a large hut, cool inside, mosquito-proofed, luxurious with tanned skins, wicker couches and chairs. In spite of the early hour, gin-and-tonic in long glasses with real ice was served. She shook her head in refusal and was given instead the chilly, watery milk from a green coconut.

As she sipped she listened with all her ears—and watched.

Englishmen were easy to read, even

(Continued on page 26)

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Germany Takes the Rap

"Made in Sweden," "Made in Czechoslovakia." More and more often you see those marks on foreign goods. Frequently they mean "Partly-made in Germany." They are evidence of the extremes to which German manufacturers have been driven by the boycott. In the theater of this economic war Mr. Ybarra shows you what a boycott means, not in terms of international indignation, but in the tangible realities of trade

By T. R. Ybarra

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IT WAS while Adolf Hitler, supreme Nazi overlord of Germany, was making one of his speeches before the Reichstag in Berlin that he suddenly thundered:

"If our trade balance is unfavorably affected by economic barriers erected against us in foreign markets, *or by the political boycott*, we shall find a way, thanks to the genius of our inventors and chemical experts, to free ourselves from the necessity of importing materials which we ourselves are capable of producing, or for which we can find substitutes."

Which proved that Adolf himself had gotten sore about the boycott against German goods instituted in a number of countries, especially in the United States, as a result of the ruthless methods of the Nazis. Long before he spoke those words a large number of other Germans had gotten very sore about it. And they still are.

The German shipper adds up a column of figures and growls, *"Donnerwetter!"* The German banker adds up another column of figures and groans, *"Teufel!"* And the German exporter wakes suddenly, in the middle of the night, with a guttural grunt.

"What is it?" ask his Frau.

"I've had a nightmare!"

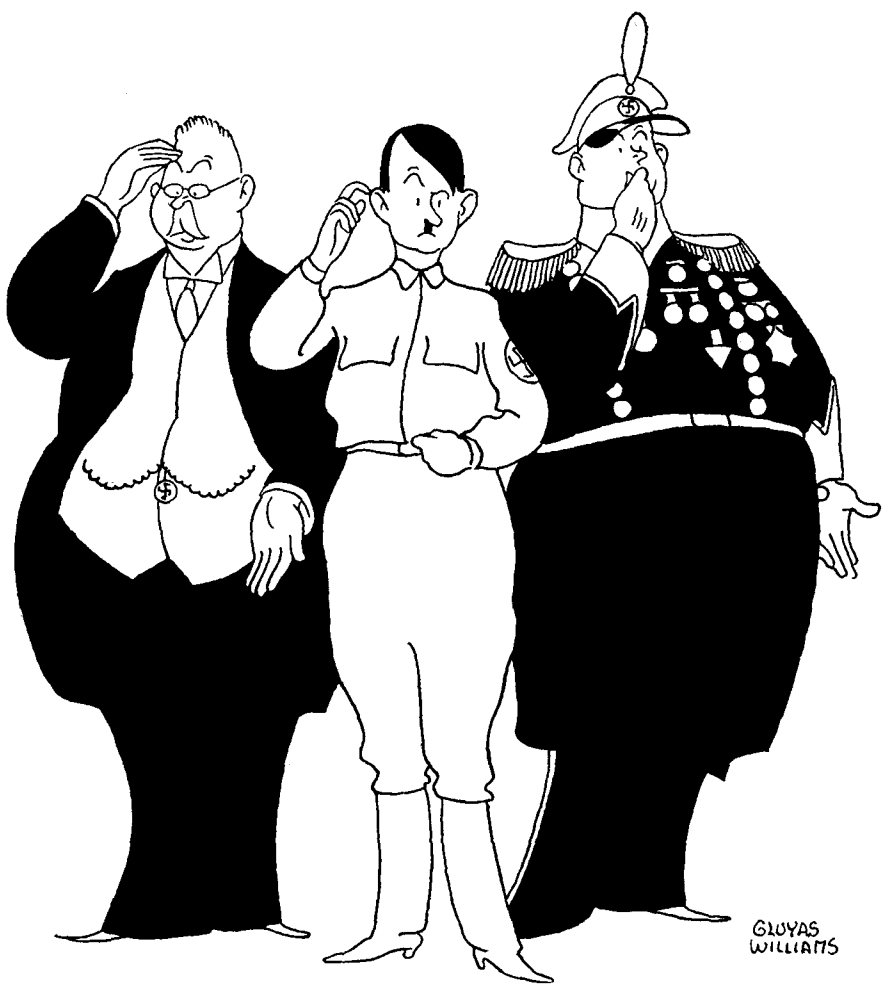
"What about?"

"The boycott."

It's Beginning to Tell

Yes, life in Germany nowadays isn't all beer and schnitzel. Of course, there are lots of things besides the boycott on the Teutonic mind; havoc has been wrought in the Fatherland by a number of factors far more devastating than the refusal, by Americans and other foreigners, to buy things made in Germany. But the fact remains that this refusal has gotten very much under the German skin. And there can be no doubt that it is causing the Germans not only severe nervous strain but serious financial loss.

It is by no means easy to trace exactly what the anti-Hitler trade war has done to Germany. In analyzing the dreadful things which have happened to her foreign trade during the last couple of years, one must always bear in mind that the Germans have almost taken the count primarily because of other wallops. The boycott is only a last vicious swing to the Teutonic jaw.



Reichsführer Hitler and other Germans profess themselves to be quite at a loss to understand all this hostile feeling from abroad

First, Germany got her full share of the effects of the world slump. From 1929 onward she has been staggering under the rain of blows handed out promiscuously to all nations by the depression. In comparison with pre-war days, and with the boom of the first post-war period, German exports have dwindled alarmingly. This, however, has been due mostly to causes for which, in the last analysis, Germany is no more to blame than the rest of the world.

High Prices Mean Less Trade

Second, Germany obstinately kept the German mark on the gold standard. She stood firm while, one after another, foreign nations slipped off gold. By so doing she maintained the prices of her products at a high level. This has proved a serious matter in trade with countries which, like the United States, have been working for some time with a depreciated currency. American importers of merchandise from Germany have been finding it less and less profitable to fork over the equivalent, in devalued dollars, of the prices charged, in German gold marks, by German exporters.

Third, Germany has drastically reduced her imports. She has been aiming more and more at the idea of national self-sufficiency. This has still further antagonized people in other countries who are already pretty sore because of the undemocratic and oppressive methods of the Nazis.

These adverse factors, to name only a few, have been driving down German export trade almost to the vanishing-point. So, when the boycott came along, some Germans clenched their fists in fury, while others, less pugnacious, simply threw up their hands in despair.

"It was," as one man in Berlin put the matter to me, "the American straw that broke the German camel's back!"

When I gathered the data for this article in Germany a few weeks ago, she was still on the gold standard. This meant that the prices of the goods she was offering for sale to foreigners were still high. Already strong pressure was being brought to bear in certain quarters to have the country go off gold. Those advocating such a course hoped that the ensuing drop in prices of

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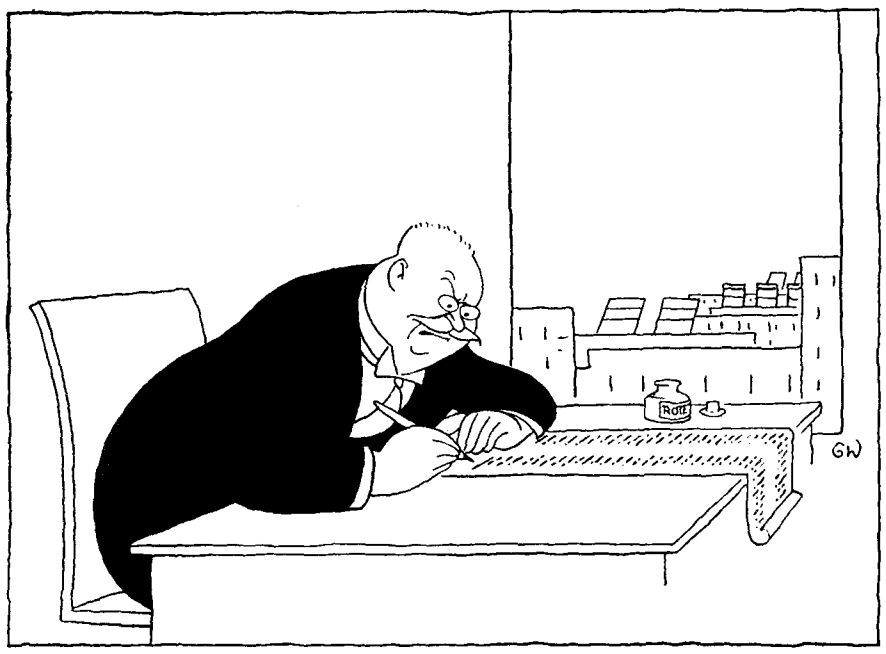
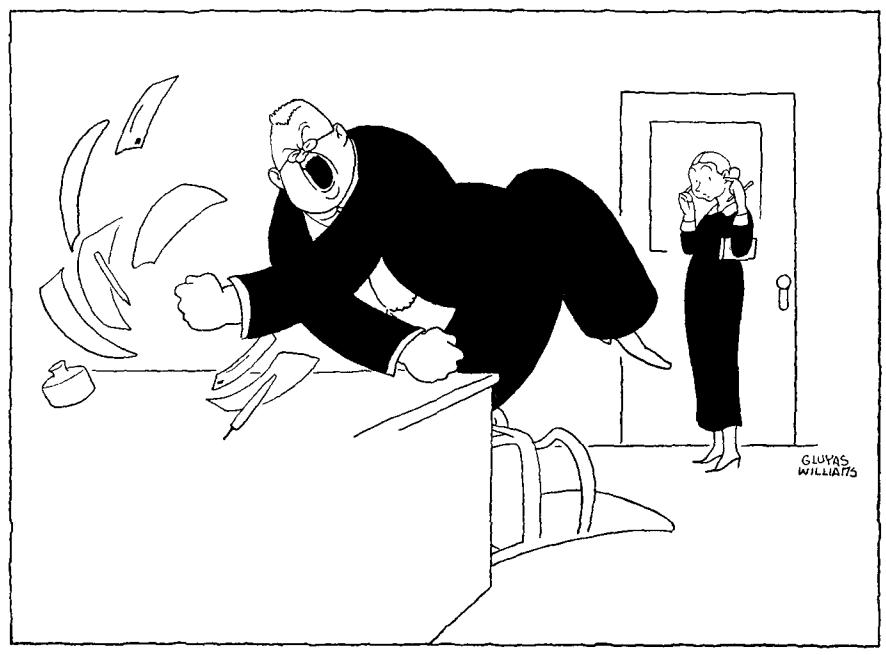


The German shipowner is likely to growl "Donnerwetter!" or worse, when he considers the boycott's effect on shipping figures



When a German does break loose about the boycott, especially in its American phase, he becomes eloquent to the point of incoherence

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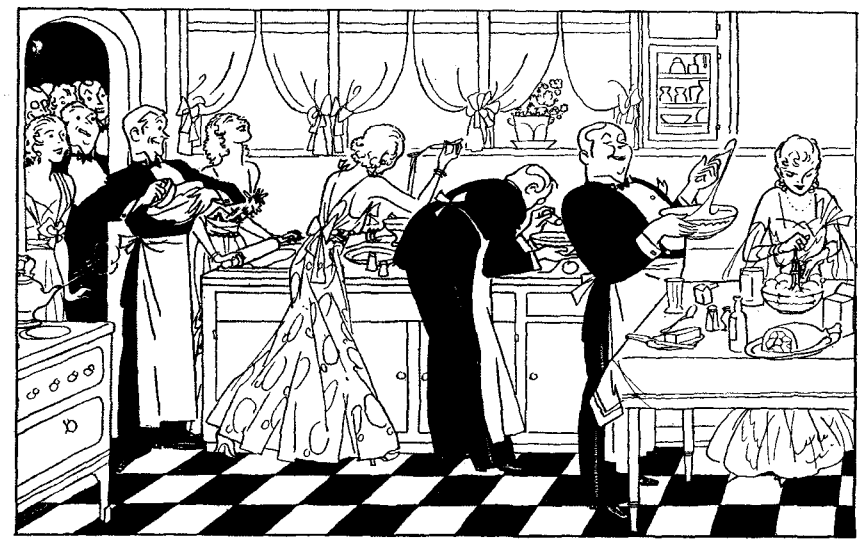
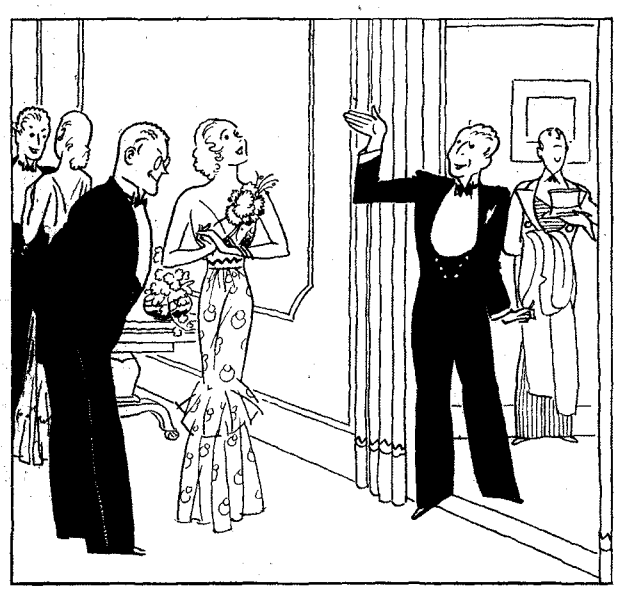
They Won't Go Home till Morning

There are all kinds of parties, and all kinds of ways to turn a dull party into a sprightly one. There are also a few important rules you should follow—even if it means throwing the host out of the house. Here's success to your party

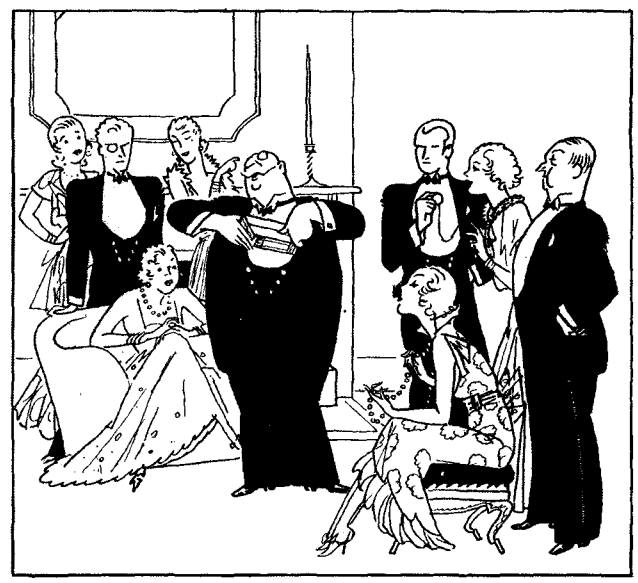
By Marie Beynon Ray

ILLUSTRATED BY GENE CARR





The really knowing guest just fades quietly from the picture when he is obliged to leave early



Enticing the amateur cooks to the kitchen is an excellent way to start a dull party moving

A clever hostess will try to discover and bring out the talent which every party-goer hides

Any small colored boy can tap-dance in a free and easy way that will delight everyone

ONE of the earmarks of a successful party is that the guests do not depart until the clatter of milk bottles informs them that they've made a night of it. The last gay plume in a hostess' cap is that she maintained a quorum till rosy-fingered dawn stole in on an orgy of scrambled eggs and coffee in the kitchen.

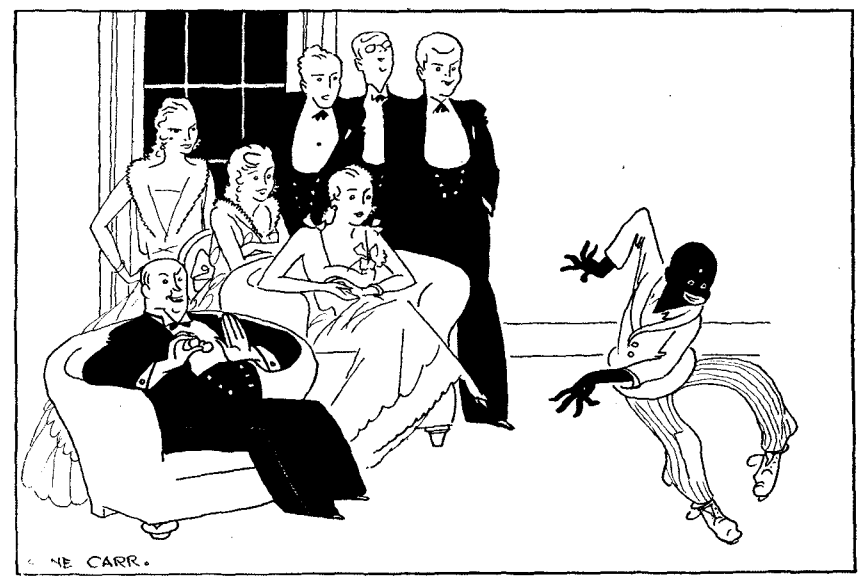
There are natural-born hostesses, as there are natural-born poets. They know whom to invite with whom, how to keep clocks from ticking, how to help those who must be in the office at 9 A. M. to slip out surreptitiously, when to feed 'em, how to make 'em talk. This lady may have none of the things lesser mortals rely upon—no perfect servants, no silver service complete to oyster forks; she may have only the simplest food, there may be slips here and omissions there—but her parties are successes. They take fire from her own enthusiasm, her delight in entertaining, her joy in people.

From long and intensive study of some of the finer specimens of party-givers—to wit, Elsa Maxwell, Cobina Wright, Claribelle Walsh, Neysa McMein, to mention four ladies who know, better than any other four women, how to throw a party—we have isolated enough tips on successful party giving and enough bright ideas to ignite all this season's parties at sixty yards. Hold on to your back hair—we're off!

First of all, the success of a party depends on the people you invite, not on the food, the service, the entertainment, or anything else. A jolly party is a gathering of jolly people, a clever party is a gathering of clever people, a friendly party is a gathering of friendly people. So first you select your guests to make it the kind of party you want.

Next you make up your mind what you're going to do from eight till twelve—and you hope till four. There are all kinds of parties—parties for young people, parties for older people, for people who know each other like a book and those who have never met, for the intelligentsia and for the whoopee-makers, for people who like to talk and those who like to do things. To some the thought of fancy dress is the one thing that keeps them alive between parties; they'd rather go as a pirate than *be* John D. Others would see you blankety-blanked first.

If, personally, you are addicted to fancy dress but think it's a lot to ask of your guests, consider the fancy headdress party, especially for a group of young people. It provides all the fun of fancy dress without the trouble and expense. Instead of attiring the whole chassis as Cleopatra or Gandhi (not such a lot of trouble, at that) you simply dress the head in character. Very amusing—gives people ideas.



Or let's suppose you're willing to spend a little money to bring in an entertainer to beguile your guests. Then let us call to your attention, ladies and gentlemen, our mind-reading dog, our world-famous sword-swallower, our card-trick expert. If you're put to it to know just what to have, you can get in touch with the private entertainment bureau of one of the radio companies or with a booking agent for vaudeville. If the price is too high, fall back on your own resources.

We recently attended a party which, after dinner, wasn't going so well. Our hostess disappeared for a moment and returned to announce that a fortune teller was on the way. The affair immediately took a turn for the better, and when the gypsy arrived, in full gypsy regalia, and told everyone's fortune for fifty cents each, it went over big. If you have no faith in gypsies but incline to believe there may be something in palmistry, etc., have in a palm-reader, a crystal-gazer, an

(Continued on page 53)

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Shining Shadow

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Richard Sherman

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

THEY had planned to go ashore together in Honolulu, the three of them, Mr. and Mrs. Perry and Lora Archer, but the night before they docked Charles' uncontrollable temper flared, and he and Mrs. Archer quarreled. It was rather a public quarrel, almost a scene, since it took place on the crowded pavilion deck; and no one, least of all Julia Perry, seemed to know how it started. At one moment Charles and Mrs. Archer were dancing, apparently amiably, and then they were back at the table and beginning an oblique exchange of sarcasm. Julia was embarrassed. She was relieved when Mrs. Archer rose abruptly and, with a brief good night, stalked out.

"Now," said Julia, "I hope you're satisfied."

But even though the whole business, so sudden and inexplicable, was probably his fault—after four months of marriage she had learned that he could be cruel when he wished—she didn't scold him. She did, however, feel sorry for Lora, of whom she had grown very fond.

Right from the start the three of them had been congenial—table mates from Sydney on. Occasionally Mrs. Archer asked one of the few unattached young men to her cabin when she had the Perrys in for cocktails, but somehow it didn't work out. The three of them had a better time just together.

And now, as Julia told Charles in the warm air of the following dawn, when they stood on the deck listening to the music from the white-coated band on the pier, now it was all spoiled. Lora had announced, via her steward, that she had a headache and intended to remain in bed for the day.

"She's as well as I am," Julia said, "but she's angry. Why don't you go and apologize to her, Charles? If you offended her, beg her pardon."

"Her pardon?" Charles laughed, rather unpleasantly. "Don't be silly!"

AGAIN she checked herself; if she persisted, Charles would be angry with *her* and then their day *would* be ruined. But she did want to know what was the trouble. Charles and Mrs. Archer had seemed to be getting along so well.

"Very well," she said; and then, after a reasonable pause, looked around searchingly. "I've lost my handkerchief. Wait for me, dear, while I get another."

Timidly she rapped on Mrs. Archer's door. "It's Julia Perry, Lora. May I come in?"

There was a short silence, and then Mrs. Archer said, "Yes, do, darling. Do come in."

The cabin was intended for two, but Mrs. Archer occupied it alone. Charles always called her "the pretty widow." Now, as she lay in bed, without make-up, she wasn't quite so pretty; and looked a trifle older than the thirty-two she said she was.

"What's the matter between you and Charles?" Julia said.

Mrs. Archer looked at her from beneath two skillfully plucked, permanently arched brows, and then smiled. "He was rude, that's all," she said; "let's forget it."

But Julia insisted—though it wasn't any use. Mrs. Archer would not discuss the quarrel.

In the end, unsuccessful, Julia rose to leave. "We'll bring you back a souvenir," she said. "What shall it be?"

Mrs. Archer's white arms, vertical above her blond head, paused in their stretching. "Something unique," she said, "and thanks for thinking of me. As for the other—don't worry. I haven't a doubt that Charles and I shall be reconciled by this evening."

THEY had a wonderful day, a beautiful day, a day to remember.

They did the Pali drive in the early morning. Afterward they went out to Waikiki to the Royal Hawaiian, where Charles got them a room for the day. Later he was to go downtown to confer with the local representative of his New York office, but meanwhile he could play tourist with her; which he did, buying *tapa* cloth and a *lei* for each of them and marveling with her at the two brilliantly polished quarters the desk clerk offered as change with the proud explanation that the polish on the coins, which was acquired by running them through a machine, was the hotel's trade-mark. Julia decided that they were lucky pieces, and because she was twenty-five she would keep the 1925 one and because Charles was thirty he should have that dated 1930.

Before going down to the beach, they had *okolehau* highballs on their *lanai*.

"Charley," Julia said—Charley was a special name, used only rarely—"I'm happy. Isn't it fun to be happy?"

He had already put on his trunks, and now he lay on a wicker chaise longue with the frosted glass in his hand. Suddenly he straightened, and said, "Come on, sweetheart, let's have that swim."

So they swam, and afterward they lunched outdoors, and then they went back to the beach again. By that time it was twelve-thirty, and the boat was to sail at five, but Charles was due downtown in an hour. Lying on her stomach, her face smudged against the sand, Julia said:

"We should stay here always." She raised herself on her elbows. "Make up with Lora, will you, Charles?"

He was standing, ready to go. "Sure," he said. For a moment he hesitated; then he turned toward the hotel. "I'll be back around three," he called.

He almost kissed me, she thought, my husband almost kissed me right on a public beach. And, turning, she watched the long, curving breakers until her eyelids grew heavy and the low babble of voices fainter and the lap of the waves farther and farther apart. . . .

She awoke with a start. Craning her neck, she saw that the Outrigger Canoe clock marked two-thirty. Well . . . he should be up in the room by now; and she started for the bathers' walk, trailing her towel behind her.

Leaving the elevator, her wet feet padded down the wide corridor to the room. Charles had not yet returned. Finally, at a quarter of four, Charles came in.

"Well," she said, "how was he?"

"All right," he answered, and began to fix himself a drink.

There were four coins, all polished, and they clinked together

While she packed the bag he went down to check out, and she met him in the airy, flower-laden lobby. In the elevator she thought: Something's wrong, something's on his mind—but later, driving toward the pier and snuggling within the circle of his arm, she decided she was imagining things. Closing her eyes, she thought of the day behind her, the happiest day, perhaps, that she had ever known; a day full of sunlight and surf and sleep—and Charles.

At the pier the gangplank was about to go up when they stumbled aboard. Together they stood at the rail. Then Julia remembered that they had forgotten Mrs. Archer's gift. She told Charles, who said, "Don't worry. We'll go down and see her and I'll say I'm sorry, and then we'll have a drink and she won't even think about any present."

She kissed him lightly. "I knew you'd make up," she said. "I hate fights."

THEY beat a tattoo on Mrs. Archer's door, so loud and fast that her "Come in" was almost drowned out. She was still in bed, as Julia had left her, except that now she had her make-up on and was wearing a new negligee.

"Well," she said, "the Perrys, as I live. Come in, my dears."

"He's sorry," said Julia. "Say you're sorry, Charles."

Charles bowed. "I'm sorry." He and Mrs. Archer looked at each other, but neither smiled. They looked long and hard, and suddenly Julia felt nervous, as if she shouldn't be watching them, as if she were intruding. She lowered her eyes to the foot of the bed, and then, just as she heard Mrs. Archer's voice saying "I'm sorry too," she saw on the floor, almost concealed by the bed's footboard, a brightly polished quarter. She dropped her glove, then stooped and picked up both it and the coin. It was dated 1930.

She raised her head, and in a tone whose calm surprised her said, "We brought you a present, Lora. Here." She tossed the coin onto the counterpane, where Mrs. Archer reached to examine it.

"Why, Julia, how nice. All shiny and bright, yet old. I'll keep it as a lucky piece."

She couldn't look at Charles; she didn't dare. "Charles has one too. Haven't you, Charles?"

Her head cast down, she saw his hand reach into his pocket and withdraw something which he threw casually on Mrs. Archer's bed; there were four coins, all polished, and they clinked together. Mrs. Archer's hand picked each one up. "1924," she said, "and 1925 and 1926 and—why, one like mine—1930."

Julia looked up then, and into his eyes; but they told her nothing.

Lora laughed. "We're all rich," she said, "and friends again too. Let's have a drink on it."

So they had a drink on it. And as Julia lifted her glass to her lips her heart splintered into a million small pieces. But the splintering hurt less, because it was over in a second, than the fact that she never would know and never could know whether or not there was any reason for it.

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"It's a funny case, isn't it? You haven't any ideas that you'd like to give to an alert young newspaper-man?"

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

LEN HAWORTH, wealthy New York playboy, is murdered—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver in his apartment. The police, directed by the dapper Sergeant Wilcox, find three obvious suspects: Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress, who, engaged to Haworth, had visited his apartment a short time before he was killed; Sim Sturdevant, who, in love with the actress, had quarreled with the millionaire and knocked him down a few hours before the murder; and Lisa Bellwood, a daring débutante, who, like the actress, had been in Haworth's suite just before the tragedy.

Questioned, the three protest their innocence. One, at least, tells the truth: Sim Sturdevant. The night preceding the murder, he had, he says, gone to the Merrygoround, a night club, to offer a radio job to Inez Johnson, the star of the revue. Haworth, intoxicated and accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, had entered and insulted him. He had promptly knocked the playboy down, walked home, and retired.

Shadowed night and day by the police, Sturdevant sees much of Trenna, who clings to him, seeks his advice, and finally realizes, and tells him, that she loves him. Then Lisa Bellwood, who is a born flirt and is piqued by Sturdevant's indifference to her advances, tells him quite calmly that she *may* tell the police that, on leaving Haworth's apartment house, she had seen him, Sim Sturdevant, entering it—*just previous to the shooting!*

Inez Johnson decides to confide in Sturdevant, and tells him that, instead of going straight to her room shortly before the murder, she had followed Haworth and Lisa Bellwood. "You didn't do it!" Sturdevant gasps. "No," the girl replies, "I wanted to protect you; I thought Haworth might try to kill you. But don't tell Reed Ryan"—Ryan is a well-known newspaper-man whom Sturdevant knows—"because he's my sweetie, and he's terribly jealous!"

Sturdevant sees the girl to a cab, slips, strikes his head on the pavement. Inez takes him to his apartment, where, an hour or so later, she and Trenna Plaice are discussing the murder. "I," she says, finally, "will see if I can think of anyone who might have done it. Suppose you do the same."

VII

IKE DEXTER'S entrance put a momentary stop to their conversation. He came through the door breezily and his mouth opened as he saw the two women in the living-room. His hat came off his head instantly. Quick alarm was in his eyes.

"The boss pinched?" he asked.

Trenna pursed her lips warningly; Inez Johnson said, "Sh—"

Instinctively Dexter rose on tiptoe. Trenna was reminded of a trained bear she had once seen at an Italian street fair. Clumsily, yet very lightly, he advanced toward them.

"What's the matter?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Mr. Sturdevant had a slight accident; he's asleep; nothing serious," said Trenna.

Dexter looked dismayed.

"Maybe I'd better give him a going over. I'm a swell rubber and—"

Trenna shook her head.

"Not now. When the doctor comes back perhaps he'll want you to."

"None of them cops gave him the works, did they?" Ferocity was in Dexter's eyes now.

Again Trenna shook her head.

"He slipped and fell," said Inez Johnson. "Don't be alarmed. He's perfectly all right. He'll just have to stay in bed a few days."

Dexter looked at her searchingly, decided she spoke the truth, and exhaled gustily. He grinned at her engagingly.

"For a minute I thought he'd blown his topper or something like that. You two ladies looked so solemn— Can I make you a cup of tea? Or maybe a little jolt of Scotch would do you both good?"

Trenna smiled a negative and Inez Johnson also declined.

"Well, I'll be in the kitchen and if there's anything you ladies want—I've seen you in pictures lots of times, Miss Plaice. You're swell. And I was up at the Merrygoround last week and sure got an earful of your songs, Miss Johnson. You're great."

With which he walked noiselessly from the room. Inez stirred in her chair.

"WITH you and that man to look after him, I guess Sim is okay. And I have a date with some show people." She glanced at the watch on her wrist. "I'm an hour late now, but I guess that will be all right. Makes them think you're important. I'll phone later. And say, Miss Plaice, what we've just been talking about isn't the complete bunk. We have to get behind the scenes, so to speak. It's like a show. You know the people on stage didn't do it, so it must be someone else."

"I'll think my hardest," said Trenna.

As Inez left, Trenna peered into Sturdevant's bedroom. She felt a mad desire to smooth his rumpled hair. But she conquered this impulse and resumed her chair. Inez had analyzed the police attitude pretty well, Trenna thought. With so many suspects at hand, the police would not comb the alleys for another. But that was exactly what must be done, if the shadow of doubt were to be removed from Sim and herself and Lisa. She smiled at her own reluctance in adding Lisa's name to those from whom suspicion must be removed. And as if telepathy needed some evidence of its existence, the telephone rang, and Trenna answered it, to hear Lisa's voice.

"Mr. Sturdevant can't come to the phone," she said in response to Lisa's request to speak to Sim.

"This Trenna Plaice?"

"Yes."

"Why can't Sim come to the phone? You haven't married him, by any chance, have you?" Lisa's voice was derisive.

"I suppose you want to tell me that I can't because you're going to." Trenna was ashamed of herself for her response. But there are antagonisms that spring into existence between people without any reason. Trenna had disliked Lisa Bellwood heartily on the few occasions when they had met, and her dislike had not been ameliorated by Lisa's telephone call two nights ago. And there was something offensively possessive about Lisa's tone now.

"I might even do that," jeered Lisa. "What's the matter with Sim?"

"He had a slight accident and he's resting. He's perfectly all right but he can't talk to anyone." After all, Lisa was entitled to some explanation.

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"And you're nursing him? What could be more romantic? Perhaps I'd better see if I can arrange to be his night nurse."

She was unbelievably callous, Trenna felt. But that was the pose of Lisa's kind. They pretended indifference to everything. Because she had just been rude, Trenna was civil now.

"He'll probably be very glad to see you," she said.

"I may come down. Anyway, tell him I called. And that I hope he'll be all right."

Trenna hung up with the feeling that Lisa had somehow emerged from the little encounter better than she had. She knew, instinctively, that she would always be at her worst with Lisa, and she hoped that their meetings would be very few. The telephone rang again before she had time to compose herself. This time it was Melissa Pillson.

"Is Mr. Sturdevant in? This is his aunt."

"This is Trenna Plaice," Trenna said.

"So? Fire—or ice?" Mrs. Pillson's harsh voice held something in it that was like a giggle.

"You have an evil mind," said Trenna.

"With not enough chance to exercise it," chuckled Mrs. Pillson. "So the business appointment was at Sim's apartment? I'm too delighted to be shocked. May I speak to Sim?"

"He isn't able to come to the phone. You see, Mrs. Pillson, I didn't want to frighten you. But he had a slight accident—I promise you he's perfectly well except that he must rest—and he's sound asleep now."

"You're sure it's no more than that?" Mrs. Pillson's voice was alarmed.

"I haven't seen the doctor, but I know what he said. He'll be back at five and I'll telephone you then."

"Will you indeed? I'll be down there to talk to the doctor myself."

"Perhaps that would be better," Trenna admitted.

AS SHE hung up she heard a faint call from the bedroom and hurried instantly to Sturdevant's side. He looked up at her incredulously, but as recognition became certain his eyes lighted.

"Trenna, you sweet thing."

She sat down on the bed and no longer resisted the impulse to smooth his hair.

"Did Inez telephone you?" he asked.

"After putting you to bed," said Trenna.

He colored boyishly.

"Nothing of the sort," he said.

"Don't lie to me, Simeon Sturdevant, about your amours," smiled Trenna. "And don't talk at all."

"Don't want to talk; just want to look at you."

"Do it in speechless wonderment at my beauty," she laughed. "Not another word from you."

"Nonsense." He tried to sit up in bed, but she gently held him down upon the pillow. "Word of honor; never felt better in my life."

"There seems to be only one way to keep you quiet," she said. She bent over and kissed him.

"If speech brings me that," he said a moment later, "I'll be garrulous the rest of my life."

She gave up the effort to silence him.

"After a while you might decide to be dumb," she told him.

"After forty or fifty years, maybe," he smiled. "Where's Inez?"

"Oh, one girl at a time isn't enough, eh?"

"Jealous?"

"Of every woman in the world. And you?"

"Of every man in the world," he smiled.

He ceased trying to sit up now, and lay passively. His eyes closed, then opened, then closed again. She sat for a moment listening to his regular breathing, then softly left the room. At five-minute intervals she would peer into the room, occasionally rearranging the blankets about him. He was sick, helpless, and she loved it!

At five o'clock the doctor arrived. He introduced himself and smiled as Trenna started to introduce herself.

"The world knows who you are, Miss Plaice. I'll say that Sturdevant is a lucky man. When I called before he had a charming girl looking after him and now I find you. I'd take a slight concussion any day if I had his breaks."

"Is he seriously hurt?" asked Trenna.

"Not in the least. Knew me when I came in earlier today. Just a few days in bed. I just looked in to make certain. Be with you in a minute."

HE WENT into the bedroom and through the open door she saw him listening to Sturdevant's heart, taking his temperature. He returned to the living-room in five minutes.

"Sound as a nut. Three or four days and he'll be all well. Concussions are funny things, Miss Plaice. He had a bad one, as you probably know, some time ago. Its effects have lingered on. He has a slight limp occasionally. He's worried about it now, and I've just told him that the probabilities were that when he gets up in a few days that limp will be gone."

"Is that really so?" she asked.

He smiled at her.

"It's a guess. But it cheers him up so we'll let it go as a diagnosis. I'm sending in a nurse at nine."

"Why? I can look after him." Beneath the doctor's gaze she blushed but held her ground.

"I suppose you can. He really doesn't need attention. Just a precaution and a rather far-fetched one. I'll be around about ten in the morning. If he should need me—and it's a thousand to one he won't—just call me. But make him keep quiet, Miss Plaice. And if he's hungry just give him some broth."

She nodded assent.

"I'll look after him, Doctor Burns," she promised.

She went into the kitchen after the doctor departed and told Dexter to prepare chicken consommé. Dexter accepted her orders eagerly. If the doctor had queries in his mind about Trenna remaining overnight in the apartment, Dexter had none. Of the two she rather preferred the servant.

Mrs. Pillson arrived shortly after the doctor left. She looked in on her nephew, but was easily persuaded by Trenna to withdraw from the room after a few words with Sturdevant.

"No good around a sickroom," said Mrs. Pillson. "Never was. All thumbs in an emergency. Are you spending the night?"

"Yes," said Trenna challengingly.

"Well, don't strike me," laughed Mrs. Pillson. "Of course, you know that reporters will probably come around and print it in the papers."

"I don't care," said Trenna.

Mrs. Pillson nodded understandingly.

"Good girl," she approved.

TRENNA warmed toward the grim old woman. She didn't have to explain to Mrs. Pillson that she was risking scandal—if anyone could make scandal out of the fact that she spent the night in the apartment with an invalid—because she owed Sturdevant something for the hurt she had done him when she became engaged to Haworth. As a matter of fact, there was no logic in this attitude and she couldn't have explained it to anyone. But Mrs. Pillson, she felt, understood. Compulsions came to Trenna occasionally; they were part of her directness of thought and speech and act and she never resisted them. She was compelled to stay by Sturdevant now.

Dexter, without orders, served tea and the two women were becoming acquainted over it when Sergeant Wilcox called. Trenna presented him to Mrs. Pillson.

"You didn't come to luncheon," she accused him.

"Your nephew made it too tough for me. Said I couldn't arrest him if I gnawed a bone with you," said Wilcox. "Where is he?"

"In bed with a concussion which he wouldn't have had if you'd been with him. I

(Continued on page 40)

Breathless, she raced down the stairs to the street. Perhaps she hadn't fooled anyone, but it was the best she could do

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Two on Safari

Continued from page 20

these three strangers so recently met; she could tell exactly what they were thinking by the studiousness with which they avoided looking at her. Their solemn idolatry of the right thing was ludicrous and she would have enjoyed tossing a small bomb into their midst had she not been intent on bigger game. Sooner or later Mallory would have to start asking questions, and by his questions she hoped to judge him. Perhaps he had begun already, back in those hours when he had escaped her in Delagoa Bay, but she thought not.

She took occasion to study him and his three companions each time she raised her glass to her lips, but she was doomed to disappointment. He seemed to share the placidity of the Britishers, almost to be cut out of the same cloth as they. That was one of his American tricks—like a chameleon he could take on the color of his surroundings. They talked of drought, famine and record heats; but finally, after a weighty pause, of porters and horses. Yes; everything was arranged; a start could be made as early on the morrow as he wished. The assurance seemed more than could have been expected, but Josephine's watchful eyes discovered in Ballard a sudden uneasiness.

"I want to get off today," he stated.

"Today!" cried three shocked voices in unison.

Ballard laughed nervously. "Listen, you chaps; you know it isn't as foolish as it sounds. Show me the man who has ever made an early start out of a compound."

"What of it?" testily asked MacIntosh, the eldest, thinking of the preparations he had made for a grand dinner. "Do you suppose all the game in Africa won't wait a beastly twelve hours?"

BALLARD said no more in words. He sat in silence, not moving even to smoke or drink, his jaws closed, his eyes staring blankly. One and then another of his hosts arose and walked out. When the last was gone he stood up and started to follow.

"You've been horribly rude," said Josephine, in a low tone of scorn mingled with anger.

He turned on her. "Have I?" he asked coldly. "Whose fault is it? How many huts do you suppose they would have offered us?"

She felt a sinking sensation, as if the chair she sat on were slowly collapsing, but quickly recovered. "If that's all, why didn't you tell them the truth?"

"Innocent child, when the truth is accepted as truth everything is clear sailing. But in this instance, to tell what you or I think is the truth would be like poking a nest of hornets. Questions can sting through the thickest hide. They could raise the very devil with my plans and presumably with yours."

Before she could answer he was gone. She scrambled to her feet and reached the door in time to distinguish his striding figure. Hurrying out, she started after him across the huge enclosure where hundreds of recruits for the mines, as well as the returning Joboys, armed with pannikins, were forming in long lines for their morning meal. Since she was a woman, and alone, they cast gibes at her like firecrackers, each followed by a roar of laughter. Understanding nothing they said, she still colored angrily and was glad to catch up with Ballard as he was about to enter a minor enclosure.

"What were they saying?" she asked breathlessly.

"Something ribald, you can be sure; but you needn't ever be afraid. Their rules of conduct are more complicated and a lot more rigid than ours, though morality hasn't anything to do with it. What protects you is that women are property and property is sacred, especially when it's worth four or five pounds."

"Is that all I'd bring?" she asked so interestedly that he cast a glance at her, striving to discover mischief in her eyes and finding none.

"It depends on the locality," he answered. "Near the mines, the only source of easy money, a wife is worth forty pounds, but the price sinks to as low as two as you go north. There's an exception—a small region around Parapato, where the Arab infiltration goes back hundreds of years."

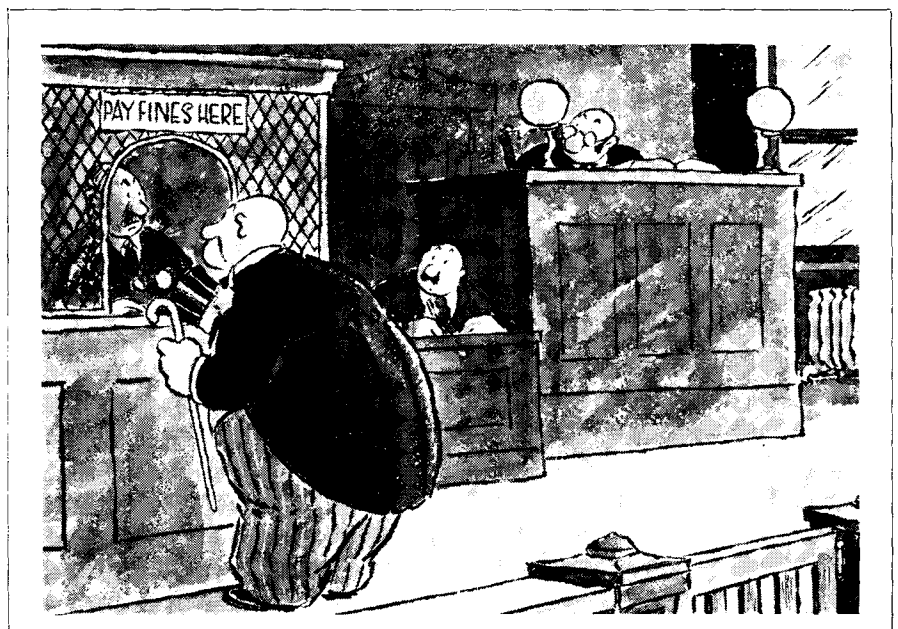
"What does that mean? Did they pay more?"

"Oh, no; they never paid anything. But by a twist of Mendel's law at long intervals girls are born who are practically white. They bring a fancy price but ordinarily make rotten wives."

"Why?"

"Too vain, or perhaps because only the fops care to take them on."

"I see," said Josephine. "I'm sorry about what I said back in the hut, though I'm getting tired of admitting I was wrong."



"But, my dear man, I have charge accounts in all the finest shops in town"

JAY IRVING

"Oh, that! Forget it. Do you want to look at the horses?"

"Rather!"

"I'll give you your pick."

Entering through a stockade behind which a dozen men and more than twice as many women were huddled, they crossed to a corner where the two horses were tethered. Their grooms sat on their heels, gravely feeding their charges with wisps of fresh-cut grass. Of the horses, one was a speckled gray over sixteen hands high and the other a stocky brown, slightly sway-backed. Noticing her hesitation, Ballard spoke first:

"I'll take the brown."

"I DETEST self-sacrificing people," said Josephine promptly; "you never know where they really stand. It's merely a question of weight for weight, so of course you'll ride the gray."

MacIntosh appeared beside them. "You have the best of it," he assured her; "the brown is full of go and like a cradle."

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Swayback, of course, and the other is called Pepper—short for Pepper and Salt." He turned to Mallory. "Here's Negrito, your *capataz*. He's a good one—the only really good boy I can get to go."

Ballard examined the man, black as ebony and straight as a ramrod, who was to be his safari foreman. *"Então, Negrito, fala Portuguez?"*

The black regarded him with luminous eyes. *"Sim, Senhor,"* he answered quietly.

"Chama a gente. Partimos immediatamente."

AT THE order Negrito became suddenly galvanized and uttered a loud howl. Instantly a hubbub arose—cries, protests, wails. Ali, Jocko and Achmed came up on the run. MacIntosh threw up his hands and started to turn away.

"Thanks, Mac," said Ballard. "Some day you'll forgive me for my beastly hurry."

"It's all right," said MacIntosh over his shoulder. "I've had that fever once or twice myself."

"Who are all these people?" asked Josephine, confused.

"They are our porters," said Ballard.

"So many to carry what two of us need?"

"You'll see."

During the next two hours she did. The tents with their poles, a fly and the kitchen tarpaulin made five loads; beds, bedding, lamps and lanterns three more. The inverted tables, one holding between the claws of its legs the bathtub filled with light miscellaneous articles, the other clasping a duffel bag, made two more. The chuck boxes, each containing provisions for a week, accounted for a dozen. Their personal baggage combined required five porters, and each horse was the sole care and burden of his groom. The cook was entitled to a helper, in addition to two carriers whose business it was to arrive first with his paraphernalia; it was always a race between them and the chair bearer. Ballard's ammunition box was a full load; the medicine chest, along with a bag containing small sundries but principally a large amount of money in small denominations, was another. Four porters carried rice, which later would be supplanted by millet. Ballard's gun trunk, as yet unopened, completed the quota—forty porters, of whom over half were women, several of them with nursing babies strapped to their hips in addition to the loads on their heads.

"Those women!" gasped Josephine. "It's ghastly. I won't have it."

"Neither will I," said Ballard, "as soon as I can make a switch, but not for your reasons. Forget that stuff and nonsense about the weaker sex. The only thing that keeps the women from heading the line into camp is because they hang back so they can carry some man's load as well as their own. Do you want to know why I don't want them along?"

"Why?"

"Because at night they're so full of pep they'll start a dance, and a dance always stands for trouble."

MacIntosh returned to invite them to luncheon in place of the grand dinner. It proved a silent meal, the Britishers thinking of the afternoon's work still to do, Ballard absorbed in going over details in his mind. Josephine, though excited at the thought of departure, kept her head enough to resent the general gloom. Ignored by her hosts, she awaited her chance and when they lined up to say goodby she addressed them correctly by name and gave to each a smile so ravishing it produced an astonished awakening, supercharged with instantaneous regret. Through blind stupidity, they who were starved with loneliness had denied themselves a feast!

Crossing the broad expanse of the major compound, Ballard stared at her profile with lingering amazement. "I didn't know you had it in you," he exclaimed. "Let me warn you, youngster; if you tried that sort of thing on the Portuguese we'd have an armed expedition on our trail." Suddenly a teasing gleam lit in his eyes. "Let's see you try it on me," he begged.

She regarded him gravely. "What would you do if I did?"

"That's so," he said, his gayety abruptly damped. "Nothing. I'd look the other way."

THEY entered the smaller compound, where the carriers stood each by his load. Mallory waved a signal and at a shout from Negrito they stooped and lifted. Those who succeeded were marked as carrying underweight; Ali, Jocko, Abdul and the capataz ran down the long line, helping the others. The chair boy, always the last to leave and the first to arrive, made a rush for the front. The men broke into a staccato chant, the women vibrated the tips of their tongues in such a cry as Josephine had never before heard. The safari was off. That first short march was marked by disorder, but Ballard, intent on thoughts of his own, seemed not to mind. The sun sank low, yet he pressed on. Arriving at a crossroads in the trail, he called a halt, summoned Ali for a murmured conference and gave orders for a partial setting of the camp; then he turned to Josephine: "I've got to strike across to Inhambane and I may be gone half the night. Take my advice and stay here." She shook her head. "All right; come on, then."

Touched by a spur, the gray plunged at a gallop down the crossroads; the brown, following, almost whirled from under her but not quite. Her knees clamped on his withers. Heels down and elbows in, she settled into the saddle and gave the horse his head. Here was a game she knew from A to Izzard and played with a verve Ballard could never equal. She passed him, deliberately swerved into his track and bombarded him with sand, pebbles and bits of loam from Swayback's flying heels. Mallory shouted at her, and shouted in vain. Behind him the two grooms, girding tight their loins, trotted doggedly forward. If the light held long enough to read the spoor, they knew they would infallibly be in at the kill.

(To be continued next week)

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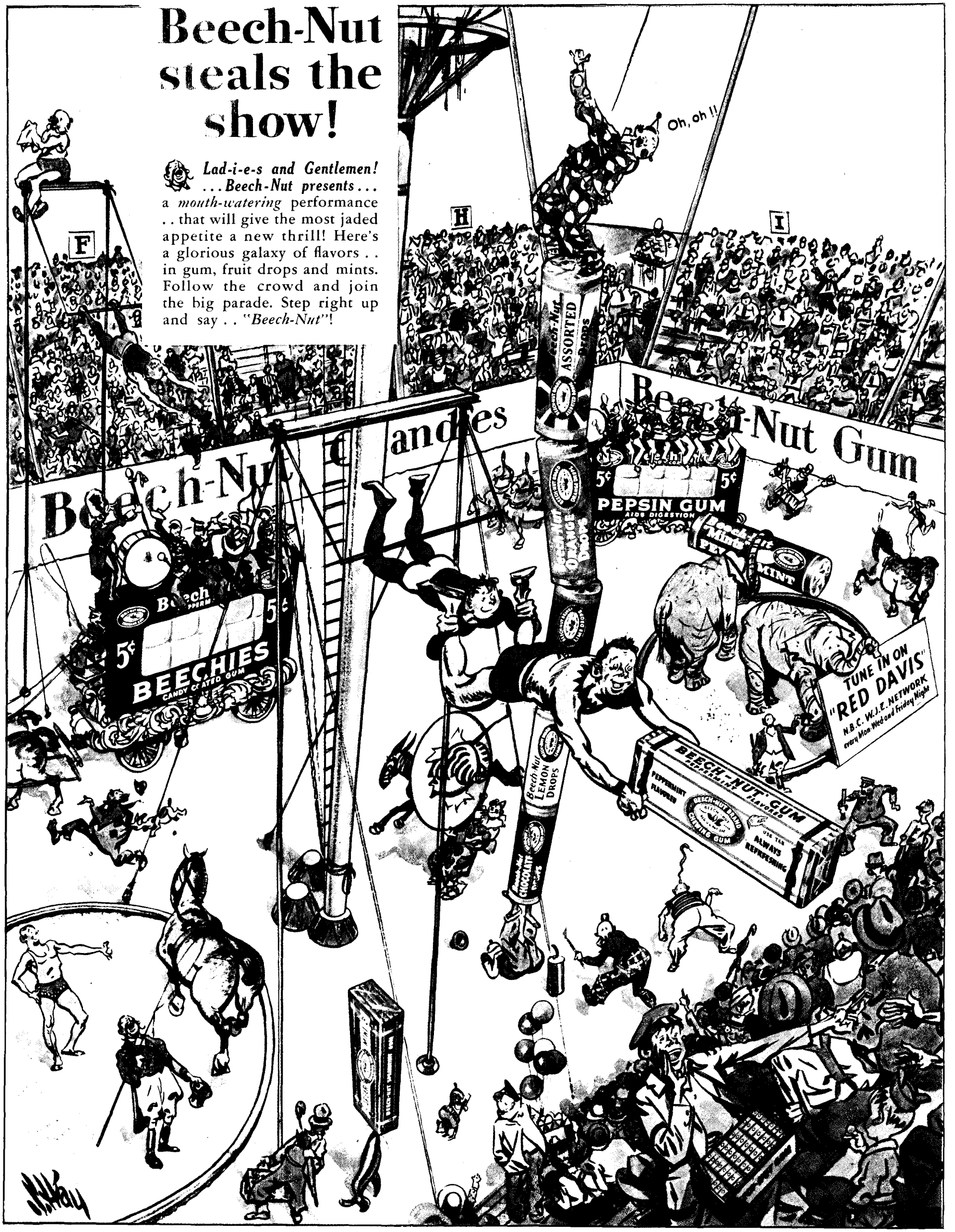

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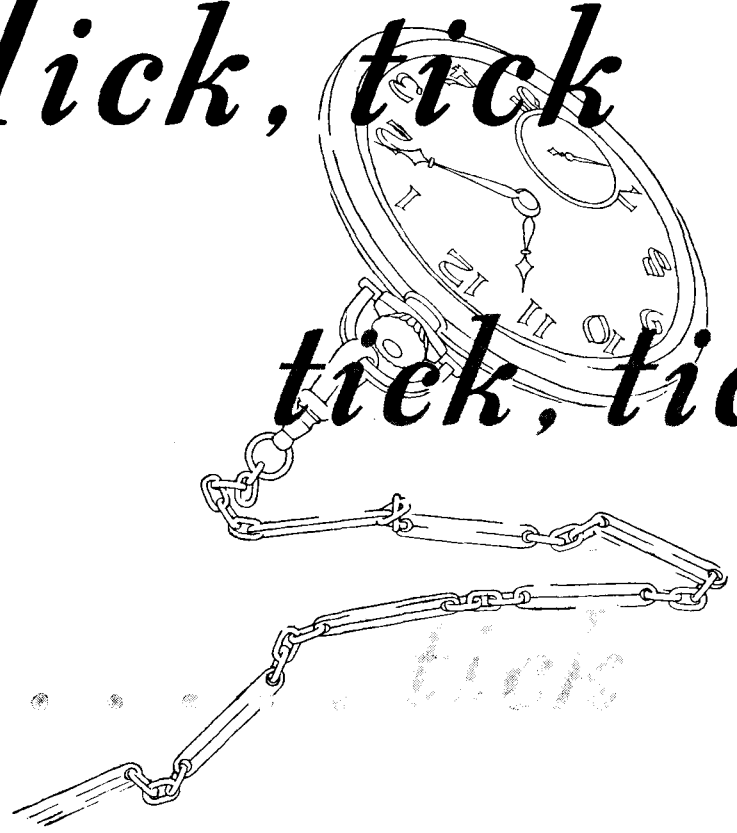
Tick, tick tick, tick



BY DANIEL STARK

who has helped thousands of fathers face the future unafraid

IT STRUCK me as oddly symbolic, that watch of George Trevor's. I had called to see what I could do for his grief-stricken wife, and as I sat waiting for her I noticed it lying on the writing desk where he had left it last. Idly I picked it up . . . and just then it stopped . . . run down.

George Trevor's income stopped as suddenly . . . but for his family there was never a gap, financially.

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Germany Takes the Rap

Continued from page 21

Germany's wares would bring immediate improvement in her foreign trade. Some of them, in fact, were prophesying that it would bring an actual boom in German exports.

Foreign trade is vital to Germany. She must export about 32 per cent of what she produces—a sharp contrast to the United States, which needs to export only 10 per cent. It is estimated that, under normal conditions, there are in Germany 5,000 export firms, 5,000 factories working mainly for export, 30,000 factories exporting between 25 and 50 per cent of their output and 15,000 factories exporting less than 25 per cent thereof. A pick-up in Germany's foreign business would mean, according to well-informed Germans, the reëmployment of from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 workers now out of jobs.

After over a year of boycotting of German goods, in the American and other markets, Germany's exports in April of this year registered a new all-time low. They dropped nearly 316,000,000 marks below the receipts for the preceding month, a loss of 21 per cent. The deficit in Germany's trade balance for April, 1934, was over 82,000,000 marks, making a total deficit, for the first four months of the present year, of 136,000,000 marks. The boycott certainly had a hand in this slump!

Many German business men are inclined to pooh-pooh the effects of the boycott against German goods and attribute the bulk of the complicated ailments from which their country's foreign trade is suffering to a variety of other causes. But when a German business man *does* break loose about the boycott—especially its American phase —he becomes eloquent to the point of incoherence.

"I admit," angrily shouted one, "that our opportunities for exporting goods to America have been greatly diminished by the depreciated American dollar. But the measures for boycotting us adopted in the United States are far more serious. Not a day goes by without my noticing damage of one sort or another caused here in Germany by the boycott!"

Tricks to Defeat Boycott

Indeed, the effects of foreign objections to buying from Germany since Hitler launched his drastic measures have been so damaging that some German exporters have been compelled to resort to ingenious tricks in order to keep their business going at all. Hamburg commission merchants, for example, have been routing orders for knives and the like, received from the United States, to manufacturers in Sweden, Czechoslovakia and other countries bordering on the Reich, rather than pass them on—as they would have done in the ordinary course of business—to German firms.

They do this because they fear that, otherwise, their shipments will be boycotted after arrival across the ocean. But, for the sake of letting German manufacturers get at least a little benefit in such cases, the commission merchants are in the habit of stipulating that those getting the orders—Czechs, Swedes, or whoever they may be—must buy from German manufacturers part of the material required. Thus, though the goods, when delivered in the United States, are marked "Made in Czechoslovakia," or "Made in Sweden," they are, in reality, partly German-made; and a certain percentage of the price paid by the American importer finds its way, in spite of the boycott, into German pockets.

And here is another trick which has been employed, since the boycott got under way, by German manufacturers: They write to competitors in Holland, Sweden, etc., offering to turn over to them lists of American concerns which were good customers before the boycott, with the understanding that, should the Dutchmen or Swedes get orders from the Americans, part of the proceeds must go to Germany. In some cases, the German manufacturers have even offered to lend to competitors in neighboring countries workmen skilled in the manufacture of their wares, so that the latter may be turned out in such a way as to keep up pre-boycott standards.

And, of course, the Germans playing this game stipulate that the goods (irrespective of whether they are manufactured abroad by German workmen or shipped, already manufactured, from Germany to the foreign firms who are "in" on the deal) must, under no circumstances, be labeled "Made in Germany." That would completely spoil the game!

American Boycott Statistics

Hence, since the boycott, many tons of manufactured products labeled "Made in Sweden," or "Made in Holland," have originated, in reality, on the premises of German manufacturers, driven to their wits' end by the boycotting measures against them; or, if not that, they have been manufactured secretly by Germans working on foreign soil, because the boycott has made it impossible for them to labor profitably at home.

Amid the tangle of official statistics regarding foreign trade, it is possible to attribute certain results more or less directly to the American boycott. Let us take, first of all, the figures for the total sales to the United States, during the last few years, of Great Britain and Germany.

British sales to this country were valued, in 1930, at $210,000,000. In 1931, as a result of the depression, they fell to $136,000,000. In 1932, still because of the slump in trade all over the world, they went down to a mere $75,000,000—a little over one third their total value for 1930.

German sales to the United States for 1930, 1931 and 1932 were, respectively, $177,000,000, $127,000,000 and $74,000,000.

Then, early in 1933, the United States went off gold. The American dollar was progressively devalued until 40 per cent of its value had been lopped off. At the same time, throughout the world, there was an upswing of business. The worst of the depression seemed over. As in other branches of trade, the figures for exports showed, for the first time since the beginning of the depression, a more or less marked improvement.

Owing to the depreciation of the dollar, it is self-evident that the trade of any foreign country with the United States, in order to maintain its 1932 position, must needs, in 1933, show an increase corresponding to the 40 per cent devaluation of the dollar.

Bearing this in mind, let us see how Great Britain and Germany have fared in the money value of their business dealings, since we devalued our dollar as against their currency.

British sales to us in 1933 were valued at $111,000,000, as against the $75,000,000 for 1932, an increase over 1932 of 48 per cent. But in terms of 1932

(Continued on page 31)

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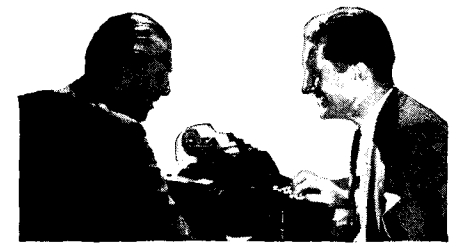

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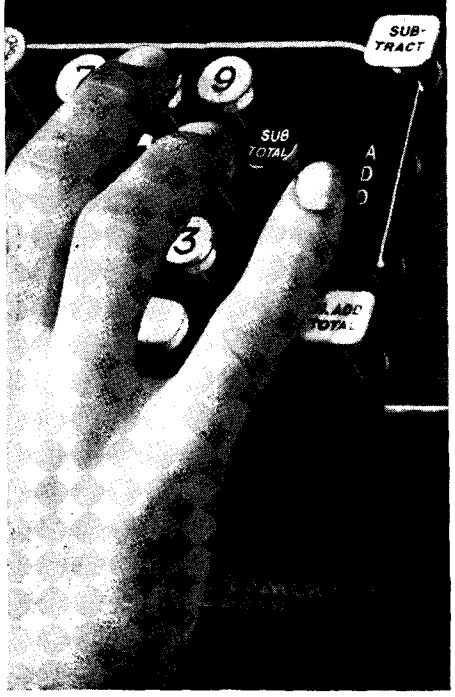
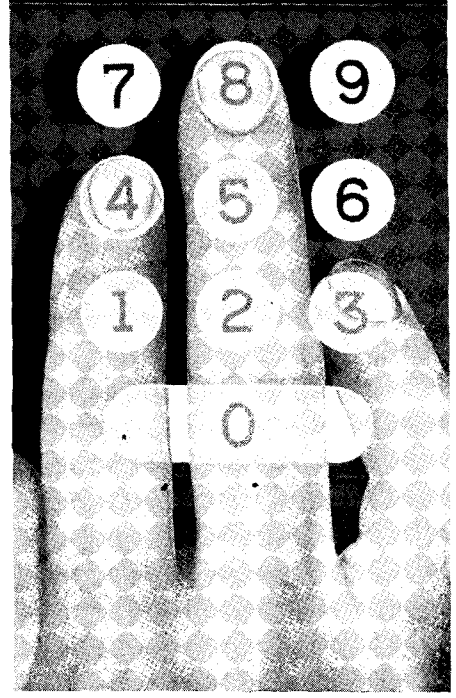


+ Adds
− Subtracts
× Multiplies
÷ Divides



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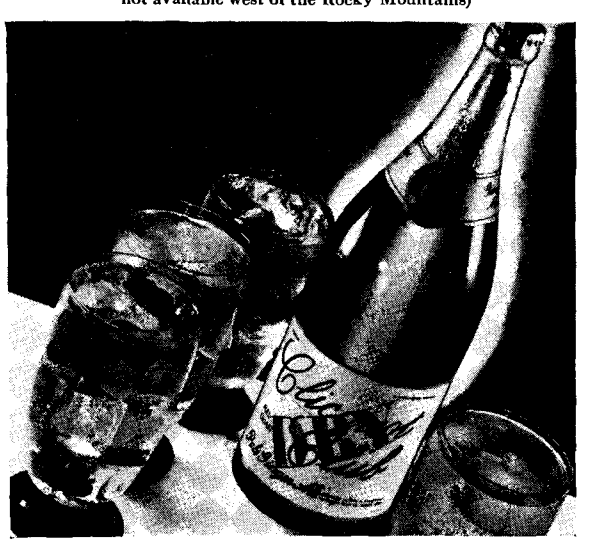

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Germany Takes the Rap

Continued from page 28

dollars, $111,000,000 represents only $66,600,000, or a decrease of $8,400,000 from 1932's exports. In other words, the British sales to us dropped 11 per cent.

Germany's sales to us during 1933 totaled in value $78,000,000, as against her showing for the previous year—when the general business upswing started all over the world—of $74,000,000. In other words, she increased her sales to us by $4,000,000. This increase, however, was *in American dollars devalued by 40 per cent* from their 1932 value. Therefore, in reality, Germany's sales (in 1932 dollars) were only $46,800,000, representing a decrease of 37 per cent. Hence, despite the increase shown by the figures covering the two years, German exports to the United States actually fell much more heavily in value last year, as compared with the year before, than did Great Britain's exports.

Figures That Tell a Story

This retrogression in German exports can be due only to some special cause. And it is quite plausible to argue that this special cause is the American boycott against German products.

Here are some more striking data:

In the first two months of 1933—before the dollar was depreciated—our imports from Japan were worth 14 millions. Those from Great Britain totaled in value 10 millions; those from France, 6 millions. From the Netherlands we imported merchandise worth 3.4 millions; from Czechoslovakia, 2 millions.

Our imports from Germany, for the same two months, were worth 10 million dollars.

For the corresponding two months of 1934—January and February—Japanese goods imported by us were valued at 19 millions of dollars—*depreciated* dollars, this time. Those imported from Great Britain totaled also 19 millions. During the same period, we imported goods to the tune of 12 million dollars from France, 5 millions from the Netherlands, and 2.8 millions from Czechoslovakia.

From Germany, in the course of those same two months at the beginning of the present year, we imported goods worth 12.5 millions in American depreciated dollars.

Once more, in this case, you must bear in mind that between the beginning of 1933 and the beginning of 1934 the American dollar had been devalued. What, then, is the meaning behind these 1933 and 1934 figures covering the imports of the United States from the various foreign countries enumerated above?

Allowing for the depreciation of the dollar, Great Britain's sales to us increased 14 per cent. France's increased 20 per cent—an even better showing. The Japs failed to hold their ground, losing 19 per cent. The Dutch decrease was 12 per cent. The Czechoslovaks lost 16 per cent.

And the Germans?

The Germans, instead of grabbing off the necessary extra dollars over and above their January-February showing in 1933, which would have meant actual improvement, allowing for the depreciation of the dollar, lost 25 per cent.

Now, in view of the showing made by the other five nations listed above, as regards American exports, to what must the slump in Germany's exports to us at the outset of 1934 be attributed? Undoubtedly, to some special cause. And what could be more logical, in view of the hard feeling toward Germany aroused among Americans by the Nazis, than to assume that this special cause was the American boycott?

Can you stand a few more figures? In the table at the foot of the page there are some that will repay careful study, as an indication of which way the trade winds are blowing in Germany. They cover the value of the exports to the United States from Germany of ten leading German products which, in normal times, have been among the principal staples of her trade with us. (The totals, in each column, are given in millions of German marks. Since all figures quoted are in marks, the depreciation in the American dollar need not be taken into account.)

A Boycott That Works

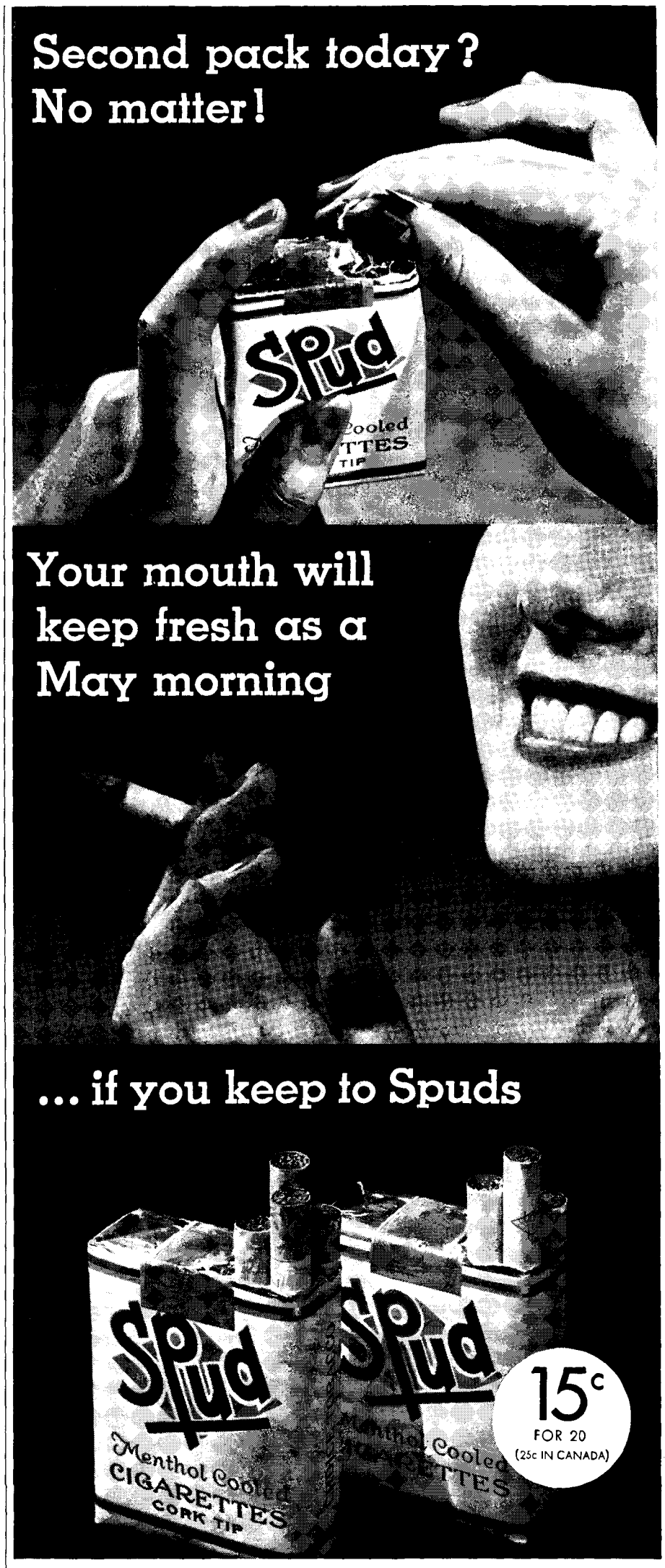
Out of these ten staples in our tabulation seven show losses since 1932 (the year of the general trade upswing throughout the world). These losses range in value from 1,000,000 to 4,200,000 marks. The seven, taken together, show a total loss in 1933 as against 1932, of 16,300,000 marks.

The remaining three of the ten staples enumerated showed a gain. It was most noticeable in chemicals, of which Germany sold 4,400,000 marks' worth more in 1933 than in 1932. The gains recorded by the remaining two of the staple exports in neither case totaled 1,000,000 over the 1932 figures. The total gain, in 1933, of all three, was 5,800,000 marks, as against a loss, registered by the other seven staples dealt with above, of 16,300,000 marks. This makes a net loss, for all ten staples, in 1933 as against 1932, of 10,500,000 marks.

Now, remember: *The upswing in trade all over the world began in 1932.*

(Continued on page 32)

	1929	1932	1933	Change 1932-1933
Potash salts	10.9	3.5	2.2	—1.3
Textiles (silk and animal hair)	43.6	4.8	3.6	—1.2
Textiles (cotton)	54.3	25.3	22.7	—2.6
Footwear	29.	13.2	9.	—4.2
Paper and paper products	29.2	11.6	8.4	—3.2
Chinaware and porcelain	24.7	5.6	4.6	—1.
Glassware	19.6	10.3	7.5	—2.8
Chemicals (raw materials, half-finished products and various)	49.4	14.	18.4	+4.4
Leather goods	37.2	6.2	7.1	+ .9
Furs	14.1	.4	.9	+ .5



What's the reason? It's very simple. Spud contains just enough menthol to cool the length of your cigarette, as you smoke. And the strands of tobacco, *when cool,* make a marvelous *condenser* for irritants in the smoke. These condensed irritants remain in the butt and are discarded. They do not reach your mouth and throat.

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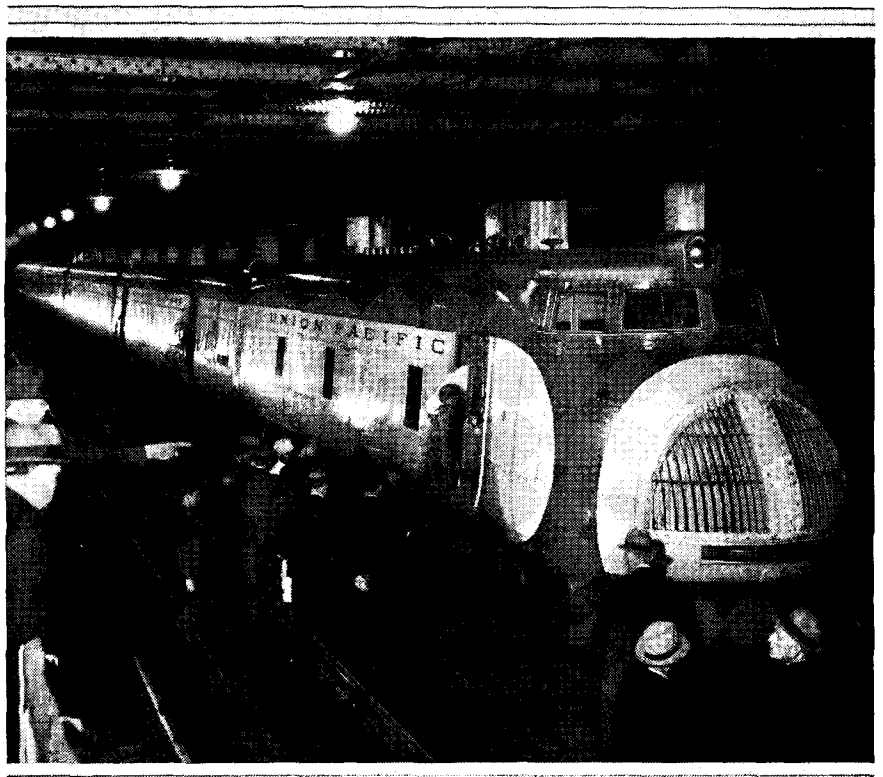

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MAKES CARS GO FASTER . . SAVES ON GASOLINE

(Continued from page 31)

Yet, in a varied list of leading exports to the United States, Germany showed, in 1933, a serious decrease in receipts, in comparison with 1932. Again it looks very much as if the American boycott against German goods had been doing some pretty effective work since Hitler's initiation of rough stuff against German Jews and others.

One of the most interesting points about the anti-German boycott has been its effect on a well-known American chain-store concern, which not only has a large number of stores in Germany but buys an immense quantity of German goods for sale in its hundreds of establishments all over the United States.

Its troubles began when the Germans started their anti-Jewish boycott, soon after Hitler's advent to power. Word having been circulated by Germans jealous of the concern's success that it was "non-Aryan," extremists among the Nazis proceeded to bash in the fronts of some of its shops and otherwise make themselves unpleasant. Out of its 81 establishments throughout Germany, about 40 had trouble of one kind or another. Finally, the American managers of the concern in Germany smoothed matters over, and resumed business as usual.

Then came the American boycott of Germany. Some of the firm's Jewish customers, especially in certain parts of New York City, raised objections to its handling of German wares. For this reason, the sale of German goods was discontinued in such of the concern's chain-stores as were situated in neighborhoods from which the objections had come.

Whereupon a report was cabled to Germany that the firm was boycotting German goods in every one of its stores throughout the United States.

That started its troubles all over again in the Fatherland.

To the usual program of window-smashing, the Nazis now added assaults on some of the concern's employees. Again the Mr. Fix-Its got busy; again the Germans were assured that the firm was refraining from stocking German merchandise only in a few places where objections had been raised.

Again the Nazis were pacified—for a while, anyhow.

This chain-store concern is continuing to buy in Germany large quantities of goods which are German specialties, but the prices of these were getting so high, when I was in Germany recently, as a result of the fact that Germany was still on the gold standard, that the chain-store concern was considering a large reduction in its purchases of German products.

A Double-Edged Weapon

In a number of cases, American importers have shown a strong desire that the boycott be worked in such a way as not to hurt Jewish exporters in Germany They feel that German Jews have had troubles enough, since Hitler came to power, without having to suffer in foreign trading from the fact that they happen to be Germans. In Berlin, for instance, I was told by an American well posted on conditions in Germany, owing to long residence there, that he had received a letter from an American importing firm asking whether he would certify that a certain German exporter from whom the American concern had been buying goods over a long period of years was a Jew.

"If he is," said the letter, "we shall continue doing business with him."

The American in Berlin wrote back assuring the firm in America that the German in question was a Jew. As a result, he has kept on exporting his wares.

In Berlin I also saw a letter from an American who, in the past, has done a good deal of business with Germany, in which he said:

"I have German blood in my veins and I have felt that, conditions being equal, I should always favor Germany with our patronage. Nothing would please me better than to do so in the future, but, try as I may, I cannot forget the atrocities committed by the Nazis."

At times, undoubtedly, the anti-German boycott has worked great hardship on Jewish business men in Germany. One of them described the plight in which he found himself in these eloquent words:

"Germans won't buy from me because I'm a Jew. American importers won't buy from me because I'm a German."

Feeling the Pressure

Chancellor Hitler and other German leaders have angrily threatened counter-boycotts to offset the action by foreigners which is making such dire inroads on Germany's foreign trade. Already, in fact, drastic steps have been taken, partly because of the boycott, partly owing to other factors working against German business. Imports, for instance, have been cut to the bone; in some cases, indeed, they have been practically eliminated. Meanwhile, from Nazi headquarters, comes a whole series of defiant manifestoes.

"We cannot withdraw our anti-Jewish laws," announces Propaganda Minister Goebbels, "because the Jews abroad boycott us." And a leading Nazi newspaper, inspired from official sources, declares: "The anti-German boycott is mainly the result of machinations by Communist elements which are finding their best field in the United States."

Germans like to point out that it is shortsighted for Americans to antagonize Germany by the boycott. They remind Americans visiting Germany that the United States has a stake there of more than two billions of dollars—mainly invested in provincial and municipal bonds, and in industrial enterprises. Payment of interest on this huge sum, as well as payment of amortization charges, will be seriously endangered, they maintain, if the boycott is continued. From other quarters averse to the ban on German wares abroad, come warnings that it imperils the success of the NRA.

"As a boycott must necessarily disturb American commerce"—thus runs a typical argument—"it will surely result in a menace to the recovery movement of the United States government, which aims to stimulate trade and provide a fair wage for everyone."

And a German exporter said recently:

"I suppose you know that the boycott measures of importers against us Germans are being carried out to such an extent that our trade with the United States has been almost wiped out. This state of affairs will become absolutely impossible in time, in view of the fact that we Germans can be classed among America's best customers."

And, in the midst of all the excitement, Chancellor Hitler and most other Germans profess themselves quite at a loss to understand why there should be all this hostile feeling among the people abroad, especially Americans!

After getting an earful of their indignant protestations of innocence, one American in Berlin remarked:

"When Germans talk about the boycott, they remind me forcibly of the story of the man who, having murdered his father and mother, made a plea for clemency at his trial, on the ground that he was an orphan!"

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSINESS AT A PROFIT!

Many companies are getting new orders—cutting costs—increasing their profits—through the systematic everyday use of Long Distance. Read this interesting story of a typical case.

WHEN perplexing new problems arise in *your* business, give the telephone a chance to help you! Remarkable results are being achieved by other companies every day in the year. Many frankly attribute their success to the *organized use* of Long Distance.

Here's an Interesting Example

Faced with new conditions in the industry, the Norwalk Tire and Rubber Company found it necessary to revise its sales set-up and introduce new ways of doing business. A plan of systematic telephoning was fitted into the general program.

Costs Down—Profits Up

The company now checks its records once a week and promptly solicits business by Long Distance from those dealers whose orders are declining. . . . Salesmen use the telephone to keep in close touch with dealers between their regular visits; and also to transmit rush orders to the factory. . . . Eighty-five per cent of all complaints are immediately answered from headquarters by telephone because of the opportunity this provides for personal discussion and for building closer relations.

As a result of a material reduction in sales and distribution costs made possible in part by this plan, the Norwalk Company increased its margin of profit at a time when general conditions were unfavorable. The President says: "Our financial success during this period was due in large part to the telephone."

It may be to *your* decided interest to learn the results which the systematic use of Long Distance will produce for your organization. Your local Bell Company will gladly work out a method of organized telephoning for you to try. No obligation, of course. Just call the telephone office.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Day-time*	*7.00 P. M.*	*8.30 P. M.*
Detroit	Toledo	$ .45	$ .35	$ .35
Omaha	St. Louis	1.65	1.40	.95
Pittsburgh	Atlanta	2.15	1.80	1.20
Jacksonville	Philadelphia	3.00	2.45	1.65
Memphis	New York	3.75	3.00	2.00

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HERE'S the way to KNOCK OUT shoe bills

IT'S grand for youngsters to have plenty of healthy outdoor fun—but it's no fun paying the shoe bills.

The answer is Goodyear Wingfoot Soles. They're so tough that no sole built will outwear them—*they literally wear like iron!*

That's why they save money—because a longer-wearing sole means a longer-lasting shoe—weeks, even months of extra service.

No wonder millions of parents are buying shoes with these good-looking waterproof soles! They cost nothing extra—on new shoes, or at repair shops. Ask for them *by name,* and look for this trade-mark—

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles

make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

Pure as the Driven Show

Continued from page 11

automatically the producers' alibi. The producer produces a picture which, measured by the standards which brought about the censorship, should make cheerful profits for the company. Mr. Breen says it may not be shown as produced because there is entirely too much salt in it. The picture is revised and may turn out to be a box-office corpse. It is entirely possible that it would have been still-born anyway, in spite of all the farmer's-daughter wit it contained when sent to the cleaners. But Mr. Breen gets the credit for murdering it because no one knows what might have been. Therefore Mr. Breen, who started to expect to be fired the very day he got the job, darts hither and yon (with us still in hot pursuit), in constant danger of becoming permanently cockeyed from watching both sides. It has got so that every time he hears the hero at a studio preview start the ball rolling with a suggestion that the boss' daughter whom he hasn't yet met is a darned nice girl he prepares himself for the worst and hopes the subject will be changed immediately before a severe attack of young love sets in.

Don'ts and Be Carefuls

Following him around, we hear enough theories to satisfy everybody concerning why a hateful censorship hovers over Hollywood. This is not the first time the churches and higher-minded civic organizations have taken a hand in helping Hollywood decide just what good clean fun is made of. Even the approximate date of the first protest is not known, although there are old-timers in the business who recall wistfully that as early as the spring of 1916 there was quite a controversy over what units of the family wash might and might not be shown ballooning on the clothes line without making a complete morass of public morals. And even before that, they remember, Jonathan Edwardian sermons were preached from many pulpits condemning the gentle Miss Theda Bara, the 22-caliber Mae West of her day. Miss Bara, my children, was the most popular of the vamps or vampires, a screen species of man-eaters that flourished when father was a college boy. Like Miss West, Miss Bara suffered for her art, her menaced public writing her the same sort of obscene letters Miss West, in private life an inflexibly circumspect person, receives by the truck-load today.

But organized protesting did not set in until after 1922, when for several high-toned reasons, looming large among which was a forestalling of local censorships, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America was founded, with Mr. Hays, the then current Jim Farley, as its president. The reasons for this corporation were set forth by its founders as follows:

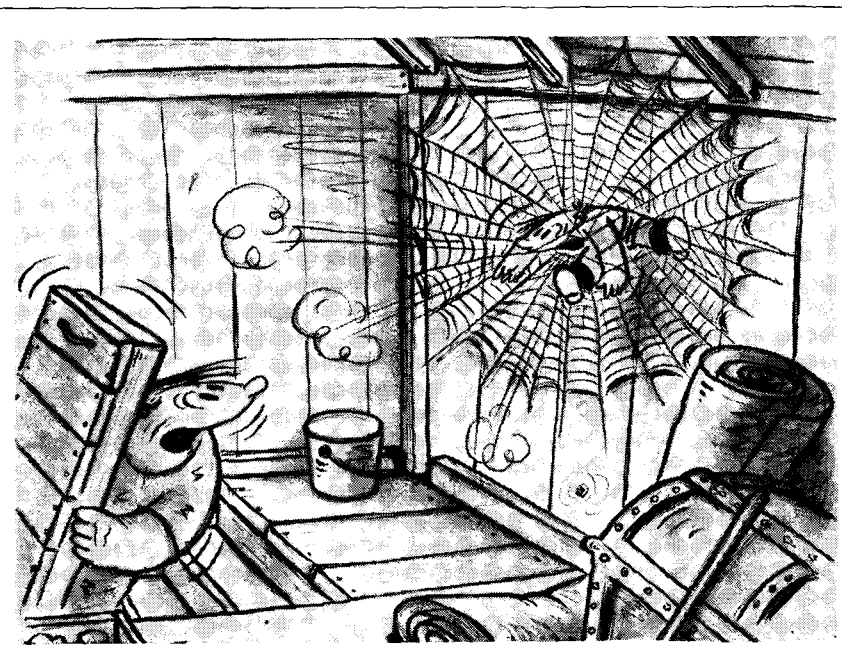
" . . . To foster the common interests of those engaged in the motion picture industry in the United States, by establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion picture production, by developing the educational as well as the entertainment value and the general usefulness of the motion picture, by diffusing accurate and reliable information with reference to the industry, by reforming abuses relative to the industry, by securing freedom from unjust or unlawful exactions. . . ."

In other words, the industry proposed to be self-regulating. But before very long there came certain skeptics with penchants for trouble-making, asking what the above declaration meant. Whereupon Mr. Hays clarified it by announcing:

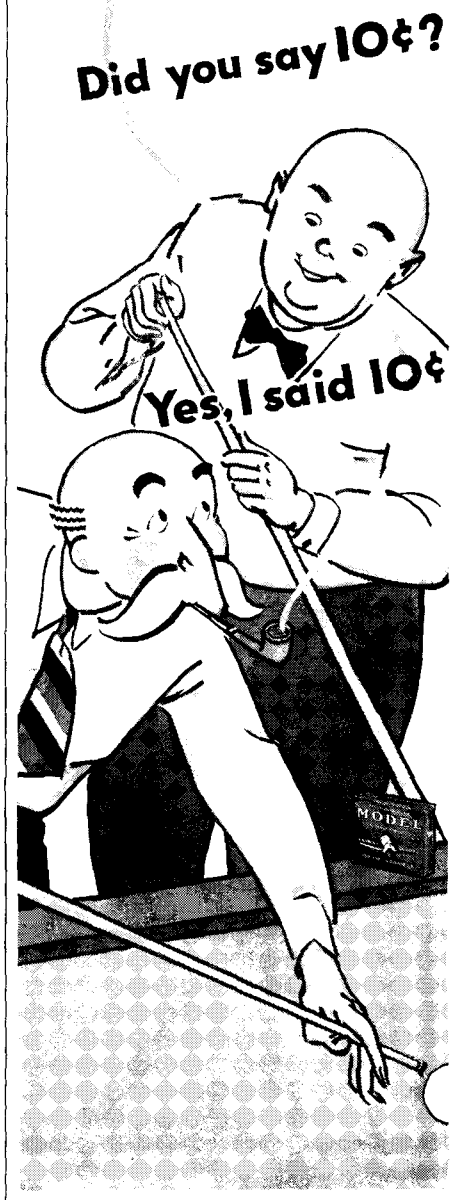
"The principle of self-regulation determines our policies and guides our efforts. Edict, pronunciamento, fiat, as a short cut to progress, is a fallacy that never dies, though never have the impulses motivating human behavior been directed higher nor human aspirations accelerated by compulsion."

The industry's response to this was marked by an almost unprecedented enthusiasm. The late Robert Edeson, a talented leading man of the chest-heaving school of acting, went so far as to say that it sounded as if read backward. But from producer to script girl Hollywood was as one in requesting that all complainants and protestants accept Mr. Hays' words as their own and try harder to assimilate the facts of life.

Nobody may truthfully say that Mr. Hays did not do his best to keep the films on the sunny side of righteousness. In 1926 he created the Studio Relations Committee, the function of which was to harvest public opinion



"Philbert, you ought to have known better than to help that double-crossing spider weave his web" FRANK OWEN



Words like *cool, smooth, mellow, mild,* have been applied to so many tobaccos they no longer mean anything to the average smoker. We simply suggest that you try MODEL. If you like to fill your pipe by dipping, get MODEL in the pouch package. If you like to pour tobacco into your pipe, get MODEL in the tin. Either way, we think you'll like MODEL . . . and it costs only 10 cents.

MODEL

SMOKING TOBACCO

IN POUCH OR TIN

TUNE IN YOUR RADIO
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
See your local evening-program listings
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE

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and disseminate it in consensus form through the studios to "assist the industry in avoiding violations of good taste."

Of course the studios didn't have to pay any attention to these reports, Mr. Hays having had no such dictatorial powers as Mr. Breen has. Consequently, the studios proceeded to pay no noticeable attention.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hays persisted—a quality he had perfected in politics—and in June, 1927, he caused the Trade Practice Conference of the movie industry to adopt its first Production Code, a pre-NRA, finger-shaking instrument that admonished but didn't bind. It was merely a handbook of production ethics aimed at the promotion and, if possible, popularization of good taste. It contained eleven Don'ts and twenty-six Be Carefuls and had all the effect of a badly constructed popgun. Condensed, the Don'ts might be interpreted as: Don't forget to stop before you have gone too far, and the Be Carefuls were merely that excellent advice: If you can't be good, be careful.

Cinema Commandments

The producers, eager to show that they could take it—or leave it—read the code carefully, slapped Mr. Hays on the back and gave him a bang-up dinner and a floral horseshoe and said that they would see. But most of them never got around to it. Of course Mr. Hays could halt a picture momentarily by calling in the producer and his film and submitting both to the judgment of a jury of his fellow producers. Almost invariably the jury voted against Mr. Hays, fearing to offend the defendant lest he be on the jury that would be called to pass upon something they were producing. So business, in particular monkey-business, went on as usual.

Whereat Mr. Hays one afternoon in 1930 sharpened a couple of pencils and wrote a brand-new set of rules, calling it The Production Code and Uniform Interpretation. It is still in effect—battered perhaps, clipped, slugged, bitten and gouged, but still in effect. It went into detail, this one did; it's worth thumbing over. Let's see.

It starts out with a few hints about murder. "The technique of murder," it reads, "must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation." Then: "Revenge in modern times shall not be justified." We shall not read the whole book to you, although it's your loss. Furthermore, as we are pressed for space, we shall leave the side comments to you.

"The use of firearms," it goes on under the head of *Crime*, "should be restricted to essentials. The use of liquor in American life when not required by the plot or for proper characterization, will not be shown. *Sex:* Adultery, sometimes necessary plot material, must not be explicitly treated, or justified, or presented attractively. Scenes of passion should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. In general, passion should be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the lower and baser element. *Seduction or Rape:* They should never be more than suggested, and only when essential for the plot, and even then never shown by explicit method. *Vulgarity:* The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be subject always to the dictates of good taste and a regard for the sensibilities of the audience."

These, as I say, are just samples of what Mr. Hays in his 1930 desperation tried to sell the producers. The producers proved to be poor customers just as now, and for that very reason the churches and such secular organizations as the Parent-Teachers Associations and the General Federation of Women's Clubs promise not to be customers at all. But the Code of 1930 made joyous reading (aloud) at Hollywood parties and Mr. Hays was given best-seller acclaim. Unfortunately, his readers did not thoroughly understand that he was talking to them, and for all his booklet's popularity as light literature, several of the better-known directors and box-office stars apparently never heard of it at all.

Leaping from studio to studio with Mr. Breen, as we are, making lots of unnecessary notes and asking lots of foolish questions, we are forced to marvel more and more that the producers thought it necessary to flout Mr. Hays' code. The producer we just left told us that the box-office siren lured him and his competitors into their current trouble with the church people. The masses, he assured us, demanded Uncertain Lady, The Life of Virgie Winters, Dr. Monica, It Ain't No Sin, He Was Her Man, Notorious but Nice, Girls for Sale, Born to be Bad, Sadie McKee and similar aphrodisiacs proscribed by the League of Decency. And what the masses demand the masses will pay for.

A deafening snort from Mr. Breen interrupted the producer. Mr. Breen said things that we, wishing to be thorough, put down right here although an editor, who also has a public to protect, may have cut out. (*This was the place.*) And having got that off his cavernous chest, Mr. Breen invited all within hearing to consider the official list of the most robust movie box-office successes.

"How about The Singin' Fool?" demanded Mr. Breen. "It grossed five million dollars for Warners. And Cavalcade—three and a half million? And Grand Hotel—two and a quarter million? And how about Little Women grossing two and a quarter million for RKO Radio? And Min and Bill with two million for M-G-M? And while I'm on the subject, what have you done about that scene in the picture you're making now—that scene in the dentist's office?"

"Listen, Mussolini—I mean Mr. Breen," shouted the producer, "don't holler. We have changed that scene like you said. The lady don't have trouble with her teeth at all in the changes we've made. It's her heart now."

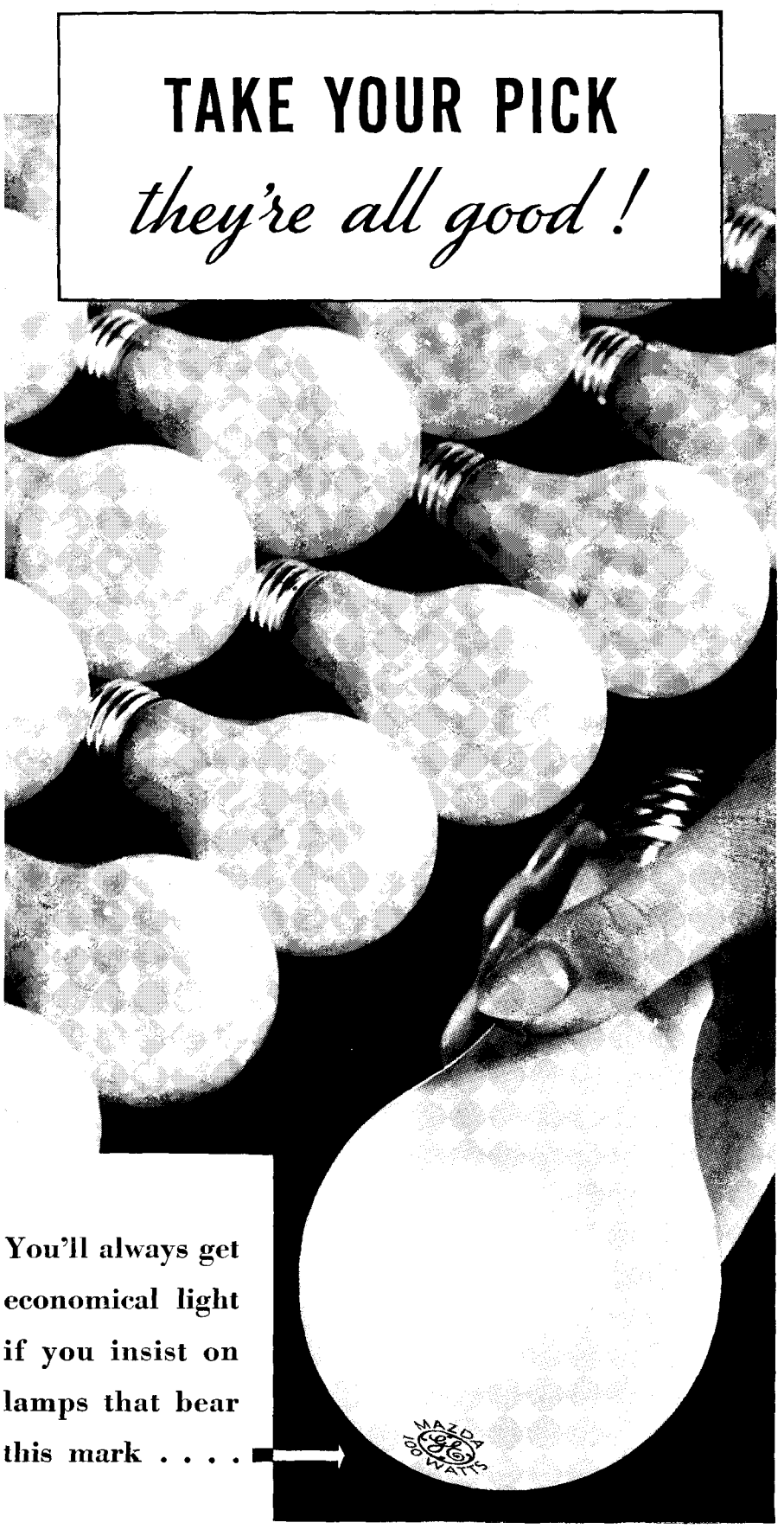
"Well," hollered Mr. Breen, "her heart may be as bad as her teeth used to be, so see that she don't go round throwing it in everybody's face. And talking about clean money makers, how about Cimarron grossing two million? And don't call me Mussolini."

Sweetness and Light

But perhaps we had better summarize Mr. Breen. He was merely asking the producer to remember that the best-selling American book of all time was In His Steps, by Charles Monroe Sheldon, published in 1899. It has sold 8,000,000 copies. And following, in order of their sales, came Gene Stratton Porter's Freckles—2,000,000; Lew Wallace's Ben Hur—1,950,000; Mrs. Porter's Girl of the Limberlost and The Harvester, Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, Harold Bell Wright's The Winning of Barbara Worth and so on to the complete dismay of the moderns. No more sex appeal than a mess of swiss chard, and even "darn" spelled with dashes or asterisks.

Observing that the producer was pretty groggy, the remorseless Mr. Breen closed in for the kill. Look over the list of the legitimate stage successes. Huh? And if you want to come right down to today, how about

(Continued on page 36)



IT is easy enough to make a lamp that looks good...but it is something else to make one that produces light *economically*. How are you to tell a good lamp from a poor one? There is only one sure guide—the trade-mark. Lamps that bear the mark GE are *uniformly* good. Not only do they embody all the skill and expert knowledge of more than 40 years of lamp making . . . but they are kept up to a uniform standard of excellence by more than 480 different tests and inspections! Take your pick . . . they are all good if they bear this mark of good light at low cost GE. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

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This letter has an idea—

—for YOU

Mr. A. S. T. wrote to an Equitable agent, "*I express my appreciation for the splendid program you arranged for me.*"

The letter went on to emphasize satisfaction with the following details of a plan that had been worked out according to our well known Case Method:

1 A Guaranteed Life Income for his wife—to begin at his death;

2 A Guaranteed Life Income for his son;

3 Provision for his wife to draw small principal sums in the event of unexpected contingencies;

4 Provision for himself if he reaches retirement age.

You, too, can have a program fitted exactly to your needs. You are invited to write for information about the Equitable Case Method of life insurance planning.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
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Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*

To the EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society
393 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please mail a copy of your booklet describing the Equitable Case Method of Life Insurance Planning. 62C

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AGE

(Continued from page 35)

the most popular radio programs—the NBC's Morning Devotions leading with 2,700 broadcasts and Cheerio and Uncle Don and the National Farm and Home Hour, and Lady Next Door, Orphan Annie, Amos 'n' Andy, the Moonbeams, Ida Bailey Allen, Guy Lombardo, Kate Smith and—

"Listen," shouted the producer, coming suddenly out of it, "I got you there, General Joe Breen. The radio don't count. That ain't life."

But Mr. Breen ignored him. He wanted to know whether Hollywood knew what kind of popular songs were dearest and sweetest to the American heart. Hotcha stuff? Heat wave lyrics? No. The heftiest wows America sings today—today, mind you—are Keep the Home Fires Burning, There's a Long Long Trail, Down by the Old Mill Stream, Marcheta, Pack Up Your Troubles, Sweet Adeline, Little Gray Home in the West, Ramona, Sidewalks of New York and When You Were Sweet Sixteen.

"So what?" shouted the producer.

"So long," hollered Mr. Breen.

An Era of Dirty It Up

All of which probably proves something—Mr. Breen's theory being that it proves that the American masses from which movie audiences come prefer to take their sex straight and do not clamor for it in their songs, books, plays and films. To which the producers reply that the American masses take what they get, which doesn't prove that it's what they want. In rebuttal, Messrs. Hays and Breen announce that seventy per cent of the five hundred feature pictures produced last year by the members of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, Inc., were above reproach, and of the remaining one hundred and fifty "only a few were actually unfit for release." Therefore, they continue, why let these few draw down upon an industry employing over 500,000 people, paying annually $100,000,000 in taxes, spending $70,000,000 in advertising and $30,000,000 in insurance, the condemnation of the church and the crusading laity? As a business proposition, it's absolutely silly to insist upon leading with the chin, say Messrs. Hays and Breen.

In the studio where we are now with Mr. Breen—a studio celebrated for the fact that it has produced only one of the more bitterly condemned films, and that in curious circumstances which need not be set forth here—we hear that the free-love drama became popular three or four years ago when for some vague and mysterious reason the producers elected to go arty.

As I say, it's all a bit misty and obscure, this reasoning, but it may have some substance.

On no particular date (thus it goes) the producers became convinced that the public had grown up, had gone completely sophisticated and was probably graduated from all that is loosely known as Victorianism. It's all quite limp, this, but they insist that Big City worldliness had suddenly become the rage and that the provinces, where the profits came from, were tired of being fed on pale dramatic porridge and were screaming for the facts. The obvious thing to do, therefore, was to import writers who knew all about big-time life and who weren't afraid to play around with Venus. Such talented persons were imported but results were not immediately achieved. Most of these writers were rather orderly persons, with a normal desire for honesty. And there developed quite a debate between them and the actual picture makers—the supervisors, directors and producers—the writers taking the rather supportable stand that honesty and sex exhibitionism had not yet become synonymous.

But the picture makers were pretty positive about it, contending that they had been in Hollywood so long that they just couldn't help knowing what the people in Keokuk, Columbus, Knoxville, Fort Worth, Flagstaff, Bismarck, Miles City and Snow Hill wanted. And for proof they pointed to the huge business Mae West was doing in New York, Chicago, Detroit, New Orleans and St. Louis. Rationalization of that high order was, naturally enough, unanswerable and dissent beat an undignified retreat. After which came an era of Dirty It Up.

For example: One day a script writer was called to the set to make suggestions warranted to "put more box office" into a scene which may have been logical enough but certainly not startling. As the writer had done it the leading rôle actress had fainted behind her counter in the department store in which she had been working ten hours a day, six days a week, for eight dollars a week and find your own.

"Who's going to go high blood pressure over that?" demanded the supervisor.

The writer confessed he didn't know, contending it wasn't his fault, the inci-

"I'll have to say goodby now, Dorothy. Pop's got a customer for crackers"

FRED NEHER

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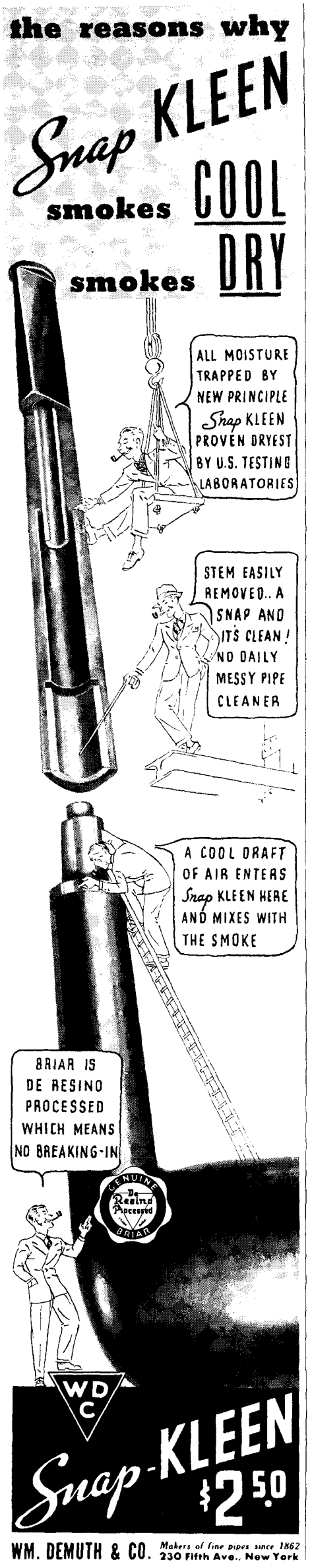
the reasons why
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smokes COOL
smokes DRY
ALL MOISTURE TRAPPED BY NEW PRINCIPLE Snap KLEEN PROVEN DRYEST BY U.S. TESTING LABORATORIES
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dent being his idea of an entirely sound step in his story development.

"Well, we've got to dirty it up if she's going anywhere," replied the supervisor. "Listen. She faints because she's going to have a baby. Get that? Going to have a baby. My God, what an inspiration."

"Whose baby?" demanded the somewhat startled writer.

"The boss' son's, you sap."

"But there's no boss' son in the story."

"Says you," said the supervisor.

However, we get nowhere of any importance continuing to set down all the reasons Hollywood gives for its present case of mullygrubs. The producers are pretty frightened—so much so that they are ready to do almost anything Mr. Breen directs. Some may do his bidding with less than enthusiasm, but worse than the threatened boycott menaces them. Pending in Congress are a dozen bills aimed stupidly at taxing them into righteousness or even imposing federal censorship. And if you know anything that would do the movies more injury than a federal censorship, politically inspired and manned, you have a pretty mean mind.

The producers have given to Mr. Breen the right to fine any of them $25,000 if that producer releases any picture that hasn't his sanction. But that alone wouldn't cause them even to hesitate. What is $25,000 to a producer who would have to spend two, three or four times that amount to revise his film to meet with the Breen approval?

"No Excuse for Vulgarities"

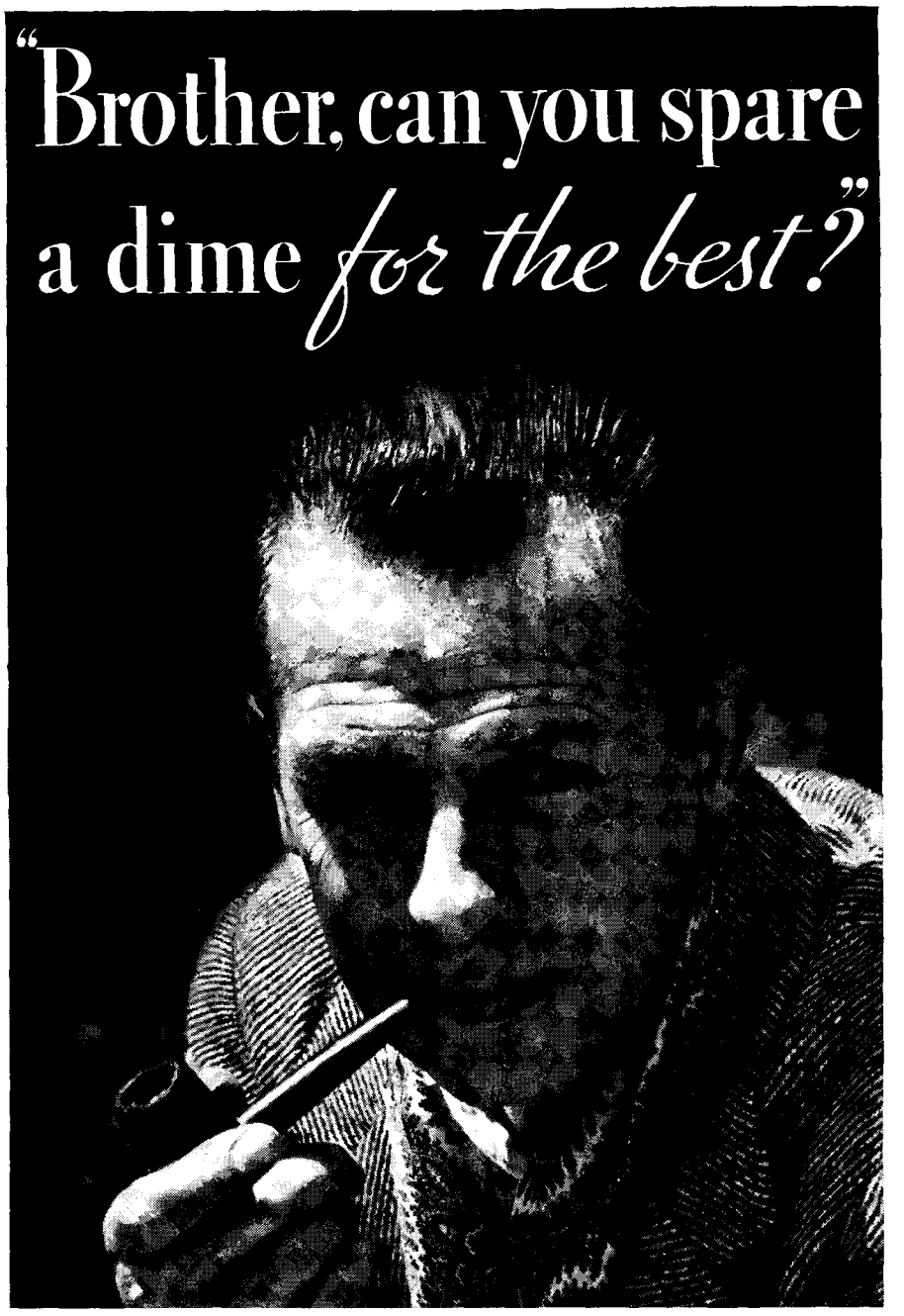
The result may be that for a time we are going to see some pretty mealy stuff—sloppy adaptations of the durable classics and timid interpretations of ancient stand-bys. Mr. Hays is whooping it up for Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice, Kipling's Kim, Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre, Oliver Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer, Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Hugo's Les Miserables. With the more intimate scenes omitted, of course. He likewise urges that they do the prettier of past-generation musicals—Babes in Toyland, The Wizard of Oz, Naughty Marietta, The Chocolate Soldier and the Gilbert and Sullivans, removing from each all suggestions which might send one forth into the night with biological thoughts scampering through the mind.

"Public opinion," says Mr. Hays, "will forgive the errors due to the fallibility of human judgment in applying the principles of self-regulation to the production of every motion picture that flows from our studios. It is clear, my friend, that what may appear innocuous in the previewing room may prove offensive or worse when tested in the light of wide public response. But public opinion, my friend, will not forgive the insult to public intelligence inherent in the deliberately tawdry, suggestive or banal. No, there can be no real excuse for the vulgarities that have sometimes marked otherwise splendidly fine film productions, except the inability of those responsible to comprehend true public taste. Thank you."

"Come on," says Mr. Breen, grabbing his hat. "Come on and listen to me find out why they haven't put pants on that Bulgarian skylark they've imported to do Elsie Dinsmore at the Seashore."

So we'll see you later. At the movies, say, if they're still open. And they probably will be: Mr. Hays says that after three months of this new deal, movie audiences have increased by twenty per cent and are having a grand time.

"Brother, can you spare a dime *for the best?*"



REGINALD DENNY—well-known motion picture star

YOU can't fool me about tobacco—I can recognize the best even when it's concealed beneath a modest 10¢ price tag. That's why I've turned my back on expensive mixtures since my first pipeful of Union Leader.

For all-around pipe pleasure you simply can't beat the mellow sun-ripened Kentucky Burley in Union Leader. It's smooth as silk, and not a bite in a tinful. So, no price snobbery for me, I'll take the best any old time, and be grateful that it costs no more than a dime.

(Here's a tip—Union Leader is great in cigarettes, too.)

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

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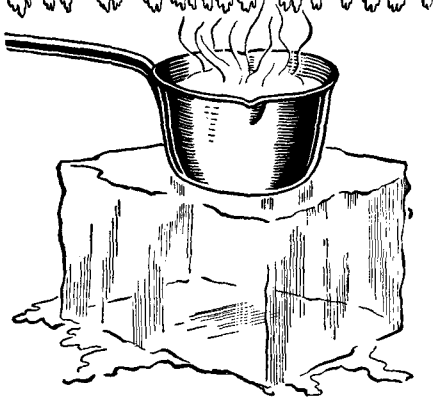
BOILING HOT

On a cake of ice!



IT SEEMS like black magic to some, but—a pan of clear liquid will boil merrily if placed on a cake of ice. Of course, this liquid must have an extremely low boiling point, like liquid air, at minus 318° Fahrenheit. The ice is so much warmer than the liquid air that it actually causes it to boil.

Apparent paradoxes of heat and cold are common. In Winter, if a motorist uses an anti-freeze with a boiling point lower than water, sooner or later it boils off. Then, his car "freezes" . . . that is to say: Tiny particles of ice in the radiator-core clog the circulation and cause over-heating around the engine-head. Thus in *coldest* weather his car boils . . . boils away the anti-freeze, and badly damages the car with *heat*. Magic? No—carelessness!

A sure guarantee against such a dilemma is Eveready Prestone—the all-Winter concentrated anti-freeze. It is undiluted, guaranteed one-shot protection, down to 60° below zero, if desired. Prevents "freeze-up," rust, and corrosion. Don't confuse Eveready Prestone with any anti-freeze containing alcohol or glycerine.

Make the Nose Test: From the standpoint of evaporation, there are only two kinds of anti-freeze—the kind that boils away ("treated" or not "treated") and the kind that does not boil away. There is no middle ground. An easy way to make sure that you get an all-Winter one-shot product is by the lack of odor. Eveready Prestone is absolutely odorless and *does not boil away*, even when the engine is running at high speed.

Full protection so inexpensive!

Read the full guarantee and protection chart on inside front cover. Here you will see how inexpensively *your car* can have Eveready Prestone protection all Winter long.

TURN TO INSIDE FRONT COVER

Test of the Sea

Continued from page 13

there's always the possibility of an inheritance that way. Oh, it's all quite practical. What am I to do? I quarreled with you. You won't give up your ships—and along comes Paul."

She looked up at him, her lips trembling. Harry Bancroft said nothing in the face of the girl's terrifying frankness. Her head dropped.

"I could escape, Harry, if I knew. So I'm here and you think I'm cruel. But I'm not a child. I know quite well Paul is buying his wife. Everyone knows it. That's what this is for." She raised that golden purse with the pearl-eyed dragon's head and let it fall heavily back in her lap. "For men like Paul the world is divided into that part which they own and that part which they do not. Purity and youth are what he is after now. And it's our own fault. We want 'rights' but we don't know the responsibility of our power."

She stood up quickly, with a startling movement, her breast agitated.

"Power!" she said again, captivated by the sound of that fateful word. "I am not vain, Harry, but I've seen myself in my mirror. I know I have it. Power! The power to do with men what I wish."

She was directly before him now. He looked down with melancholy severity at her flushed face. He could find nothing to say. She touched him lightly. Her lips smiled.

"Thanks, Harry," she murmured. "You always listened to my troubles. I'll go now. You see, I can lie to every one. But not to you. And please, come down for dinner."

She turned away and went out without once looking back. The chief engineer stood motionless, staring at the swinging curtain. The elusive fragrance of her presence still lived in the cabin. It haunted him. The ship was pitching in earnest now. He tore his eyes from the doorway and reached for the speaking tube. Had to talk to someone about things he understood. That starboard boiler. Holding all right? Good. Watch her. He would be down again later for a look-around.

IN THE Talisman's little saloon, where the half-dozen passengers dined, Laura Kendale bubbled with charm at the chief engineer's table. A deliberate and sparkling charm. M. Paul Bergeret, president of the traditional perfumery bearing his name, enjoyed it immensely in a grave, middle-aged obesity of enjoyment. His relish was the keener because, shrewd man of commerce that he was, he alone was not confused. He knew exactly what was going on. And looking at the golden beauty of the girl opposite him with that knowledge upon him, he sensed fully the power of his wealth and his station in life. His little eyes glowed. He could afford his luxuries. . . . But Harry Bancroft was in agony.

A perversity in Bergeret's pleasure made him take every opportunity of the chief engineer's company. He liked that exciting feeling of compressed emotion between Laura and that fellow with the four gold stripes on his sleeve. It interested him. In a subtle way it enhanced the value of her possession, whetted his appetite for all the future bliss he was to know. And it was a punishment for her, too, for making him cross a wild ocean in such a ship when there were all the comfortable liners out of Cherbourg.

The ocean was wild enough, all right. The gale set in hard and cold and kept it up without relief. By day and by night the deep, rushing roar of the wind was a living presence, herding the waves savagely along. On deck it could be faced, seen in odd moments of weird, revealing light. But in Harry's engine-room all that howling and thundering was deadened, and the sudden, violent plunges of the ship took on an ominous meaning as the floor plates dove into drunken angles. . . . And there was that starboard boiler.

When it went at last, Harry felt a positive sense of relief. He wanted something like that, something to get his teeth into after the slow torture of sitting opposite Laura, listening to her studied gayety. Anything! It let go with a hiss and a roar that filled the lower regions of the ship. Harry, racing down the fiddley ladders, saw the first assistant halfway down already. Joe Pradnor stopped on the lower gratings. The firemen stood backed against the bunker bulkhead with popping eyes. The engineer of the watch came diving into the fire-room.

"Well, that's her, Chief," Pradnor screamed carelessly above the din. "She's gone and done it."

"Draw the fires under it, Joe." Harry's voice was cold and calm. "We'll have to cut it out and blow her down. Spot it, Joe. I'll tell the Old Man. Down again right away."

HE WENT back on deck. They had been expecting something like this, but not in that gale. When he came down from the master's room and passed through the social hall, Laura was there, a little white-faced, and Bergeret, who stood with his face close to a streaming port. She touched his arm. The ship had slowed already, rocking crazily. The gale shrieked past the housing, rattling spray like hail.

"Harry, what is it? Something wrong?"

He smiled. Paul turned on his heel. There was hate in his little eyes. No mistaking it any longer. Hate behind a polite nod. Harry shook his head. Training was strong in him.

"Nonsense," he said lightly. "Nothing at all. You . . . "

"Don't use your passenger's tone with me, Harry," she cut in quickly. "I'll not have it!"

"You wouldn't understand, my dear," Bergeret urged with faint mockery. "You must not bother. . . ."

"Harry!"

Bancroft's eyes passed from her face to the smiling taunt of the other man. What he saw there sent an incredible blaze of anger through him.

"If you must know," he spat out at that shrewd, narrow face, "if you must know, we've popped a boiler and it cuts my steam in two. In this weather . . ."

"And what do you do, Mr. Bancroft," that extremely polite and frigid voice wanted to know in obvious amusement, "what do you do in a case like that?"

"You crawl into hell through a furnace fire door and make repairs."

He turned on his heel and strode out.

In the heavy gray atmosphere of his fire-room Harry joined his engineers. Pradnor, who had been peering into the furnace, straightened up and looked gloomily at the steam-gauge needle. He cursed softly. The ship was rolling now in deep, savage swings, clanging like a smithy shop below. The shaded lamp before the water glasses flew from one precipitous angle to another. The men seemed hopelessly trapped in the weblike shadows of the gratings over their heads.

CONFESSION OF A PENNSYLVANIA PIPE SMOKER

Discovered Ideal Tobacco, Promises to Check with All New Brands

The solid comfort of pipe smoking has been lost to many a man because he started with the wrong tobacco. Read Mr. Conaway's experience.

November 13, 1933
539 W. King Street
York, Penna.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

For years I desired to smoke a pipe, but could not get any satisfaction out of it. I would try it for a few days, but always found that my tongue got so sore that I was forced to lay off.

I bought different kinds of pipes and different tobaccos that had been used and recommended by other pipe smokers, but always the same result. Finally I felt sure that I would never be able to smoke a pipe. Then, just about twelve years ago, I came in close personal contact with a man who smoked Edgeworth, and seemed to be getting a satisfaction out of a pipe I could never get. I tried a can of Edgeworth and to my surprise and delight I found that there was absolutely no biting. I kept on my new find for several months and, I say, I burned up some tobacco. Then one day I called on a customer of mine who was a pipe smoker. He showed me another brand he was smoking and recommended it very highly, with the result that I bought a can and smoked it.

I was off Edgeworth for a week or more trying to make myself believe I was enjoying myself. I actually wanted to smoke what this man was smoking because I admired him and had a lot of respect for his judgment of things. Finally I found that I was only kidding myself, so I came back on Edgeworth and have been on it ever since with the exception of an occasional pack of something new that comes to my notice. I shall not let any new brand of tobacco pass without a tryout, for fear someone may accidentally put up something better than Edgeworth, and when this happens I want to know of it.

I am giving you this account of my experience, unsolicited, because I feel you have it coming to you.

Yours truly, until a better tobacco is made.

J. H. Conaway

What is a pipe smoker to do? He wants good tobacco flavor, but he certainly does not want a sore tongue. On the other hand, he gets no satisfaction out of a pipe tobacco so "mild" as to have no tobacco flavor. After all, it is tobacco flavor that gives the real pleasure.

Edgeworth is guaranteed not to bite the tongue. It has true mildness because it is made only from certain carefully selected leaves of the Burley tobacco plant, which are known as the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. Not all makers will pay the price to get them. The Edgeworth people believe that the best is worth the difference.

Just say "Edgeworth" to your tobacco dealer

Edgeworth is sold in 15¢ tins and in larger sizes up to full pounds. Several of these sizes are vacuum packed. In these air-tight tins, the flavor of Edgeworth remains the same in any climate.

Edgeworth is manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

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FATHERS!

Your sons need never shave with a blade . . .

When the first down on the boy's cheeks becomes too prominent, give him a Dry Shaver. He will never go through what you have endured—water, soap, lather, blades—the inevitable cut and smart—the danger of infection and the general mussiness of old-fashioned shaving.

★

And for you, whether you have shaved twenty years or forty, there is an astounding revelation when you try the Schick Shaver. Your skin, calloused from blade-shaving, will flake off gradually, and you will have a new, younger-looking skin, easier to shave close.

★

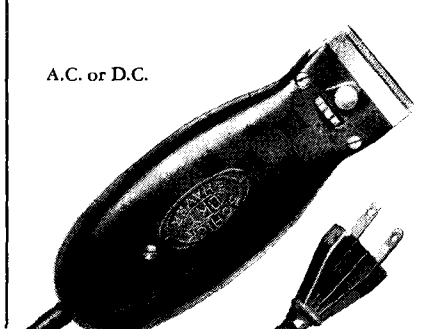
As surely as electric lights replaced candles, the Schick Dry Shaver is coming into general use.

★

Get a demonstration from a Schick dealer. There are a number of them in your city, but if none is near you, send $15 to us direct.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC.
Dept. B, STAMFORD, CONN.

A.C. or D.C.



SCHICK *Dry* **SHAVER**

"Well, Chief?" said Joe, waiting.

Steam right away! Those chaps on the bridge didn't know what steam and heat were. No. They had no notion of what they did to a man. And there was Harry quietly pulling off his uniform coat and hauling on a boiler jacket. Gold stripes weren't any good for that sort of a job. With a line fast about him. Harry knew, too, evidently. You crawled in—but you were dragged out. By the heels. Joe turned away, growling. What a dame could do to a guy!

"Well, Joe, I'll try to get it done before I keel over." Harry grinned faintly. "I'll try to remember to cash in flat. So you won't have too much of a job hauling me out."

He pulled on his gauntlets. And quite as he had told Paul Bergeret, he crawled into hell through a furnace fire door.

"Stand by this line here, you fools!" Joe snarled at his wide-eyed men. Then he glued his stare on Harry's boots.

The stifling heat and the stench of hot steel and gas hit him like a smashing blow in the face. Crawl, man, crawl! Lively. Can't live in there forever. That was a place for flame and the burning fire, not for men. Funny what men would do. You built an engine and you served it. It was your creation, in a way, and you became its slave. The law of all creation. It was a good law. Fire-points and agony danced in Harry's brain. . . . The combustion chamber. Made it, by God! Just room enough to work. Quickly, though, quickly. The heat was like a strangulating coffin of steel. No strength in him. There it was, that hole, leaking steam as a man's wound leaks blood. Well, steam was a ship's blood. Leaks wouldn't do. Drill it out, thread it, plug it up. . . .

He was working instinctively, through a red haze of pain and heat and sweat that drained the strength from his heart and all the power from his arms.

His knees sagged. Wouldn't do, that. Not yet. Hang on. Put a wrench on that plug, you fool! It was heavy as lead. One turn. Another. It seemed miles and miles away from him, dim, through a space shot with leaping flame-points. Get it done. That was the thing. It's your job, you know. Nothing else mattered. Except Laura. Laura.

HE HAD no distinct realization of coming to his senses. He seemed merely to have floated from some dreadful abode of fever into the coolness of his own room. Bandaged. Well, you couldn't bang around in a hell's kitchen without burning some hide. The revolution counter on his bulkhead was thumping up and down. Too slow, he thought. And then he remembered. Take time to cut that boiler in again. The port opposite his settee was hooked up. The wet draft fanned him, and now and then scooped in a spatter of spray as the ship rolled down. He could hear the wind booming. Then a cool shadow passed before him. Couldn't mistake that step of hers and the faint, delicious perfume that clung about her. Mistily, he heard her talking to some one.

"But, Paul, I couldn't help it. I had to come. When I saw them carrying him along. . . ."

"Well, it no longer amuses me, Laura." Bergeret's voice was harder than that gale out there. "I was silly ever to have allowed this crossing in a broken-down ship so that you might see your friend. Friend, indeed! What a position to put me in. Seems more like a lover, the way you . . ."

Harry tried to sit up. But he couldn't. He didn't know it, but Lau-

(Continued on page 40)

ROUGH TOUGH

● *It's got to be—to be smart with the new rough fabrics*

● *It's got to be—to stand up under a hard winter ahead*

● Match rough weather with the new rough style and you'll be smart and comfortable. Lace on this Walk-Over of Heather Grain, plump, pliable, meaty leather. New refined moccasin type toe, correct for town or country. Triple soles, oil-treated for flexibility and long wear. Free action fit. At your dealer's in black or brown. $6.50 *Price slightly higher West*

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

WALK-OVER

Mudhound

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RUGGED

Built to endure the recurring tides of charge and discharge, trust a Prest-O-Lite battery—whether the going's rough or smooth—to give you many months and miles of rugged service, quick starts and dependable performance.

The cold weather months are directly ahead. That's when you need a powerful battery and will appreciate a Prest-O-Lite more than ever.

Why not ask your neighborhood service station to help you select the one best suited to your car and driving habits?

PREST-O-LITE BATTERY COMPANY, INC.
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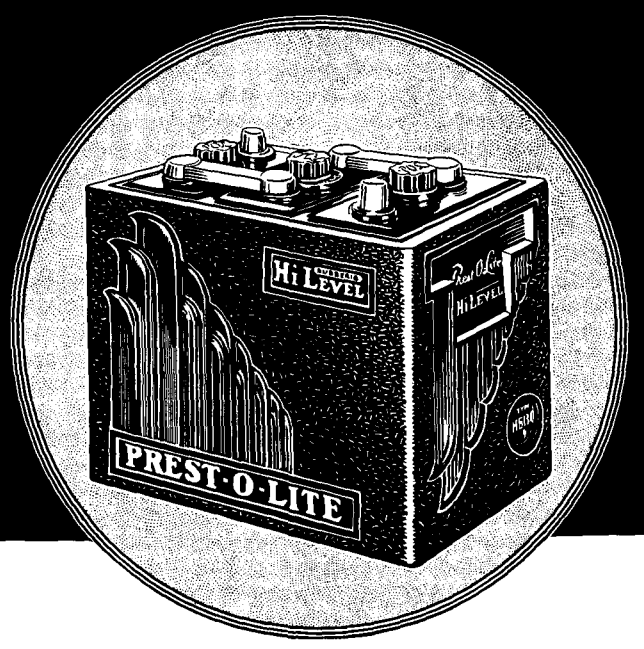

(Continued from page 39)

ra's eyes flamed wide again, as if an exploding thought had revealed to her an instantaneous and splendid freedom. Her face was white with decision.

"Well, you ought to know, Paul." Harry had never heard that still strength in her voice, the voice of a person leaping clear of a deadly danger. "You ought to know. Harry was the first man ever to love me. I can't forget. And when I saw . . ."

"Loved . . . you . . . ?"

There was a tense stillness in the room. Harry struggled to sit up again. But Paul Bergeret had vanished. The girl was laughing with a silent and terrible courage.

"Laura!"

SHE raised her finger to her lips and smiled. He watched her, fascinated. The stately grace of her movement, and the tenderness and beauty of her face. She was right. She knew. She had the immortal power. She seemed to float toward that open porthole till her head blotted the gray light. He saw her lift something to it. It glittered, shot points of fire to his eyes. That Parisian purse, all gold and expensive brocade, with a pearl-eyed dragon's head for a clasp. He saw it come up slowly from her side between the thin, long fingers of her hand. With a slow and deliberate gesture she dropped it through the port into the running sea. And turned to face him.

"Well, Harry," she said with husky softness, "I've made a choice, you see."

"Laura . . ."

"When I saw them carrying you in here, I knew what I had to do."

"You've thrown away your talisman, Laura. You shouldn't have done it."

"You must do that with some charms, Harry, to get your wish. I am sure of it now."

Whatever Harry meant to say to that was interrupted by the first assistant, who burst into the room and stopped abruptly at what he saw. He was nursing the knuckles of his fist.

"The . . . pig!" he said with the utmost simplicity. "I met that guy in the alleyway, Chief. He was saying things about . . . about your lady friend here I didn't like."

Harry shot erect on the settee. "You hit him, Joe? A passenger? Good Lord!"

"Who said I hit him? There was a dandy sea just reaching over the starboard well-deck rail. I pointed it out to him. Told him to look out for it. And while he was watching . . . it hit him . . . right square on the jaw." He came closer, grinning. "Fire's going again under that boiler, Chief," he said loudly in a very professional voice. "We can cut her in pretty soon."

He winked again and turned for the door.

"That sea," he said before he stepped into the alleyway, "that sea sure caught him an awful sock on the side of the head."

He was gone. They could hear him, whistling down the passage. The chief engineer looked at the girl.

"You see, Laura," he murmured ruefully, "you see what Paul thinks of what you told him?"

"Of course, Harry. But he gave me my cue himself. It's my only escape. He will retire haughtily now, congratulating himself on his shrewdness. The Bergerets have never bought property that was not—absolutely without blemish. It's a family tradition. Why is it, Harry, my dear," she asked him sadly, "why is it that so very often the only way to be decent . . . is to make someone else think you aren't?"

"But, Laura," the chief engineer protested sternly, "Laura, it isn't true!"

"No, Harry." She came closer, smiling again as she touched his cheek. "Of course it isn't. . . . But it will be."

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 25

understand that policemen take good care of their suspects so they'll be in the best of health as they go to the chair," said Mrs. Pillson.

"I handle them with kid gloves," said Wilcox. "Badly hurt?"

"Not at all, but for heaven's sake let him alone," said Mrs. Pillson. "He can't be questioned now."

"Oh, this was a social call," grinned Wilcox.

Mrs. Pillson stared at him.

"Did you ever kill a criminal? Did you know Dillinger? Will you have some tea?"

"Yes to all three," said Wilcox. "Did you ever meet the Prince of Wales? Do you eat caviar for breakfast? Did you lose much money in the depression?"

"The man is impertinent," said Mrs. Pillson to Trenna. She beamed on Wilcox. "You're really a dreadful little man."

"You'd better never ride in a taxi with me," he told her.

"I can't wait. You're coming home to dinner with me," she said.

"But what about all the criminals I've got to arrest tonight?"

"I'll go with you," said Mrs. Pillson. "You're taking me home now."

"Okay, Commissioner," laughed Wilcox. He looked at Trenna. "She thinks I'm a freak. What does she think I think she is?"

"Don't flirt with other women when you're paying attention to me," said Mrs. Pillson sternly. "I'll phone later to see how Sim is," she said to Trenna. She looked at the sergeant, who grinned at Trenna. "Come along," she said.

They walked to the door together.

"Just how did you feel when your nephew told you that he had killed Haworth?" Trenna heard Wilcox ask.

"I knew he was boasting, because I shot him myself," said Mrs. Pillson.

"Will I meet any dukes tonight?" The door closed on this question. Trenna, for the first time in a day and a half, gave way to mirth, stifled lest she disturb Sturdevant. What a grand old girl Melissa Pillson was! And what a surprisingly amiable and gay person Sergeant Wilcox seemed to be.

STURDEVANT opened his eyes as Trenna looked in on him about six o'clock.

"Come in," he begged.

"If you'll promise not to say one word," she replied.

He smiled at her and she sat down in a chair beside his bed. She had seen him on a previous occasion when he had been injured and had admired the courage with which he had borne affliction. He was not a particularly nervous or excitable man, but he was active of mind and body and restraint bothered him. One would have expected him to fret and fume at confinement to bed, but adversity brought out the quality of calmness.

Sitting there, his hand in hers, she watched him as he dozed. Marriage would be like this. There would be

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It pays to ★ LUDENIZE

Don't let a cough keep you awake at night. Put a Luden's in your mouth as you get into bed. Its cool, refreshing smoothness will soothe away the irritation. It will lay a soft, protective coating on those dry, raw spots. The menthol vapor will clear your head. You'll breathe comfortably . . . and sleep. That's what LUDENIZING does!

★"LUDENIZE"—the complete throat medicating process which occurs the moment you place a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop in your mouth . . . eleven medicinal ingredients melting into a soothing lotion which quickly moistens the throat, stops irritation and relieves coughing.

emotional interludes, but for the most part marriage, to be successful, must be placid. And she knew that she could be quiet with Sturdevant.

At about half past six Dexter appeared in the doorway with a bowl of broth. Trenna permitted Sturdevant to sit up in bed while she fed him with a spoon. It was a perfectly unnecessary aid, and they both knew it, but they both enjoyed it. And when this slight supper was finished, Trenna insisted on lowering the lights in the bedroom.

"I'm going home in about half an nour," she told him. "But I'll be back about nine. Promise me not to get up; if you want anything, Dexter will be in the next room."

"You're coming back?" he asked.

"I'm spending the night in your living-room, Sim Sturdevant," she laughed.

"You'll have to make an honest man of me," he warned.

"Or you'll sue me for breach of promise?"

"Money wouldn't cover the loss of you. But," he frowned, "I don't think you'd better do that, Trenna."

"People with concussions aren't permitted to think," she told him. "Now go to sleep."

SHE went back to the living-room and seated herself where, despite the semi-gloom of the bedroom, she could watch her patient while she read the evening papers. The Haworth case had dwindled to two columns on the front page. After all, the police had reached an impasse. They knew, or thought they knew, which one of three persons had killed Haworth, but there was no evidence to justify an arrest, and without arrests or the effort to make arrests, the most sensational mystery loses some of its news value.

The Crier's story was signed by Reed Ryan and was perhaps the best written of the lot, but it was merely a rehash of what had appeared in the morning papers. Trenna put the Crier down. Ryan's story mentioned that Inez Johnson was considering an offer to open with a musical play; it also stated that the little blues singer would shortly go on the air with the Saunders Soap program.

The publicity Inez had received had done her no harm; indeed, it had evidently done her some good. Whereas Allied Pictures was leaving Trenna severely alone. Nor had any other company approached her since the tragedy. Of course, the publicity Inez had received was not the same kind given Trenna. Inez was not a suspect in the killing. Nevertheless, it was unfair that Trenna should be shunned by the picture people.

But this wasn't quite fair. Since her last picture was released no company had made her an offer. She told herself that she didn't care. . . .

And as she was at this point in her thoughts Dexter answered the doorbell and admitted Reed Ryan. She didn't want to talk to any newspaper-man, but Ryan was the one she would have preferred to talk with had she been forced to make a choice. Ryan had thrown in a question the night before last when she was telling her story to the newspaper-men. Sergeant Wilcox had accused the reporter of trying to lead a witness. Trenna knew that Ryan had been warning her not to withhold something of which the police were cognizant. She felt a certain gratitude toward him for this. Moreover, he was a friend of Sturdevant.

"How's the invalid, Miss Plaice?" he asked.

"You can't talk to him," she said quickly.

Ryan nodded comprehendingly.

(Continued on page 42)

Going to a football game means

GETTING BACK AFTERWARDS TOO!

"I'd just love *to go to the football game with you Saturday!"*

"My, it's turning colder every minute. Glad we wore our winter coats!"

"No, sir—I'm taking no chances! When it's cold enough for winter clothes it's past time to have ZERONE in your radiator."

"Grand game, wasn't it! Oh boy, look at that car over there boil. Lucky we *stopped for ZERONE."*

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New Remington Noiseless

(*Continued from page* 41)

"Don't want to. Just dropped around to see how he is. Inez Johnson rang me up and told me of his accident. She says it isn't serious."

"It isn't, but he must be quiet."

"I'll whisper," smiled Ryan. "May I stay a moment?"

"Of course," replied Trenna. Granby had advised her to be civil to the press. Moreover, Sturdevant liked Ryan.

"Highball?" asked the servant.

Ryan nodded. He took out a cigarette, looked at Trenna for permission, and lighted it. He looked quizzically at the girl.

"I'm glad you think enough of Sturdevant to stay down here and look after him. If you didn't, Inez would."

"And you wouldn't like that?" smiled Trenna.

"Not very much," said Ryan. "Sturdevant has a way with him, but I don't want him to have that way with my girl."

"I'll see to it that he doesn't," laughed Trenna.

DEXTER brought in whisky and soda and Ryan mixed himself a drink.

"It's a funny case, isn't it? You haven't any ideas you'd like to give to an alert young newspaper-man, have you?"

Trenna looked at him. He was alert and young and good-looking in a careless fashion. His eyes were his most noticeable feature. Green, they seemed to catch and reflect the lights in the room. His mouth was mobile and he had nice teeth. She could understand that Inez Johnson might readily be fond of him.

"It's an unpleasant case," she said.

He shrugged carelessly.

"Oh, that, of course. All tragedies or scandals which are at all personal must be unpleasant. But this one is out of the ordinary. I have a feeling that it will never be solved."

"Why do you say that?" asked Trenna.

"Just a hunch. I'm perfectly sure you didn't do it; I'm just as sure that Sturdevant didn't do it; I feel the same way about Miss Bellwood. And trails grow cold unless they're pursued at once. All other trails except those leading to you three are getting cool already. That's what I mean. By the time the police are convinced that they can't hang anything on you three it will be too late for them to go scouting around for fresh clues. Clues have a habit of disappearing quickly. Evidence vanishes. That's why I don't think the case will be solved."

"I should think you'd be making an effort. Don't newspaper-men try to find out things?"

Ryan laughed.

"Sure they do, but this one is as puzzling as could be imagined. It seems to lie among you three; I know it doesn't. But where to look? That's the question."

Trenna sighed hopelessly. Reed Ryan was, she guessed, a very brilliant reporter, and if he seemed to think the mystery could not be cleared up, what chance was there that it ever would be? She picked up the jangling telephone.

"I want to speak to Mr. Sturdevant," said a voice.

She sensed an excitement in the speaker's tone.

"Mr. Sturdevant is ill; he can't come to the telephone."

"Who's this speaking? His nurse?"

"This is Miss Plaice, Trenna Plaice. Could I give him a message later on?"

"Miss Plaice, the actress? Mr. Sturdevant's friend?"

She repressed a smile; defining who Trenna Plaice was, with newspapers full of her identity, seemed funny.

"Yes," she replied.

"You'll do just as well," said the speaker. "I got to see you, Miss Plaice."

"Who is this?" she asked.

"This is Mr. Haworth's butler, Frank Murdoch. I got to talk to you or Mr. Sturdevant. And I don't want you to let anyone know that I'm seeing you. When can I see you?"

"Come down here," she suggested.

"No, I don't want to do that. The police are watching Mr. Sturdevant's place. And they're watching yours. Just like they're watching Mr. Haworth's apartment. But I can get away. Where could we meet about nine o'clock?"

"Some restaurant?" she said.

"That's right. How about a quiet place where you wouldn't be recognized?"

"Any place you say," she agreed.

"There's one on Madison Avenue near Seventy-sixth Street. Dooman's. Could you be there at nine?"

"Dooman's? Is that the name?"

"That's it. And say, Miss Plaice, you be careful you aren't followed. I've got away without them knowing where I am. Can you do the same thing?"

"I can't guarantee it, but I can try. What's it all about, Murdoch?"

"I'll tell you when I see you. I'm scared to death to talk any longer. You won't fail me, will you?"

"I'll be there at nine," she promised. She heard the receiver click and hung up the telephone.

She turned, to meet the curious eyes of Ryan.

"Was that Haworth's butler?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Terribly excited, poor man. Wants to see me. Says it's important. Didn't want me to tell anyone. So I shouldn't have told you," she smiled.

He returned her smile.

"You mentioned his name and I guessed who he was, of course. But I won't tell Sturdevant you have a rendezvous with him," he laughed.

"Don't put it in the papers; that's more important," she said.

"I won't," he agreed. "But, listen, Miss Plaice, if he has anything to tell, if he spills any news, will you give me a break?"

"You mean let your paper have it first?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"I promise," she said.

SHE looked at her wrist watch. It was a trifle after seven.

"I think I'll go home now," she said. She pressed a bell beside her chair and Dexter appeared at once. "I'm leaving now, but if Mr. Sturdevant asks for me tell him that I'll be back before ten. Can you make up the couch for me?"

"Sure I can," said Dexter.

"I wonder if Inez would do as much for me if I got hurt," said Ryan.

"Get hurt and find out," advised Trenna.

"I may try it sometime," said Ryan. "Do you want me to stay here while you're gone?"

Trenna hesitated.

"There's no real need. His man is here and he's perfectly competent."

"I guess so," said Ryan. "But I wanted to make the gesture."

"And a pretty gesture it is," said Trenna.

He walked with her to Twenty-third Street, where she found a taxi. All the way uptown Trenna wondered at the excitement—it was more than that; it had been terror—in Murdoch's voice. Was it possible that the man knew something about Haworth's death that he had not disclosed to the police?

But that didn't seem credible. Why,

(*Continued on page* 44)

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TAXES can come only from PROFITS

We are all inclined to grumble about taxes. But no sane person would willingly give up the benefits which taxes make possible. No one would want to give up police and fire protection, to let unfortunate people starve, to be without an army and navy, or universal education, or good roads.

But where are these taxes coming from? Let's look at the figures.

Of the taxes paid in 1933, $249,602,895 came from railroads, about 325 millions from electric and gas utilities, more than 85 millions from telephone companies, and about a billion from automobiles.

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It is a mistake to assume that business profits go only to the wealthy. One reason why hundreds of thousands of people can stand their share of taxes is that the profits of business are shared with millions of individuals. A recent study of 151 large corporations showed them to be owned by 9,406,845 stockholders. It is these millions and millions of others dependent upon business who must pay the national tax bill. If every one of the 7,430 personal incomes of $50,000 and over were confiscated, the sum total would still be but a fraction of the tax money needed.

If we are to enjoy the benefits that taxes make possible, the sources of national income must be guarded and permitted to expand. For the United States must live on the profits of business.

A business that is losing money can pay taxes for a while out of capital. But as its capital shrinks, it must cut down its working forces, pay starvation wages, discontinue dividends, default on bond interest and becomes a sort of public liability.

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 42

if this was so, would he first choose as his confidant Sturdevant and then herself? Still, a man in his position would perhaps prefer to talk a thing over before going to the police. She felt her heart thump with excitement as she rode uptown.

Her maid received her with flustered solicitude. This was a cold day and Miss Trenna should wear a warmer coat when she went out. Her bath was ready and cook had prepared an excellent dinner.

It was a good dinner. The bath refreshed her and the food gave her courage. After dinner, she had her maid pack an overnight bag. As she superintended the packing, Trenna felt herself blush. In the not too distant future the maid would be packing a bag for her honeymoon. She gave the woman Sturdevant's telephone number, in the event that anyone called. Then she went downstairs and the starter summoned a taxi.

HAWORTH'S butler had been insistent that she evade any followers. She didn't know how to do this, but told the man to drive to the Grand Central Station. As he stopped there, she handed him a five-dollar bill and told him to take her bag to Sturdevant's address. She walked directly into the station, bought a ticket for Stamford, Connecticut, and stepped aboard a train. It started almost at once and twelve minutes later it paused for a moment at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Trenna leaped from her seat and ran down the aisle and got off the train almost as it was starting. Breathless, she raced down the stairs to the street and got into a taxi. Perhaps she hadn't fooled anyone, but it was the best she could do. There was a chance that whoever followed her, noticing that she left her bag in the taxi, had followed the machine.

She alighted at Dooman's restaurant on Madison Avenue. The clock inside the modest dining-room said five minutes before nine as she entered. She told the waiter who came to her that she was waiting for a friend and would order when the friend arrived.

At nine-thirty, more to placate the waiter than for any other reason, she ordered a modest dinner. It was untouched and cold when, at ten o'clock, she made up her mind that Murdoch was not going to meet her. She was angry with the man. He had kept her away from Sim unnecessarily. The famous Plaice temper would have exploded in Murdoch's face had she encountered him on her way out of the restaurant.

But she was calm by the time she reached Gramercy Park. Dexter admitted her to the apartment.

"The boss is awake," he told her. "Sore as a pup because I wouldn't give him any more food. But you didn't tell me to and I told him that you were the boss now."

"Bring him some at once," Trenna ordered. She went into the bedroom. "You poor darling," she said to Sturdevant. "I suppose you're starved."

"What have you done to Dexter?" he demanded. "Won't listen to me. Takes his orders from you, he told me."

"You're getting a foretaste of what matrimony really is," she laughed. She bent over and kissed him. "You'll have soup in a moment."

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"You mustn't talk," she reminded him. "But I'll talk to you. Len's butler, Murdoch, phoned you this afternoon. He wanted to speak to you. He had something very important on his mind, he said. He said he'd tell it to me. So I made an engagement to meet him at nine at a restaurant uptown. But I waited until ten and he hadn't shown up, so I came home."

"Home?"

She blushed.

"It will be that soon, won't it?"

"DARLING," was all he said. His head fell back on the pillow and when, ten minutes later, Dexter arrived with soup, Trenna shooed him from the room. As she whispered to the man that sleep was better than food for the patient, the doorbell rang. Dexter admitted Wilcox.

"Nice chase you gave my men, Miss Plaice," the sergeant grinned. "Who were you waiting for in Dooman's restaurant?"

"You know I was there?" The question was stupid, Trenna realized, but surprise forced it from her lips.

"Certainly I do. You got tired waiting for Murdoch, didn't you?"

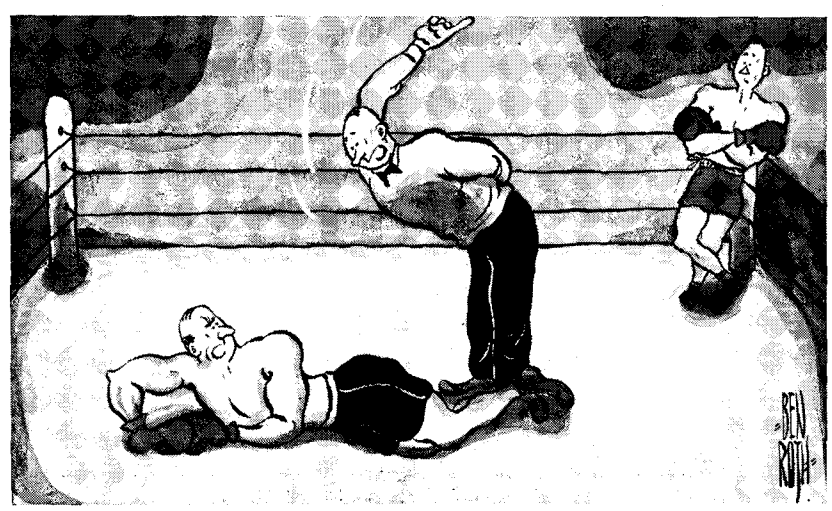
"Murdoch?" she tried to make her voice and expression blank.

"Haworth's butler. At least, he was headed in that direction. I don't *know* that he was going to meet you there, but you were waiting for someone in the restaurant. Was it Murdoch?"

"Why not ask him?" evaded Trenna.

"I would," said Wilcox, "if he hadn't been killed at the corner of Ninety-first Street and Madison Avenue at ten minutes before nine."

(To be continued next week)



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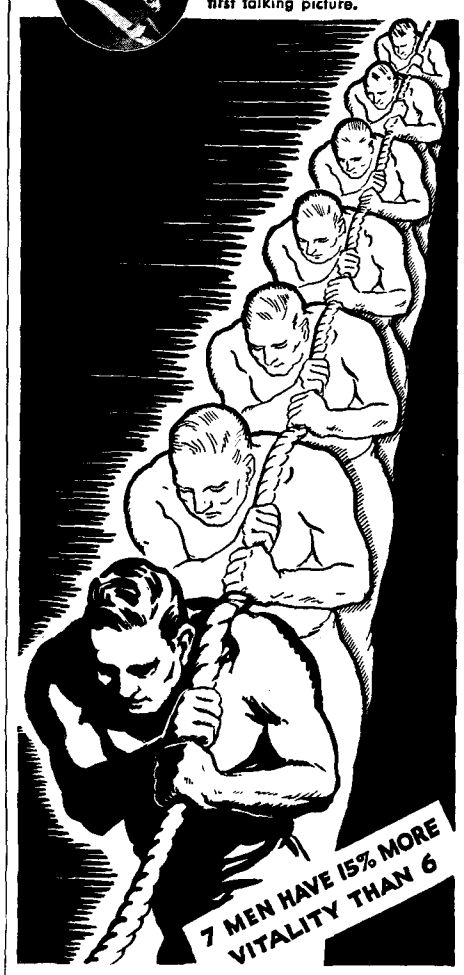

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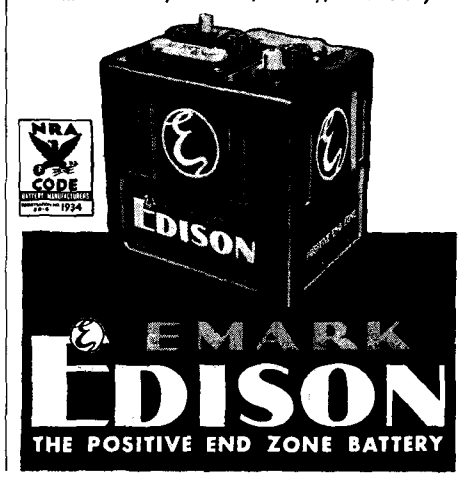

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The Team Moves West

Continued from page 17

origin seeing his old team in action for the first time in long years. I recalled that Southern California hospitality and Southern hospitality, which may be slightly more famous, were well matched, with the more sprightly Southern California variety perhaps leading by the length of a couple of salad forks and a small dessert spoon.

Our Penn squad, arriving in Pasadena eight days before the game to finish training there, was swept immediately into a round of luncheons, dinners and sight-seeing by kindly citizens who were determined we should return East with only the most pleasant memories of the Pacific Slope. After about the fourth day we decided our practice sessions were interfering to an unwarranted degree with our social activities. It was almost grudgingly that we were able to spare time for practice.

Avoiding Distraction

We had a most pleasant visit. Even then Hollywood was an enthralling place to a college football player. This was the happiest possible kind of world—until the afternoon of the game. Then—well, the final score was Oregon, 14, Pennsylvania, 0. The return trip was not nearly so pleasant as it might have been.

So we decided that Columbia on this trip would delay arrival in Pasadena until the day before the game. I talked with several coaching friends, among them Dr. Jock Sutherland of the University of Pittsburgh, who had taken teams to the Rose Bowl before; Heartly Anderson, who had gone to the Coast with Notre Dame teams, first as assistant to Knute Rockne, later as head coach, and Jim Crowley of Fordham, Harry Stuhldreher of Villanova and Elmer Layden, Notre Dame's new head coach, the latter three of whom had played in the great 1925 Rose Bowl game against Stanford as members of Rockne's Four Horsemen unbeatables.

The consensus was that Tucson would offer possibilities for a week's work under favorable conditions of quiet and concentration. That proved to be true. We settled as comfortably in the rambling Hotel El Conquistador as if it had been a dormitory back on the Morningside Heights campus. Within a day we were as much at home on the University of Arizona's field as we would have been on our own Baker Field. As a matter of fact, we took the liberty of renaming Arizona's gridiron "Baker Field" for the week. Of course, there were differences. One of the substitutes complained that he missed the rumble of the Broadway subway in the distance. I told him he was just a stickler for detail and not to mention it to anyone else. We couldn't go quite that far in realism.

Years before, Harvard had gone directly to Pasadena to finish training and had won this Rose Tournament game. Washington and Jefferson had done the same thing and had turned in a remarkable performance in tying California. Alabama had gone directly in and had won. Pittsburgh had trained at Tucson and had been defeated in the Rose Bowl. Notre Dame had stopped at Tucson and had won. Whether the climate was more conducive to training for a winning game in Tucson or Northern California or Southern California or Name-your-own place, I didn't know then and don't know yet. More than that, I didn't and don't care a great deal. What a team in that situation must have primarily, I had decided, is an environment in which the boys most easily can keep their minds on the game. Distraction must be avoided. If not, your team won't be ready for a Rose Bowl game or any other game.

It was on that basis entirely that the Tucson stay was arranged. Some of the good people down in Southern California were a bit perturbed because we delayed our arrival. Suggestions were made by a number of persons, including former Easterners, that we come into Pasadena several days before the game. They felt that would increase pre-game interest, which it undoubtedly would have. I regretted our inability to do as they wished. But we were out there to get ready to play a football game. We had to prepare in the way we thought best.

I can tell all Southern Californians now, as we did those we met at the time, that there was no matter of climatic contrast or altitude or anything of the sort involved. The normal warm, sunshiny weather of Southern California in December is first-rate for football, and if it occasionally becomes too warm for comfortable football, the temperature is the same for both teams and the reaction the same for both. Football players, you know, do not become inured to heat and that applies alike to Eastern, Southern, Middle Western and Far Western players. It comes down then to the matter of reserves and the team with more and better reserves usually wins in extreme warmth.

As you may know, heat was no problem in this particular game, which was preceded by a truly unusual rainfall that threatened for the first time in Rose Bowl history to force a postponement. Los Angeles people took a good deal of spoofing as a result of the storm, but a look at the records will prove how little chance there is of a recurrence.

While we're on the subject, I'll say that I believe honestly that the purely climatic problem of Eastern athletes competing in California in December is the problem of the climate on the other end—in the East. I don't see why there should be anything in that magic California air to handicap visiting competitors. The athletes of the nations, I recall, did pretty well during the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles and there didn't seem to be much impeding Bill Bonthron, Princeton's great miler, in his race with Glenn Cunningham out there last June.

The Thing That Hurts

However, what I would emphasize is the fact that an athletic group, particularly a football team, going to California to compete should accomplish a very great share of its conditioning and contact work in the East. If that be done and if the correct mental attitude be maintained, the Eastern team that has a proper supply of reserve strength should be able to play entirely up to top form in California.

I'd like to say right here in a short paragraph that at no time did Tournament of Roses officials insist that Columbia move into Pasadena earlier than our plans called for. Obviously our earlier arrival would have helped to stimulate pre-game interest, which means ticket sales. The Pacific Coast was not convinced, it seemed, that Columbia would be a dangerous opponent for Stanford. The "ballyhoo" which would have resulted from our being early on the scene at least would have sharpened local

(Continued on page 46)

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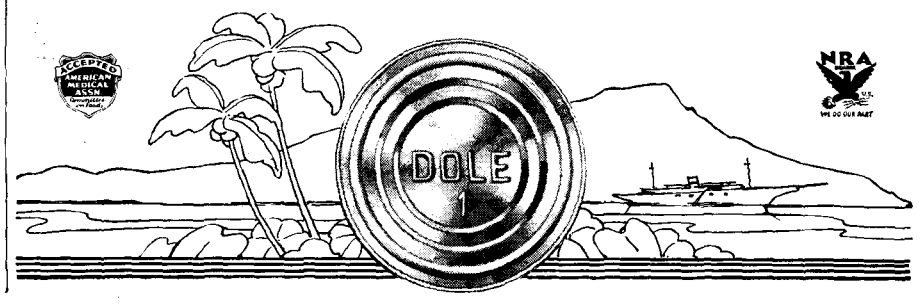

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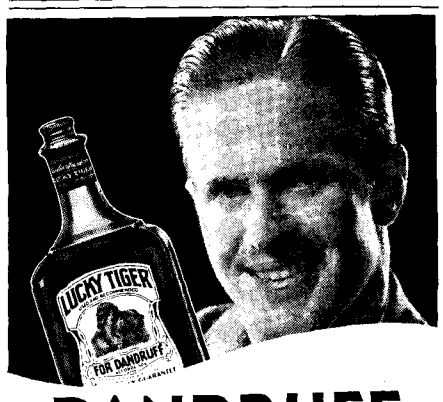

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

(Continued from page 45)

curiosity. But neither from C. Hal Reynolds, Tournament Director and the official with whom we came most closely in contact, nor from any other Pasadena representative came a suggestion that we do anything other than prepare in the best manner we knew. When the storm threatened to postpone the game, Mr. Reynolds and his associates unhesitatingly put the situation in the hands of the two colleges with the statement that "we want the game played as the teams want it played, regardless of anything else, and we'll make the rest of the tournament program conform."

That attitude, it seems to me, is a sufficient guarantee to college officials that the Rose Bowl provides a worthwhile setting for an outstanding postseason game that has come to have real traditional value. More than that, I think no one could view the beautiful Parade of the Roses through Pasadena's wide streets on the morning of the game without seeing in the sheer artistry of the floats, with their millions of fresh flowers, a fine, worth-while expression of civic pride. Even more appreciated by me at the time, however, was the Pasadena efficiency which, in less than twenty-four hours, reclaimed the "flood scene" in the Bowl and gave the teams on scheduled time a firm, fast gridiron. I don't know yet how that miracle was accomplished.

But just a moment. I was going to straighten out this matter of climate, wasn't I?

The Eastern team finishing a normal schedule has had about ten days of rest before the Rose Bowl nominee is selected. That's a help, not a disadvantage. The break is not long enough to damage sound condition but the squad comes back to practice rested and with interest sharpened.

What does hurt, however, is the fact that it comes back to practice usually just as snow begins to swirl over the Eastern scene. Football in extreme cold is not fun. Concentration is difficult. Muscles stiffen up. Injuries lurk even in light scrimmage. The boys, intent on being able to make the trip, fear an ankle twist or a bad leg and lose some of the dash. They may become ground-shy in tackling. Timing is thrown out of gear. Effective work is difficult outdoors and you can't do much on a gymnasium floor.

Under Cover

That's the real climatic problem for the Eastern team playing a late-December or New Year's Day game in California. In my own opinion, therein lies the chief reason why Southern teams have *done so much better in Rose Bowl games* than Eastern squads. Columbia, you know, was the first Eastern eleven to win at Pasadena since 1920, when the Harvard team of Arnold Horween, Eddie Casey, Fred Church and others defeated Oregon, 7-6. In the interval, Washington and Jefferson and Navy had gained tie decisions out there and, of course, Notre Dame's Four Horsemen outfit defeated Stanford on New Year's Day, 1925, the day Ernie Nevers of Stanford in defeat played one of the greatest games anyone ever saw on any field. Meanwhile, Alabama on three trips had won twice and tied once; Georgia Tech had won once and Tulane had made a highly creditable showing against Southern California in 1932.

I'm not trying to detract from the fine caliber of the football played in the South. But it is only fair to point out that training for a Rose Bowl game means to the Southern team merely an extension of its season under almost normal conditions.

Columbia, though, was fortunate. For two or three days after we resumed work, mild weather came to bless us at Baker Field. Then descended the wintry blasts. Whereupon there came help from an unexpected quarter. Colonel Clarence H. Higginson, commanding the 105th Field Artillery in the Bronx, telephoned his willingness that the squad practice in his unit's huge drill-shed for two weeks. Investigation revealed a firm dirt surface unlike the tanbark ring of most armories. Scrimmage we could and scrimmage we did under that great roof almost as comfortably as we would have at Baker Field in October.

Training in Tucson

A good deal of rough contact work was needed in the armory to take away ground-shyness after the lay-off, to sharpen the eye and regain lost timing. Several Manhattan College players came down to work with us in scrimmage, with Coach Chick Meehan's permission after some forty had volunteered, a sporting action by an academic neighbor which knew that our own reserve strength was not too plentiful.

In signal drills, defensive work, blocking, tackling and scrimmage, we were able to do most of the work we would have done under good conditions outdoors, although a foot and a half of snow covered New York.

Our plans for daily workouts on the way necessitated choice of the Southern route. We held regular practices at St. Louis, Dallas and El Paso, arriving in each city about noon, practicing in the afternoon, eating a leisurely dinner and reboarding the train during the evening. We lost no day of work except the afternoon we left New York and I believe we counteracted largely the tendency of athletes to overeat and become logy on board train.

When we reached Tucson, the weights generally were down. The daily practice en route, the fitful rest on the train and the heat had done that. Encountering the winter heat so suddenly marks a danger in the Eastern team's preparation. The boys, in the trainers' language, may "dry out" too rapidly. Hence, one must be careful not to order too much or too strenuous work.

Therein you have the reason why the Eastern team should be in first-class condition before leaving home. It is too late to attain condition when you get out there—I'm speaking, of course, of a period of ten days or two weeks. If your boys have to be worked around into condition out there, they are going to dry out and they are going to leave their game right there on the practice field unless they're lucky.

We had no weight to waste at best. Montgomery was down to 156. Matal and McDowell, the ends, carried no extra poundage, although Matal is of the stocky, "big little man" type. The centers and guards were not heavy. Barabas, left half, and Richavich, right tackle, were about the only regulars whose weights were not a matter of some concern. And we knew we were meeting a big team in Stanford.

So we took two easy days after settling in Tucson. The weights came back to normal. Perhaps a slightly lenient Christmas dinner menu helped. Then we went to work. We didn't worry about the heat because we expected the game would be played under warm conditions. But we watched things to guard against early drying-out. One afternoon, when the temperature topped ninety, we waited until sundown to work. Then our University of Arizona hosts turned on the big flood lights at their field and we practiced through the cool twilight into darkness. That was not new to us because late-afternoon classes force us to do a great deal of our work at Baker Field under lights.

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TURN TO INSIDE FRONT COVER

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After the first day's reception flurry, the boys settled down in Tucson as quietly and with as much concentration as they might have at home. The excitement and strain that usually beset a team in strange surroundings were missing. Mentally, the concentration and poise were there and I felt we would be ready and well-prepared because that was true.

As a setting for quiet, relaxation and work, Tucson filled our wants perfectly. I have no doubt any one of a dozen places in California sufficiently removed from the site of the game to eliminate tension would have served equally well. Arrival in Pasadena on Sunday morning, the day before the game, was timed well, I believe. The work was finished and the natural pre-game nervousness and keying-up had begun at last to show on the players, as it should. A comparatively quiet Sunday in the spacious Vista del Arroyo Hotel, with a visit to the water-logged Bowl, and the journey was about complete, so far as the coaches were concerned. The rest of it was up to the players, who had done a grand job all the way across the country in respecting every suggestion and carrying out every idea.

Brominski Was Serious

The results, I believed, had been good. I remarked then, before the game, that if the trip were ever repeated, our plans would be outlined much in the same way. On Sunday evening, reports that a possible postponement loomed seeped through to the squad. Just before dinner, one of the regulars came to me.

"I hope they don't have to put it off," he said. "We're ready. Tomorrow's the day, wet or dry."

That sounded good to me.

What was more important, that attitude never changed for an instant at any time during the game.

An incident of which I didn't learn until after the game was over may serve to illustrate that. It concerned Eddie Brominski, right halfback and this season co-captain of our varsity squad with Joe Ferrara, tackle.

During one Stanford advance in the second half, which carried to the threshold of our goal, a number of newspaper photographers edged out behind the end zone. They wanted to be in position to snap a close-up picture of the Stanford touchdown which they believed inevitable. The way Bobby Grayson was going just about that time, a neutral observer might have said that there was some logic in their anticipation.

But Mr. Brominski didn't think so.

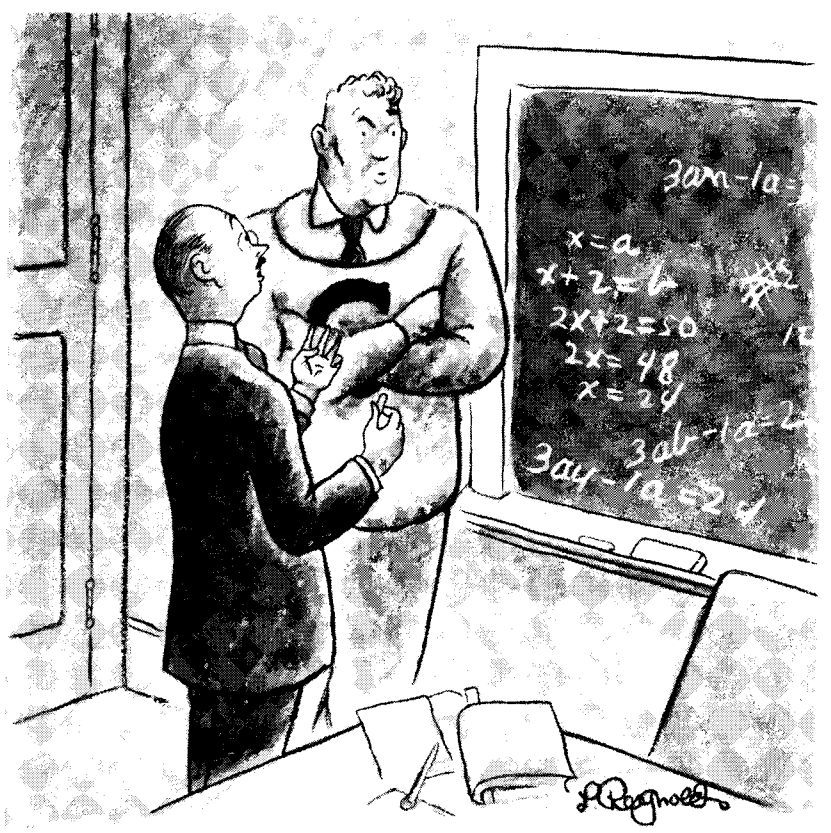
"You fellows are just wasting your time," he advised them, turning for a moment from his wing-halfback position on the defense between plays. "There isn't going to be any Stanford touchdown. You might as well go back up to midfield. We'll all be there again in a moment."

I don't know how seriously the photographers took his advice but I do know that it was offered most seriously by Brominski and it was backed up a moment later by a tackle on the part of the same Brominski that was one of the very decisive plays of the game.

In another month or so, another football invader, probably from the East, perhaps from the South, will bear down upon Pasadena. From my experience as a player and coach on that trip, I believe the most important thing to be accomplished is the impressing on every player of the fact that he is going West to play a real football game, not taking the trip as a reward of merit or a post-season joy-ride. Especially if the choice is an Eastern team, that squad must be mentally and physically right before leaving the East. It cannot afford to leave any share of its conditioning or heavy work until arrival in the West. Out there the task must be to retain and sharpen the mental edge attained here in the East.

If those things are done, I can see no reason why, given sufficient reserve strength, the Eastern team this year or any other year cannot play well up to its standard and win its share of success.

At any rate, Eastern invader at Pasadena—here's to you. Let's bring this Eastern football back. Good luck—and a Happy New Year!



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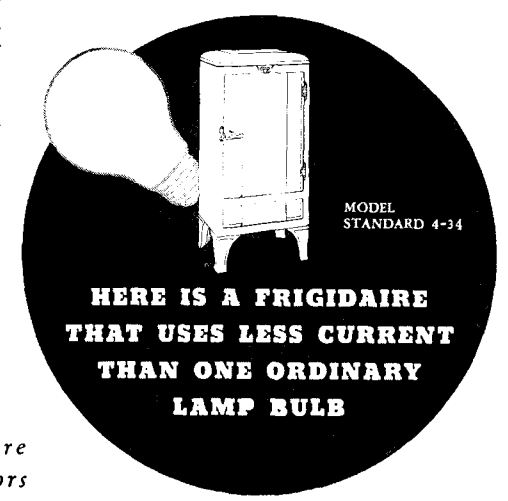

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The Bridal Crown

Continued from page 15

"Come on and give it a push. Sometimes it'll start that way."

Curiosity was too much for him. He walked to the road and, leaning against a tree, lit a cigarette. The girl's back was toward him and John Mathew addressed it. "You certainly believe in doing a good job," he applauded. When she turned, he went on, "How'd you ever get so much grease on your face? Even if I wanted to kiss you there isn't a clean spot available."

The girl stared at him. "What *are* you talking about?" she demanded.

"Me. Us. Life. Bets. I suppose you thought contrasts might help? You're showing me, perhaps, that dirt has no terrors for you, and you'd enjoy digging around with me?"

"Try coming to Northville on the local and then have a balky machine act up when you're going home on a road where you won't see anyone—"

"You must be JJJerry's Anne," said John Mathew. "Isn't one man, getting rich in the big city, enough for you? It's not sporting for you to enter this sweepstakes. But I'll admit you've put on a good act."

ANNE CAMERON rubbed once at the grease on her nice nose. She said suddenly: "You think I stopped the car deliberately so I could talk to you? That I'd . . . I'd stop to talk to . . . to any man? That's how much you know. Oh! . . . I wish the car'd start!"

"That's a swell line," said John Mathew. "Girl discarded by her lover. Bitter toward all men. If you'd arrived first, it might have worked. So you can get back in the car and step on the starter and tootle the hooter and give my love to Jerry when you write him. *You* don't win any bet. Watch me!"

He stepped into the car. The starter turned under his foot. He jerked at the throttle, at the choke, and then began to work in earnest. . . .

"That's the only battery I have," said the girl.

They both began to laugh at the same instant. John Mathew spoke finally: "I'm sorry as the devil. I thought you were one of the gang." He explained swiftly, putting the picture before her. "Now, the very least I can do is to carry your bag—"

Yee Kam whined loudly, "Come catch big cold one!"

"Let's see what he's mixed," suggested John Mathew.

"I'd like to, but what would Northville say?"

"No more than it can about girls coming here on fake errands. You couldn't help the car's having stopped. You came in to use the phone, but I haven't one, and it was late, so . . . you stayed for dinner. It's plain as—"

"As the grease on the nose of my face?"

"Um-m. A wash'll fix that." She was a good kid, a companionable kid; not, thank heaven, golden nor fire-under-ice nor cuddly; in addition, she had a man.

When Yee Kam at last brought coffee and curaçao, she said: "Then you aren't a nurseryman at all. That'll only make it more interesting to the girls. A new man, a sort of experimenter, not too bad looking. . . ."

"I wish you weren't engaged," said John Mathew. He looked up at Yee Kam, who was pouring an aromatic stream of Kona into a thick china cup. "What do you think of this woman?" he demanded in Cantonese.

"A breath of air in the pine trees."

The answer surprised John Mathew. When the girl wanted to know what was said that she shouldn't hear, he told her, explaining that the Chinese merely meant that she was honest.

Anne touched the handle of the cup and then looked away; the windows were open and she could see the stretch of fallow field and, beyond, the dark line of trees at the river near the tracks; smoke, from some small fire, rose in light tendrils across the face of the low moon. "He's wrong," she said slowly, thoughtfully. "I'm not honest at all. There isn't any Jerry, now. He . . . I'm too small-town for him . . . for New York, I mean. I might as well tell you myself. It will be all over Northville in a day or so, so I'm not even being honest in telling you what you'd learn yourself."

Her cheek was toward him, and the curve of it was lovely. John Mathew spoke as quietly as she. "We ought to be able to strike a bargain," he said. "I need to be saved, and you can do it now. From Jerry to John should be easy, and it will save face for you." More rapidly, "When old Jerry hears about it, he'll come bounding up from New York and everything'll be grand again. I'll be the best man."

Anne said, "Perhaps you are. At least you're sweet. But—"

"You've got to. Am I to be sacrificed to three plotters? We'll organize the tong of self-defense."

They walked to Anne's house in moonlight and John Mathew whistled when he strode back home to the old farm. And when Yee Kam, at eleven, shuffled noiselessly into his master's room, the Chinese saw that the white man, in sleep, was smiling. Yee Kam pulled a shade lower; as he stood at the window he thought that he saw what looked like shadow change to motion. He watched for several minutes, but his old eyes detected nothing alarming, and, shielded candle in hand, he padded off to bed.

THE car's trouble had been in the feed-pipe; it was the following afternoon when John Mathew heard it approaching. Anne was driving, but this time she was not alone. John Mathew, watering seed boxes, heard a combination of sound—a giggle, a warning, a quick laugh. It was Anne, who said: "We've come to make you a proposition, Mr. Jones. Now that I'm also in the market, the girls decided to let me come along."

John Mathew looked at her. She was in stiff white and at her throat was some sort of shield-shaped pin, enameled, with a red cross in the center. "I'm not sick, you know," he informed her.

"Anne said you had a touch of sun yesterday," Amy Trumbull informed him. "It was fortunate, her coming along."

"That was the soldier in the rear rank," grinned John Mathew. "Anyhow, you can see why it was that I was unable to plan a garden or borrow a book or discuss finances."

"You cccouldn't be three ppplaces at once," smiled Alice Gentry. "So Anne said we ought to all cccome to see you, and—"

John Mathew said: "What a pal you turned out to be."

"Certainly," Anne Cameron agreed. "Taking my hours off to have everything arranged for you. I knew you'd appreciate it. You see, Mr. Jones, there is a lack of presentable men at Northville, and—"

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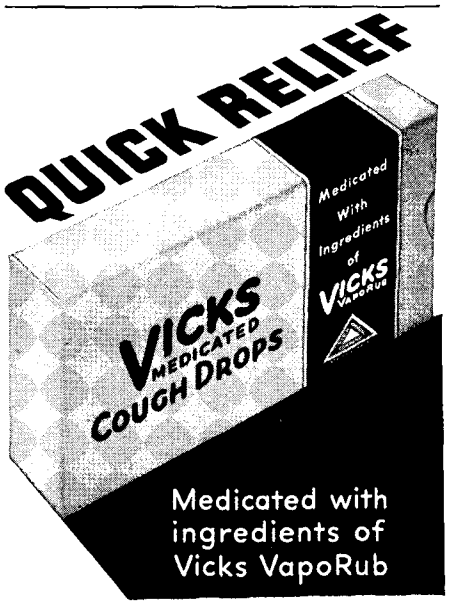
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"You put it very crudely, Anne," Amy Trumbull said severely. She touched finger tips together and, catching John Mathew's eye, said quickly, "Every year some of us go to a dance at Northville. It's—"

"A masquerade," Luella said, laying a hand on John Mathew's arm. "And lovely. At the yacht club. We dance right above the water. I've had a costume for weeks, but it's so hard to—"

Alice Gentry giggled. "Last year I went with Ted Easton. He was Napoleon because he's so little. It was terrible. He tried to dance with all the big girls. I'm going to be Bo-Peep this year. You cccould be—"

"The sheep," said Anne solemnly. "By the way—Jerry's coming up. And the girls know he won't want to take me—"

"He couldn't," said John Mathew firmly, doing his best to make amends. "I'm going to do that."

"Not me," Anne smiled. "I haven't any costume, even if I wanted to go."

John Mathew sensed Anne's controlled bitterness, sensed also the fact that the other girls, friendly as they were, felt superior to this courageous kid who had undoubtedly admitted that Jerry whatever-his-name-was wanted none of her. He said slowly: "Don't worry about a costume. You're *going* . . . By the way, you haven't said 'yes' yet, Miss Cameron."

"I said it once," said Anne, "but it didn't take."

He liked that, the real frankness, the high-held head; she was really fine.

She had brought the girls, all three, to give him a perfect opportunity to worm out of the entire performance, but she herself ought to go, if only to show them all, including the man, that she didn't give a damn.

Aloud, he said, "When does this famous masquerade happen?"

"For me, if my patient doesn't improve, never," said Anne.

THE first of the delphinium seedlings were breaking out of their cases, tiny soft pale leaves, when John Mathew saw her next. He was carrying a large bundle and started to open it by snapping the cord which Yee Kam had meticulously tied around it. "You," said Anne, "are certainly no Yankee. Any good New Englander would save the string."

"My grandfather sailed one of his own ships," protested John Mathew. "He—"

Anne, watching the unwrapping, asked: "He wasn't Mathew Jones, was he? I mean he wasn't—"

"Certainly not," lied John Mathew. "If he had been, I'd have been named Zachariah or Makepeace or . . . how do you like it?"

Anne breathed, "Oh," as the silk shimmered under the light.

"Will it do?"

"Where did you get it? It's . . . it's . . ."

The bride's costume had come from Canton; it had cost two hundred, gold. "I rented it," said John Mathew. "Three fifty a night. Not bad?" Across the silk of the robe dragons writhed and snarled in gold thread, with their greenish turquoise eyes glinting balefully at whatever demons might approach the bride. The material itself was the scarlet of a hot summer night of late sunset, with all the glowing hues, ruby red, blood crimson, blending and shining into fire of the heavenly furnace. A pair of slender black Chinese slippers, narrow, pointed and ornamented with leaves of beaten gold and flowers of thin silver, were inside the underrobe of heavy white silk. . . .

"YOU grand liar," said Anne. She held up the silk, and then loved it against her body. Above the lustrous material her face became luminous, her eyes dark and mysterious. John Mathew's grin changed to an expression of astonishment. She, not looking at him, said: "Luella should have worn this. Or Amy. Not me. I'm—"

"Lovely," said John Mathew without intending to at all. "Now, about this Jerry guy. Do you dance with him? When he gets a good look at you, unless he's entirely blind, he's apt to get a lot of ideas again."

"They won't go deeply," said Anne. "Jerry knows what he wants, and I'm not in the scheme of things. Of course he may want to kiss me—"

"Is it necessary?"

Anne examined one of the slippers.

"If he tries to kiss you," said John Mathew sharply, "he'll think he came disguised as London Bridge."

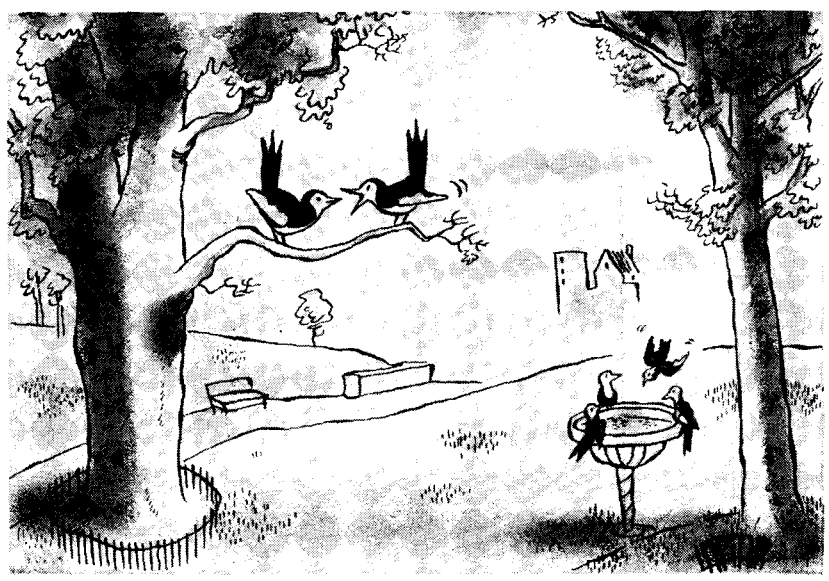
"I'll make you some lemonade," Anne suggested. "Don't be silly."

She was right. He mustn't make an ass of himself. He didn't want four divorces; absolutely not. As a matter of fact, he didn't even want one. He'd want to keep on with the same wife he'd start with . . . only, he wasn't going to start.

"I won't be silly," he said.

When he had dressed the next evening, his mirror showed him his dark face, more gaunt because of the black hue of his Chinese suit—one of Yee Kam's, which the old man had lengthened at arm and leg and broadened at

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)

the shoulder for him. He was brushing his hair so that it was sleek on his head, when Yee Kam shuffled in. "You have the appearance of a mating crow," grinned the old Chinese. "I go catch you dlink befoh you go out foh be damn' fool?"

John Mathew put down the brushes and lit a cigarette. "I'm not going to be a fool," he said. "She's nice, but that's as far as it goes. I'm sorry for her. She's had a rotten deal. That's all."

"Feathahs from big horse," retorted Yee Kam. Calmly, "Down bottom-side I put what you not remembah to take her foh hug-hug dance."

"What's that?"

Yee Kam shrugged. Instead of replying, he said in Cantonese: "I approved of your mother. If she had not died, I do not believe your honorable father would have lost all sense save that of making money. I approve of this girl also. She is honest and she has good hands and to her I am not merely a dirty Chinese."

ON THE living-room table was what Yee Kam had placed there, and John Mathew, chuckling to himself, realized that it was truly a part of the costume for the girl, and that, to Yee Kam, it was a symbol. It was a headdress, a thing which had taken John Mathew's eye up near the border, a circlet of silver, rising to a peak in front, and with turquoise and silver beads falling from either side; it had been an heirloom, sold only in a season of famine; a bridal crown. He saw it on Anne's head, saw himself placing it there, and telling her what it meant, up on that far border, when a man gave it to a woman. . . .

"Not me," said John Mathew, as he saw headlights flash outside.

She had a coat of some sort over her costume when John Mathew reached the car. He struck an attitude and said, "You got wash ready, lady?"

"P'raps I need one," said Anne. "Get in. I've painted my cheeks; I saw that in a book on China. Jerry came. He thought that we'd go together." She slipped the clutch. "He . . . he doesn't want me to do anything foolish, just because—"

"Swell egg," said John Mathew.

"He went away mad."

"I hope he bites himself."

Save where the headlights made a fan through the night, it was very dark. The girl drove a noisy twenty feet in low, shifted to second and drove thirty or so more; when she changed to high smoothly enough, the motor sputtered, spat once or twice and then stalled.

"Do we start parking now?" asked John Mathew.

"I can make it behave. The mechanic told me. First, I switch off the lights, because the battery's not so good." She did it. "Then I shove in the choke and race the engine hard. I stop and do it again. Something gets clogged up. I'd go to Northville if I had to walk! I—"

John Mathew said sharply, "Ssh!"

They were fifty feet past the gate; with the headlights shut off, it was black as the pit. To anyone in the house it must have sounded as if the car had driven away, and the disappearance of the light would have perfected the illusion.

John Mathew, sitting rigidly, said: "I heard something. I'm going to look. It might have been Yee Kam singing, but I thought he cried out. You wait here."

He was gone with that.

Instead of running to the gate, he vaulted the pickets and, on soft earth, made no sound as he raced for the door. He heard nothing at all now; in the hall, about to call out, he stopped as if frozen. What he heard distinctly was: "The Chink's out. Nobody'll come here. Let's look around. You grab them things here."

"Them things," he knew, would be the bridal crown which he had left on the table; prowlers had seen it, had waited until the machine had apparently driven away, and had entered, probably through the window. Yee Kam had either heard the thieves or had happened on them after going to see if his master had taken the marriage symbol. Noiseless as a native, John Mathew cat-stepped down the hall and opened the living-room door. His first glance showed him two men, one of whom was putting the bridal crown under his coat and, therefore, engaged for a moment; he leaped for the other thief, lashing out too quickly with his right. The swinging blow took the unsuspecting thief too high, although it bowled him over. Whirling, Jones swarmed all over the second man, hurling him backward with short, heavy blows.

Yee Kam was on the floor, motionless. Avoiding the prostrate figure, John Mathew missed both left and right, and then something hammered down on his head. There was red before his eyes, like the spattering of fiery stars. He felt hands on him and, groggily, tried to back away until his head cleared. The third man, the unseen lookout, had climbed in through the window; he dropped the chair with which he had smashed John Mathew, and joined the fellow whom John Mathew had first struck. Together they mauled away at him, unable to get in a solid punch. . . .

"Floor him," one of the thieves gasped, as John Mathew uppercut him. "Gett'm down. We gotta drop'm." John Mathew's coat, which had been Yee Kam's, was ripped from his back. The third thief joined the other two, but John Mathew, given his first opening, crossed his right, and only two men were clawing at him. "Get somethin'," one of the two yelled. "Soak him!"

In this their tactics were in error. The moment one of the men stepped away to find whatever might speedily end the fight, John Mathew's right crashed home. The last of the men ready now with a poised andiron, stared past John Mathew and, without a word turned and leaped out of the window.

John Mathew was on his knees beside Yee Kam. "I have seen worse fights," said the old Chinese. "You bettah catch me small dlink."

A new voice brought John Mathew to his feet: "What's going on here?"

IT MUST have been the appearance of help which had caused the last of the thieves to turn tail. John Mathew saw in the doorway a man dressed as a pirate, a black buccaneer's hat rakishly over his eyes, a broad leather belt across a ruffled jacket. He said, "The war's over," and then saw that Anne was standing behind the newcomer. "I expect I'll go as the battle of the Marne," he added ruefully, feeling his head. Touching one of the groaning thieves with his foot: "Beat it. Make it snappy. Don't bother with 'em, Anne, but you might have a look-see at Yee Kam."

"He hit me a belly-punch," the Chinese said. "Breath go. All fine now."

Anne said, "What . . . what . . ."

"I suppose they'd been watching the house." John Mathew picked up the bridal crown. "They saw me go, peeked in, and saw this. It was supposed to be part of your costume. I . . . forgot to bring it."

The pirate said, "How'd you get those marks on your back, Jones?"

John Mathew realized that he was naked to the waist. "Those?" The man must be Jerry. He had no intention of explaining. "In a blackberry patch when I was a kid." To Anne,

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"I'll change, and then be right with you. Mind waiting?"

"They look to me like the marks of a lash," said Jerry. "I suppose you were in some penitentiary where they used corporal punishment. I knew there was something funny about all this. A gardener with a Chinese servant, who gives you a magnificent costume. The Chinaman is probably some ex-convict he met in prison, and the gang who came here tonight were trying to get him to split profits on some job. He's either hiding out, or getting ready to pull another robbery."

Anne's head was high. "He could be ten ex-convicts," she said.

"Thanks," John Mathew grinned. He said to the pirate, "How'd you like to walk the plank, with a good punch on the nose to help you along?" Before the other could retort, John Mathew said, with the girl's words ringing in his head, "That headdress, Anne; you might as well wear it."

HE COULD hear them talking, the man's voice loud and angry, Anne's clear. There was no use in trying to manufacture another black jacket; John Mathew changed to dark tweeds. Let the committee try to talk him out of dancing! His head was a trifle sore, but he felt very fine indeed.

Anne was alone when he came down. She said: "He drove here after me. As a nurse I ought to tell you that you shouldn't go. Someone ought to look you over."

"You do it."

"Nurses," demurely, "aren't supposed to examine male patients."

"Put on that silver thing. Hm-m. It doesn't look so rotten. Did you mean what you said . . . that you didn't care if I'd been a convict?"

"We're going to be late," Anne informed him. Not until they were almost at Northville did she say, "Jerry was so keen to come because there'll be New York people here. Summer people with money. It'll help him with his work, meeting them. He said that he could explain me as an old friend, because it'd look strange if he went by himself . . . it'd look as if girls in his home town didn't think much of him."

"I knew I should have walloped him," John Mathew muttered. Startled, he went on: "These summer people. If some of 'em should happen to know me, that wouldn't make any difference either, would it? You'd still like me?"

There was a great, honest kindness, and perhaps something more, in her ready answer. "Of course." The roadster careened as John Mathew kissed her; "I said 'like,' " she told him lightly.

"You didn't say it. I said it. Only love was the word I used." He was positive that he had. "Do you? I'll wreck the damn' car if you won't look at me. I'll—"

She was laughing. "It's the only car I . . . we . . . have," she said. "You mustn't mind if people say you caught me on the rebound, darling. Small towns are lovely, but the people can be horrid sometimes."

"Perhaps they won't say it," said John Mathew, with great contentment.

He calmly talked his way past the committee; mask on, he was dancing with Anne, knowing that every person in the room was watching her, her shimmering, fire-hued costume with the strange, burnished headdress, her grace and beauty, when a Continental in tan and buff swaggered up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hello, Jimmy," said John Mathew. "I'll allow you once around with her. How you been? Long time no see." Like that. Automatically.

Jimmy Halloway ejaculated, "Say! John Mathew," and his voice rose. "Everybody! There is a Santa Claus! It's John Mathew!" To make doubly certain Halloway jerked off the mask.

Girls and men crowded gleefully around. Aphrodite demanded, "John Mathew, where have you been?" and Marie Antoinette cheered, "What a senseless question," as she looked at Anne. They all talked to him at once. A man's hand was about his; he was one of them, and they liked him, and they wanted him to know it. A coster, all white buttons, howled, sticking to his part, "Jawn Mathew, the woman 'ater! Oo is the lydy, Jawn? Or ain't she no lydy?"

What was intended as fun was, to Anne, suddenly horrible. Grinning nervously, John Mathew kept his tight grasp on her arm. "If I had an accent like that, Dave," he said, "I'd keep it for selling fish. She's Anne, and she's very damn' swell, and the notice of the wedding will follow in due course."

A pirate was squirming through the press of laughing girls and men, a pirate who said: "Oh, Mr. Jones! I'm terribly sorry. I don't see how I could have made such a mistake. If—"

"What a careless committee they have here," frowned John Mathew.

The music had stopped; it began again, softly, and he swung Anne away at once. "You can't back out now. Everyone's heard. And it'd spoil Yee Kam's faith in the gods. He believes that when a man's given the crown the girl's got to marry him. You didn't mind if I'd been a convict. Don't mind now."

Anne could see the waters of the Sound. There was a moon. The reflection of it gleamed in a straight path to her eyes, well-nigh blinding her.

"I know how you feel," he said, who didn't. "All the old dirt dragged up. Reporters around every time we move an inch, waiting for a slip. I don't want to sneak away with you. I want everyone to see you. I love you like the devil."

To Northville, this was the great affair of the year, talked about, planned for, months in advance, remembered long after. Luella drifted past, golden and alluring; so did Amy, and said something to Anne in which the word "luck" was heavily involved. But to the summer people, Anne knew, this was one night's fun. She herself was Cinderella. The magic wand hovered above her, she already wore the bridal crown; would be, after marriage, a queen. People would say that she had known who he was, although this was untrue. She had known only that he was kind and dear and laughing, and that now she loved him . . . and that marriage was impossible, not to be thought of, but so delicious to think about!

THUS in moments she had to consider a problem which had taken John Mathew, with a similar one, months to work out, and where he had fought his over, in quiet, she was actually in his arms. As the music softened to an underbeat to moving feet, she attempted to memorize the picture so it might last all her life, even with John Mathew gone. She looked up, striving to be commonplace. "You've got to keep working with your flowers," she said unsteadily.

"If I manage a true red delphinium, we'll call it the Bridal Crown. It's yes, Anne? Yes?"

An imperative hand tapped him: "You can't be a hog all your life," he was informed. "Let go of her, John Mathew."

She didn't want to leave his arms. For a brief moment, while she tried to shake her head, he was holding her very tightly. She thought, "I mustn't say it. I can't. I won't." But, through her mask, as he surrendered her, John Mathew had one glimpse of her eyes, and he needed nothing more than that.

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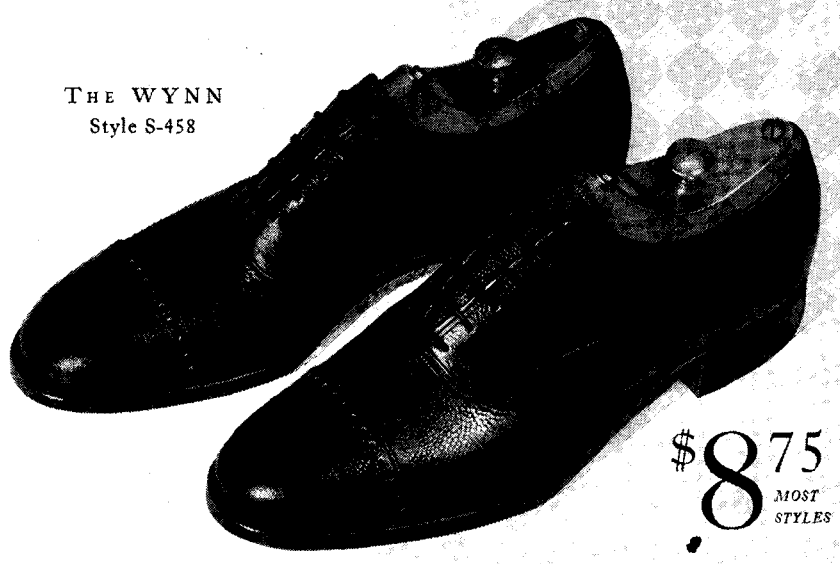

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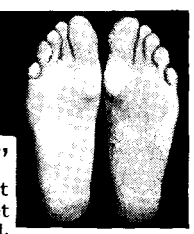

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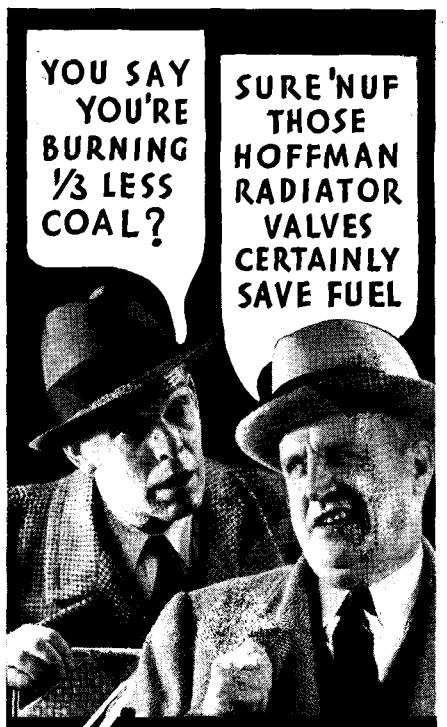

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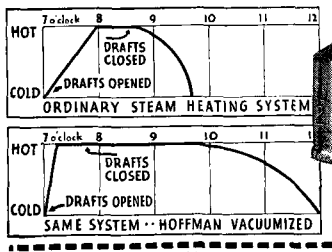

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Undertaker Song

Continued from page 9

wedding, or even after. So Doria and the young Harvard are engaged, and great happiness prevails, when, all of a sudden, in pops Joey Perhaps.

It seems that Joey learns of Doria's engagement as soon as he gets out of the state institution, and he hastens to Boston, Mass., with an inside coat pocket packed with letters that Doria writes him long ago, and also a lot of pictures they have taken together, as young guys and dolls are bound to do, and while there is nothing much out of line about these letters and pictures, put them all together they spell a terrible pain in the neck to Doria at this particular time.

"A wrong gee," Meyer Marmalade says. "But," he says, "he is only going back to his old shake-down dodge, so all you have to do is to buy him off."

WELL, at this, Doria Logan laughs one of these little short dry laughs that go "hah," and says like this:

"Of course he is looking to get bought off, but," she says, "where will I get any money to buy him off? I do not have a dime of my own, and Joey is talking large figures, because he knows my fiancé's papa has plenty. He wishes me to go to my fiancé and make him get the money off his papa, or he threatens to personally deliver the letters and pictures to my fiancé's papa.

"You can see the predicament I am in," Doria says, "and you can see what my fiancé's papa will think of me if he learns I am once mixed up with a blackmailer such as Joey Perhaps.

"Besides," Doria says, "it is something besides money with Joey Perhaps, and I am not so sure he will not double-cross me even if I can pay him his price. Joey Perhaps is very angry at me. I think," she says, "if he can spoil my happiness, it will mean more to him than money."

Well, Doria states that all she can think of when she is talking to Joey Perhaps is to stall for time, and she tells Joey that, no matter what, she cannot see her fiancé until after the large football game between the Harvards and the Yales as he has to do a little football playing for the Harvards, and Joey asks her if she is going to see the game, and naturally she is.

And then Joey says he thinks he will look up a ticket speculator, and buy a ticket and attend the game himself, as he is very fond of football, and where will she be sitting, as he hopes and trusts he will be able to see something of her during the game, and this statement alarms Doria Logan no little, for who is she going with but her fiancé's papa, and a party of his friends, and she feels that there is no telling what Joey Perhaps may be up to.

She explains to Joey that she does not know exactly where she will be sitting, except that it will be on the Harvard's side of the field, but Joey is anxious for more details than this.

"In fact," Doria says, "he is most insistent, and he stands at my elbow while I call up Mr. Randolph at this very hotel, and he tells me the exact locations of our seats. Then Joey says he will endeavor to get a seat as close to me as possible, and he goes away."

"What Mr. Randolph?" Meyer says. "Which Mr. Randolph?" he says. "You do not mean Mr. Phillips Randolph, by any chance, do you?"

"Why, to be sure," Doria says. "Do you know him?"

Naturally, from now on Meyer Marmalade gazes at Doria Logan with deep respect, and so do I, although by now she is crying a little, and I am by no means in favor of crying dolls. But while she is crying, Meyer Marmalade seems to be doing some more thinking, and finally he speaks as follows:

"Kindly see if you can recall these locations you speak of."

So here is where the football game comes in once more.

Only I regret to state that personally I do not witness this game, and the reason I do not witness it is because nobody wakes me up the next day in time for me to witness it, and the way I look at it, this is all for the best, as I am scarcely a football enthusiast.

So from now on the story belongs to Meyer Marmalade, and I will tell it to you as Meyer tells it to me.

It is a most exciting game (Meyer says). The place is full of people, and there are bands playing, and much cheering, and more lovely dolls than you can shake a stick at, although I do not believe there are any lovelier present than Doria Logan.

It is a good thing she remembers the seat locations, otherwise I will never find her, but there she is surrounded by some very nice-looking people, including Mr. Phillips Randolph, and there I am two rows back of Mr. Phillips Randolph, and the ticket spec I get my seat off of says he cannot understand why everybody wishes to sit near Mr. Phillips Randolph today when there are other seats just as good, and maybe better, on the Harvard's side.

So I judge he has other calls similar to mine for this location, and a sweet price he gets for it, too, and I judge that maybe at least one call is from Joey Perhaps, as I see Joey a couple of rows on back up of where I am sitting, but off to my left on an aisle, while I am almost in a direct line with Mr. Phillips Randolph.

TO SHOW you that Joey is such a guy as attracts attention, Mr. Phillips Randolph stands up a few minutes before the game starts, peering around and about to see who is present that he knows, and all of a sudden his eyes fall on Joey Perhaps, and then Mr. Phillips Randolph proves he has a good memory for faces, to be sure, for he states as follows:

"Why," he says, "there is the chap who rebuffs me so churlishly on the train when I offer him our colors. Yes," he says, "I am sure it is the same chap."

Well, what happens in the football game is much pulling and hauling this way and that, and to and fro, between the Harvards and the Yales without a tally right down to the last five minutes of play, and then all of a sudden the Yales shove the football down to within about three eighths of an inch of the Harvards' goal line.

At this moment quite some excitement prevails. Then the next thing anybody knows, the Yales outshove the Harvards, and now the game is over, and Mr. Phillips Randolph gets up out of his seat, and I hear Mr. Phillips Randolph say like this:

"Well," he says, "the score is not so bad as it might be, and it is a wonderful game, and," he says, "we seem to make one convert to our cause, anyway, for see who is wearing our colors."

And with this he points to Joey Perhaps, who is still sitting down, with people stepping around him and over him, and he is still smiling a little smile, and Mr. Phillips Randolph seems greatly pleased to see that Joey Perhaps has a

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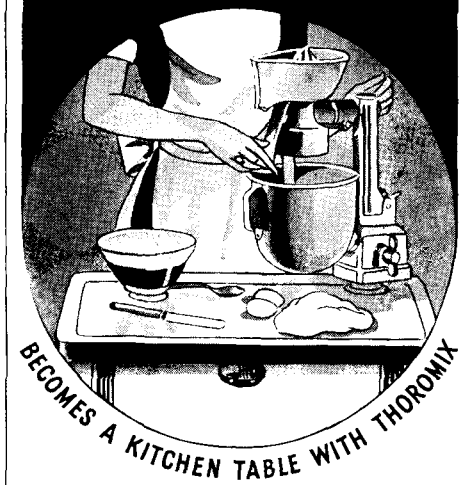

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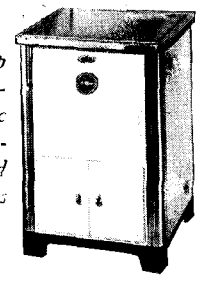

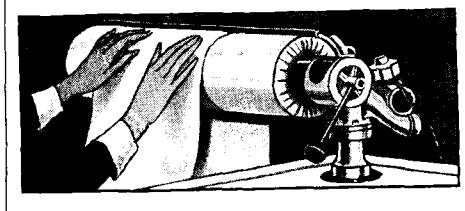

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big, broad crimson ribbon where he once wears his white silk muffler.

But the chances are Mr. Phillips Randolph will be greatly surprised if he knows that the crimson ribbon across Joey's bosom comes of Ollie Ortega planting a short knife in Joey's throat, or do I forget to mention before that Ollie Ortega is among those present?

I send for Ollie after I leave you last night, figuring he may love to see a nice football game. He arrives by plane this morning, and I am not wrong in my figuring. Ollie thinks the game is swell.

WELL, personally, I will never forget this game, it is so exciting. Just after the tally comes off, all of a sudden, from the Yales in the stand across the field from the Harvards, comes a long-drawn-out wail that sounds so mournful it makes me feel very sad, to be sure. It starts off something like Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, with all the Yales Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-ing at once, and I ask a guy next to me what it is all about.

"Why," the guy says, "it is the Yales' 'Undertaker Song.' They always sing it when they have the other guy licked. I am an old Yale myself, and I will now personally sing this song for you."

And with this the guy throws back his head, and opens his mouth wide and lets out a yowl like a wolf calling to its mate.

Well, I stop the guy, and tell him it is a very lovely song, to be sure, and quite appropriate all the way around, and then I hasten away from the football game without getting a chance to say goodby to Doria, although afterwards I mail her the package of letters and pictures that Ollie gets out of Joey Perhaps' inside coat pocket during the confusion that prevails when the Yales make their tally, and I hope and trust that she will think the crimson streaks across the package are just a little touch of color in honor of the Harvards.

But the greatest thing about the football game (Meyer Marmalade says) is I win two C's off of one of the Harvards sitting near me, so I am now practically even on my trip.

They Won't Go Home till Morning

Continued from page 22

astrologer, a numerologist, a phrenologist, a mind-reader or just an out-and-out magician or card-trickster. At a party lately staged by the younger generation for their dad's birthday, they called upon a colored boy from the nearby village to do his stuff—tap-dancing. In his delight, snow-white grins and his whirlwind steps, he was the event of the evening.

It's the party of perfect strangers that stumps most hostesses. If they happen to be wonderful conversationalists, it's smooth sailing, but if they are shy or take time to warm up, it may be hard sledding at first. That's the situation "Salted Almonds" was invented to take care of. Being designed for getting a party off on the right foot, it is usually played at the dinner table, hence its name.

Mrs. Bright, we'll say, has three astounding statements written on the back of her place card and Mr. Swift, we'll assume, is indicated as the person who is to play the game with her. She can either pass her card to all the guests, except Mr. Swift, to read these statements or Mr. Swift may leave the room while she reads them aloud. Say the statements, which should be invented by some inspired lunatic, are such as this: "Diane de Poitiers acquired the reputation of being a witch because in an age when bathing was considered both dangerous and immoral, she took a daily bath."

Now it's up to Mrs. Bright to open a conversation with Mr. Swift, leading it imperceptibly to a point where she can introduce one of these remarks so naturally that he never suspects it as one of the fantastic statements she's been given. He has only a limited number of guesses—say five or six—and when she triumphantly produces her final statement without having been caught once, or when he's nailed the three statements, the game is over and two others play. No end of a shindy for the audience—brings out the sleuth in any man.

Another simple device for converting strangers into bosom friends is to get each guest to prepare, right in the kitchen, right under the noses of the other guests, some part of the supper. Almost every woman, and absolutely every man, has some culinary speciality at which he considers himself veritable *cordon bleu*, be it a salad, a rabbit or a sandwich filling. You provide the ingredients and pair people off, a chef and his assistant (male and female), and they do the rest, with a great beating of this and chopping of that. It's sure fire.

It takes a clever hostess to discover and bring out the hidden talents of her guests, but who says you're not clever? We've been told of a party at Lady Hadfield's in London at which each guest was called upon to give the best he had in him. One noble earl drew heart-rending melodies from a cigar box furnished with one string; another guest performed superbly on a saw; another cut loose in the Highland fling; Sir Richard Paget drew tender notes from a small tin cup and his clasped hands. It's an idea—if you don't need it right now, wrap it up in tissue paper and save it.

Off with Their Heads!

But we mustn't get carried away with the idea that that's all there is to it, just a few bright ideas and you're Maxwell the Second. There are, after all, a certain number of rules—not many, but a few—the new rules of a speeded-up generation, so different from the old rules of *noblesse oblige*.

"Be ruthless" is one major canon. Invite no one who doesn't contribute materially to the success of the party. Never give a party to repay social obligations. You can't give a party with a visiting list in your hand. Tear it up before you start. Invite only those you really want. Off with their heads!

Cobina Wright, who gives parties that are talked about for months on both sides of the Atlantic, has such rules as these. "Never," she warns, "allow a clock to be seen. Some people still think clocks are to tell you when to go to bed. Never permit anyone to say good night. The really knowing guest just fades quietly out of the picture, calling cheerily, 'Back in a minute!'

"Ask anyone who's disturbing the peace to leave—even the host. See that the people who are congenial meet, that those who aren't hitting it off are switched about, that the conversation is nowhere allowed to languish. A hostess should do all her worrying, working and planning beforehand, and slip on her party spirit with her evening gown. And the party spirit is one part selflessness to one part gayety with a big dash of graciousness—and it should never be set aside to cool."

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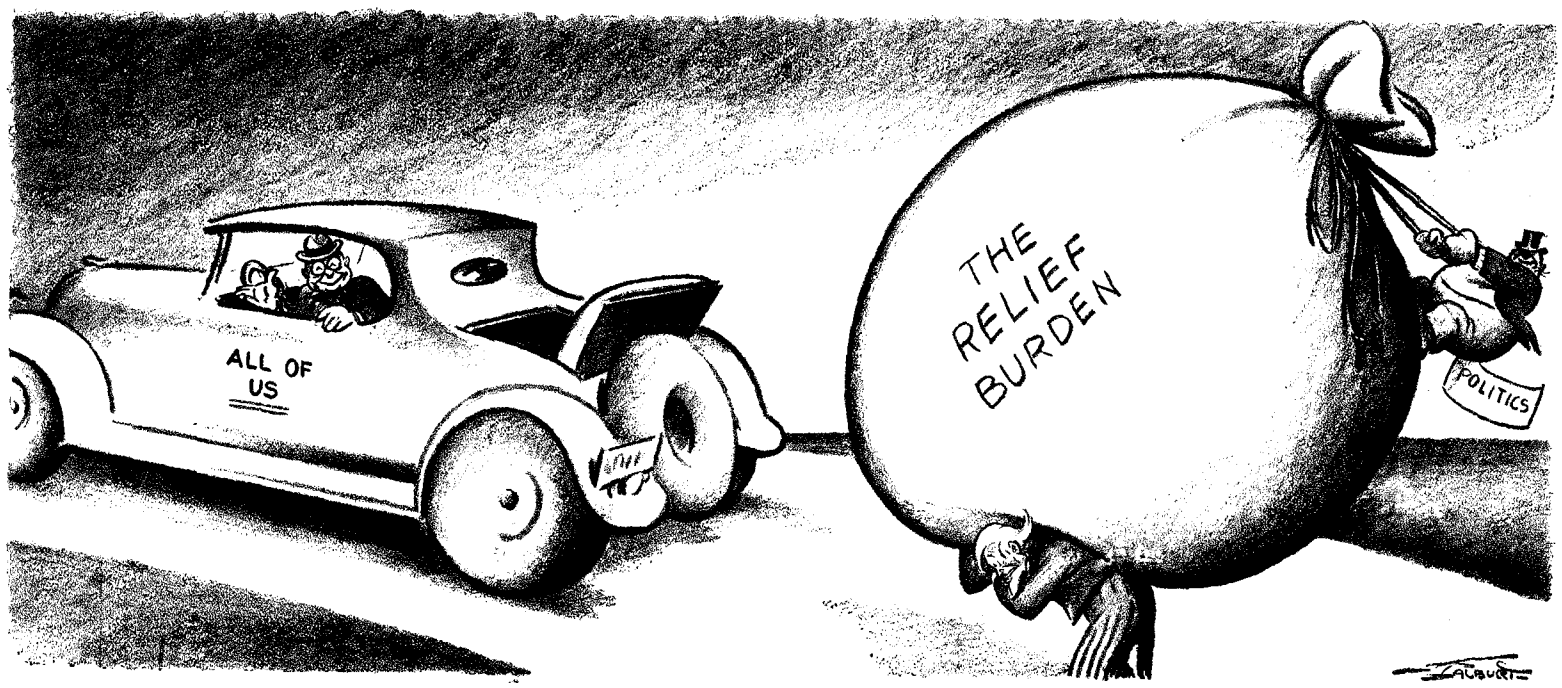

Relief for Uncle Sam

FEDERAL relief was unquestionably necessary. Without the expenditure of the hundreds of millions of dollars distributed to the needy, millions of men, women and children would have gone hungry during the past twelve months.

There is equally no doubt concerning the pressing present necessity of a radical revision of the entire scheme of national charity. Politicians of both parties in many states have gotten control of the agencies of relief. Public charity has been shamelessly used as a means of controlling votes. Governor William Langer of North Dakota, a radical Republican, was tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for collecting money from the beneficiaries of federal relief. The courts decided that Governor Langer's methods actually violated the criminal law. Other politicians, morally no better, have been smart enough to escape the law.

This political degradation of public charity will not be allowed to continue. The stench is too strong in the public nostrils. The contempt which the leaders of the Administration feel for these abuses is no secret in Washington. Drastic changes are inevitable.

Wretched as has been the political record of relief, the story of the consequences upon some of the recipients of indiscriminate public giving makes even sorrier reading. In many states those on the relief rolls have persistently refused opportunities to work. The jobs offered were hard and not well-paid, but they were jobs.

The refusal of even a few beneficiaries of public charity to take available work produces a profound revulsion of public feeling. The instinct for work and for self-support is deeply rooted in our traditions. The rule set forth by St. Paul in his letter to the Thessalonians, "If any will not work, neither let him eat," is still wise and right in 1934 America. Public opinion will not long support charity to those who reject opportunities to work for pay.

The very existence of an army of voluntary idlers living at public expense is a corrupting influence among a self-governing people. Indiscriminate federal relief is being destroyed by the evils it bred.

After the present system of national relief is ended, it will, however, still be necessary to take care of many people who cannot care for themselves. They cannot be forgotten merely because unscrupulous politicians and greedy idlers have abused the public generosity.

President Roosevelt is seeking, through the study of social insurance, to give intelligent leadership in this field. Groups of experts are now trying to put together practicable plans for old-age and unemployment benefits and insurance and for taking care of the needs of other special groups.

These plans, which shortly may be ready for public consideration, are, of course, long-time measures. Insurance is for emergencies, but sound insurance cannot be hastily created. States can quickly decide to pay old-age pensions out of taxes or bond issues, but insurance funds must be accumulated over longer periods of time.

Obviously we must plan intelligently for a long future, but we shall also have in other ways to take care of emergency needs. A great many people must be supported by private and public charity before social insurance is available.

It is especially necessary to maintain the well-established agencies of private relief. The Red Cross, the hospitals, the homes for the aged and for children, the charity organization societies, and all of the kindred instruments of good will are more than ever needed at this time.

The need for charity is not new nor temporary. The new development is the general recognition of our common responsibility to care for those in distress. A hundred years ago philanthropy was content to distribute loaves of bread to poor widows on feast days. Today we realize that even poor widows do not live by bread alone, and that given at infrequent intervals. Modern philanthropy has passed the stage of occasional benevolence. It is now the coöperative effort of the community to take care of the weak and the unfortunate and to restore all capable of self-support to the ranks of independence.

During long years of effort private philanthropy has acquired a skill and an insight vital to constructive relief. Social workers have not only learned how to separate the grafters from the ranks of those truly in need, but also they have learned how to help the unfortunate to regain their independence.

Social work, after all, is merely the trained intelligence of the doctor, the nurse, the investigator, the reporter, the bookkeeper and the family friend focussed upon a public responsibility. The social worker is as vitally necessary as the electrician or the machinist in this day of complex relationships.

Because of his recognition of this, President Roosevelt made his appeal for public generosity to agencies for private relief.

In a period of drastic change only the resources of the national government were large enough to carry the burden of a great emergency. The national government will not and cannot indefinitely continue emergency expenditures.

The first responsibility of anyone able to do more than to maintain himself and his own is to be a good neighbor. Under modern conditions we can be good neighbors by aiding in the support of those organizations which are equipped to render helpful service. We can't successfully transfer our responsibility as neighbors to the government. For in such affairs the government is awkward and wasteful. It spends our money extravagantly because it is unskilled and undiscerning. Through other channels we can do better for ourselves and for our neighbors.

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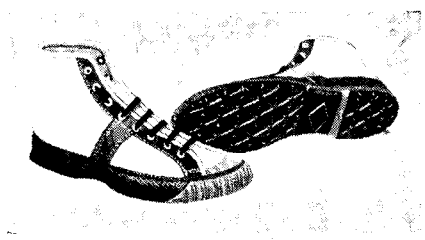

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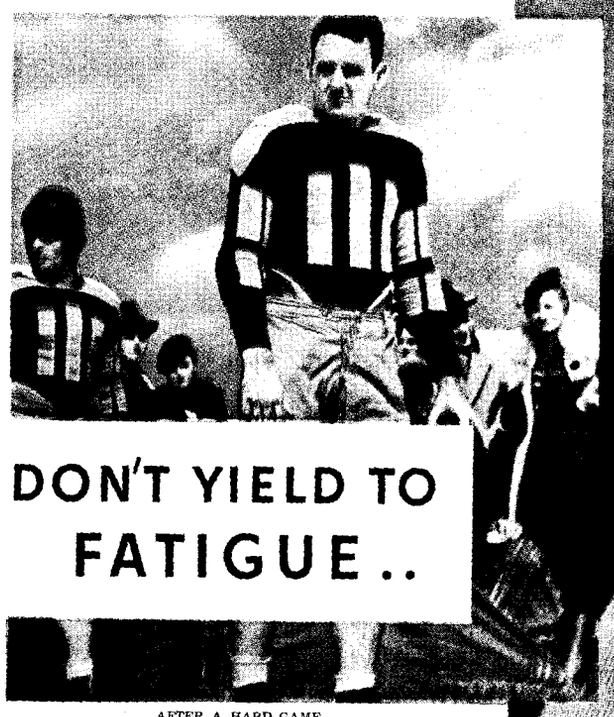

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